PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE 1973 ONE DOLLAR

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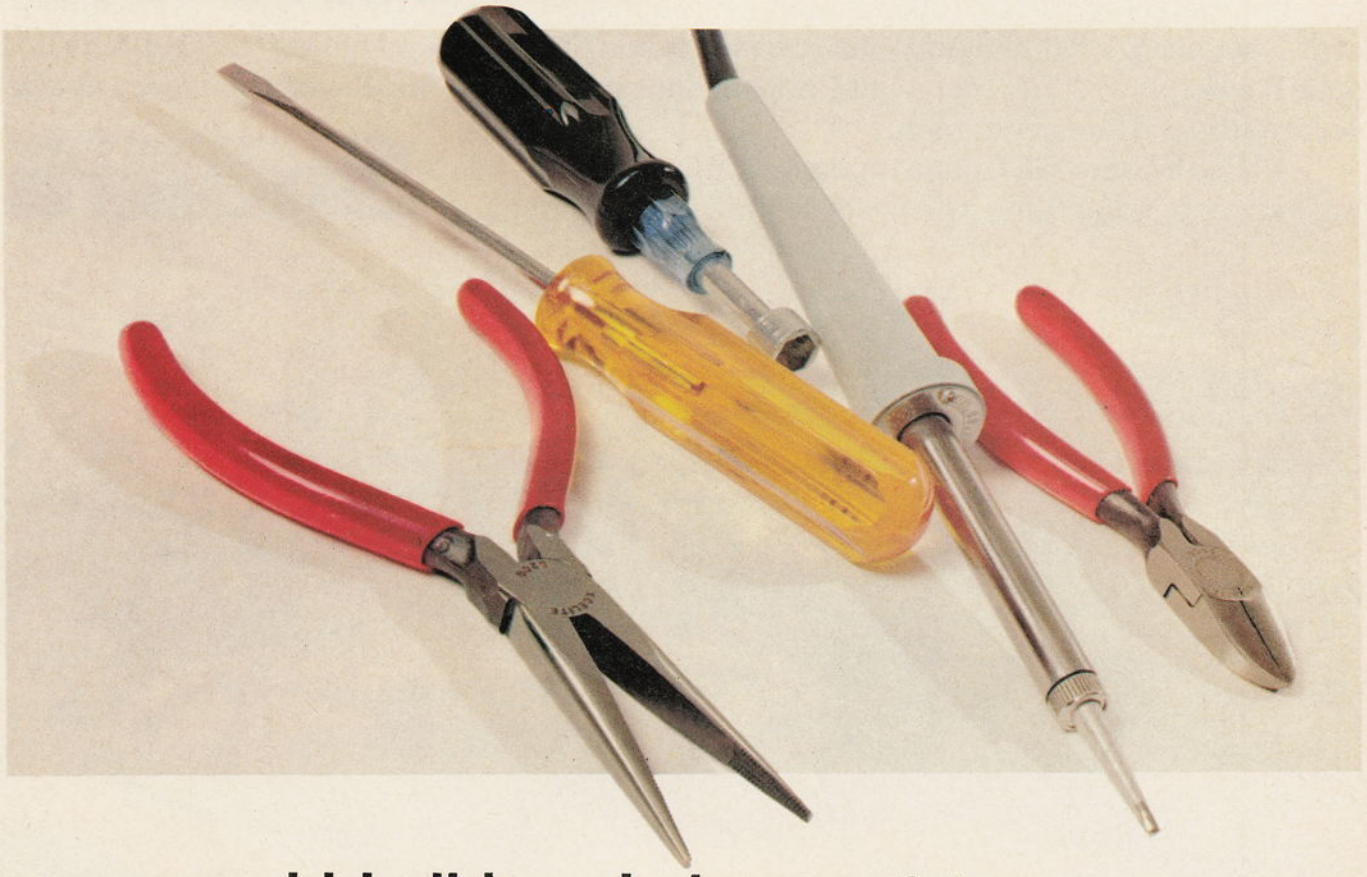

...you could build a whole new future...

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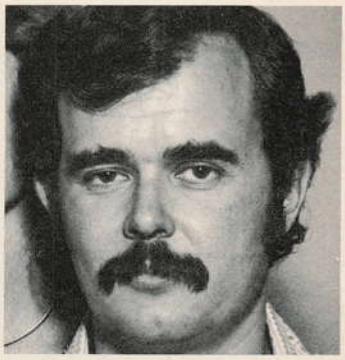
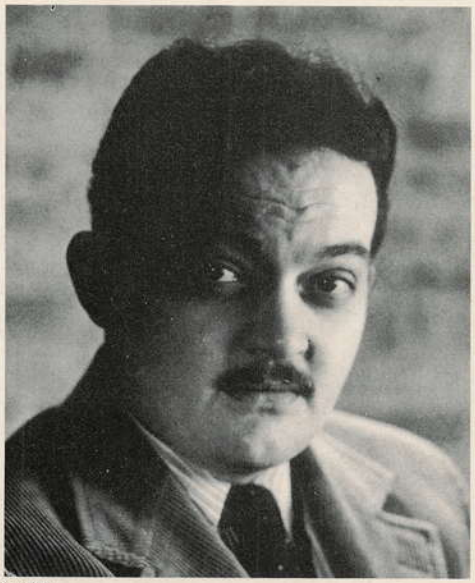


HOUSECALL

Wars end, but the talk they generate goes on forever. Like World War II before it, the Vietnam war is already a topic of historical analysis, a source for adventurous recollections, and a setting for fiction. Two new slants on this American trauma are examined in this issue, an unorthodox explanation of the escalating U.S. involvement in south-east Asia, and an equally arresting account of the CIA's role in the tangled events that spawned the heroin epidemic among GIs. The patient and perilous detective work of author **Alfred W. McCoy** in exploring that disaster is recounted here by **Thomas Buckley,** *New York Times* staffer who was a correspondent in Vietnam for 18 months and twice returned on special assignments (page 54). So far as the CIA is concerned it's a story of one thing leading to another, which is also the theme of ex-diplomat **Jerome Doolittle,** who believes that sex was at the bottom of America's Asian misadventure (page 107). It sounds outlandish but he makes a persuasive case for his contention that soldiers and diplomats were so taken with the delicious Vietnamese women that they became unable to contemplate disengagement with an unbiased mind. To anyone who finds these propositions implausible we suggest turning to this month's interview (page 60), whose subject, film producer **Alejandro Jodorowsky,** could give most people a start when it comes to outlandish ideas. He is an original, with his own unique, if forceful, English syntax, which we have made no attempt to regularize. Still on the showbiz beat we have playwright/screenwriter **George Malko** for this month's fiction byline. His story of a confrontation between black burglar and white resident is an adaptation of his one-act play of the same name (*Masai Man*), which was performed off-Broadway in 1970 (page 78). Crime specialist **Jay Robert Nash,** former Chicago newspaperman who is noted for his critical biography of the late J. Edgar Hoover, has spent 15 years researching his latest opus: an encyclopedic set of studies of celebrated American criminals *Bloodletters and Badmen*. By way of preview of this fascinating work we reproduce on page 82 his entry on **John Dillinger,** whose mysterious end was the subject of an earlier book by Nash, *Dillinger: Dead or Alive?* Appropriately enough, Nash was born five blocks away from where Dillinger lived in Indianapolis, and he grew up in Green Bay, Wisconsin "where gangsters of the '30s often cooled off". Finally, with another anniversary issue in prospect it's time to be thinking about the next Pet of the Year. The winner will be announced in September, and meantime your nominations are invited. The contenders parade on page 95.



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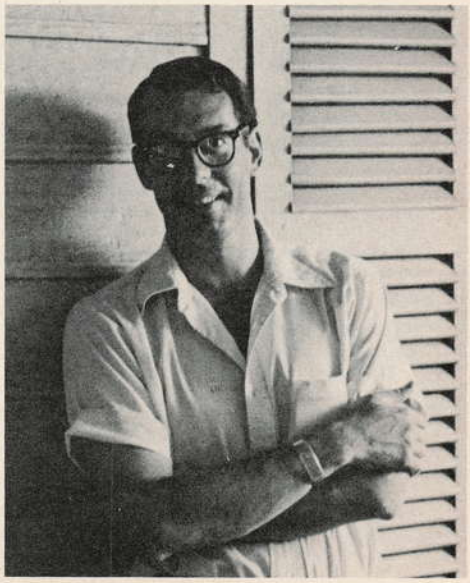

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JUNE

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, 27th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

In Karen's corner

I have just purchased your February issue and, as I opened to the centerfold, I had the feeling I had just died, for surely I saw an angel. I've always had a mental picture of my idea of the perfect woman, but now I have one that's materialized. I hope I don't sound too much like an infatuated schoolboy, but for me Miss Sather is the prettiest girl in all creation and absolute perfection in fact. There has never been, nor will there ever be, another to compare.—*Dennis Tiger, Haskell Ave., Van Nuys, Calif.*

If Penthouse had been around for Marcus Aurelius to read, surely Karen Sather would have been his inspiration in *Meditations* when he wrote: "Doth perfect beauty stand in need of praise?" Congratulations on a magnificent essay on a beautiful person.—*John E. Hunter, Q Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.*

We are writing this letter to expose to you the feeling of the guys of Currier Dorm, Paul Smith's College. After buying your magazine regularly, we feel that Miss Karen Sather should be elected Pet of the Year. She is the best looking and the best posed Pet you've had.—*Jim Reichert (dorm rep) and 49 others, Paul Smiths, N.Y.*

February's Karen Sather is so fine you wouldn't believe what she does to me. As a 20-year-old myself, I have never imagined a chick as beautiful as Karen. One objection, though—when is Bob Guccione going to change his backdrop setting for Pet of the Month? The same sunlit chair or bed in a heavily-draped room is getting a trifle dull.—*Karl Kasch, Ft Collins, Colo.*

I've been contemplating writing Penthouse for some time now and your February issue did it! I have never seen a more beautiful girl than Karen Sather. She is so uninhibited and relaxed and shows such femininity that she is quite unbelievable. Bob Guccione's photography is to be congratulated. Only Pet of the Month ever to come close to Karen is Billie Deane. I would like to see Karen and Billie together in similar scenes to your September feature, *Woodstock Generation*. Believe me, that would be a double smack!—*Alf Ledermann, Hill St., Huntsville, Ala.*

Back to the drawing board

I never realized how mentally ill Al Capp was until I read *Back to the Drawing Board* (March). No doubt, the people named in the article will agree and ignore the attempt at humor.—*Victor F. Tolley, Neal Avenue, San Carlos, Calif.*

Congratulations on *Back to the Drawing Board*. May everyone take heed.—*Ruth Parsons, Dunbarton, N.H.*

First subscriber

Attached please find my personal check for $20.00. I wish to subscribe to Penthouse for one year, while my wife wishes to subscribe to *Viva*, having read the article in the *New York Times* about your new magazine, due in September. Your attitude toward the printed word is most refreshing and I wish you luck in your efforts. If the check is not sufficient to pay for the two magazine subs, please inform me of any additional costs. Thankyou and shalom.—*Perry C. Klempner, Snyder Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Thank you, Mr Klempner, and it may please you to know that you have the distinction of taking out the first subscription to Viva.—*Ed.*

Viva la différence!

Please put me on your mailing list for the new magazine *Viva*. It's about time we women had a magazine to put alongside our husbands' Penthouse!—*H. C. Rochester, N.Y.*

Postal monopoly

The editorial *Postal Health—and the Death of "Life"* (March) identifies the problem of inefficient service and skyrocketing rates of the government postal service well enough, but as a successful entrepreneur who should know better, editor Bob Guccione seems totally unaware of the economic causes of, and the ultimate solution to, this problem.

There exist only two basic types of monopolies: the coercive monopoly and the uncoerced one. The uncoerced monopoly (which some economists claim is not even a monopoly at all) is a condition arising when a single product, service or business serves the public so efficiently and inexpensively—as gauged by the consumer's freely expressed will in the open marketplace—that no rival is able to compete successfully. Such a condition is as rare as it is, from the public's standpoint, desirable.

On the other hand, the United States Postal Service is a prime example of a coercive (perhaps redundant) monopoly. It has gained its monopoly of the mails not through serving the public better than anyone else, but by government coercion against potential competitors: through threat of fine and/or imprisonment for any private business that dares to compete. The result of forbidding this competition is increasingly obvious: a postal service that is inefficient, overpriced (as compared to what the free market level would be), and that repeatedly invades the privacy of those "customers" who are forced, by the destruction of all competition, to utilize whatever poor service is still available.

Any private company providing such a service would soon find itself losing its business to competitors who could do the job better. Since the government allows the United States Postal Service no competition, the USPS may gouge the public as much as it wants. If an uncoerced monopoly were to try this, it too would soon lose its monopolistic status at the hands of more satisfactory rivals.

In the early 19th century the United States Post Office had no such monopoly. Perhaps the best remembered of its private competitors is Lysander Spooner, a lawyer, writer, abolitionist, and individualist-anarchist who started the American Letter Mail Company which competed so well against the government post office that Congress's only recourse to prevent the USPO from folding due to lack of business was to pass the act on July 1, 1845 which forbade private companies from delivering the

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mails. The federal courts have upheld this vile law as recently as the late 1960s against the American Independent Postal System, depriving this courageous company of the right to deliver first-class mail (the government postal system's largest single source of income), and its right to deposit mail in private home mailboxes.

As the government becomes more of a threat to individual freedom and initiative daily, how long can successful businessmen like Bob Guccione—who should be at the vanguard of the libertarian free-market movement—afford to remain blind to the cause of today's most pressing crises?—coercive government.—*J. Neil Schulman, West End Ave., New York, N.Y.*

For Christ's sake, don't stop publishing your wonderful Penthouse because of increased postal charges. Raise your subscription rates—everybody else is raising prices—but don't let those of us who admire your sexed-up version of *Punch* suffer the loss of your wonderful publication. Penthouse is sheer pleasure from cover to cover and gives one something for which to live until the next month.—*Lyndon M. King Jr., M.D., S. Minnesota Ave., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.*

Consumer's guide to mysticism

Ms Faye Levine's article on mysticism (November) has certainly elicited response in volume from Penthouse readers (Feb. 1973 Letters to the Editor). They too have found that although Ms Levine presented her article in an original and imaginative way, good journalistic research lost out to imagination. In her section on the Church of Scientology, Ms Levine's imagination knew no bounds.

First, concerning her statement that Scientology is illegal in parts of Australia, the fact is that recently Australian Attorney General Murphy has recognized Scientology under the Federal Marriage Act. No ban is legal or effective against Scientology in Australia. Second, Ms Levine's attempt to link the Church's religious artifact, the E-meter, to a lie detector is far-fetched. A lie detector consists of *three* units: a blood pressure meter, a respiration recorder, and a galvanometer. The E-meter (*one* unit), as used by a trained Scientology minister in spiritual counseling, is a variation on galvanometers, specially adapted to function simply as an aid to the minister in counseling.

Third, Ms Levine does it again by stating that Mr Hubbard, founder of the Church of Scientology, receives 10% of the Church donations. The fact is that he has never received such a sum; in 1966 he gave up control of the World Wide Churches of Scientology to a board of directors located in England. Churches and missions the world over pay a tithe (10%) to the Mother Church in England, *not* Mr Hubbard.

Mr Hubbard personally financed all the research of Scientology and its substudy, Dianetics; donated the royalties from his books to the expansion of the Church, and in 1972 refused the Churches' attempt to repay, saying that he wished the money to be used for charitable, educational, or research foundations for the betterment of mankind.—*Priscilla Hailes, Minister for Public Information, Church of Scientology, New York.*

Missing McLean

I am a regular reader of Penthouse and I like your articles very much. As a camera club member of McGill University, I find your photos are excellent, too. From my collection of back issues, I'm missing your September 1971 issue, which featured the beautiful Miss Stephanie McLean, who is very much to my liking. Could you send the front cover and the pictures of Miss McLean that appeared from page 76 to page 85, as they will certainly enhance my collection.—*Juan Pham, Aylmer, Montreal, Canada.*

Unfortunately, this issue is now out of print.—Ed.

Downhill Racer

We are members of the men's residence Cary Quadrangle at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana. Here, at a "cow school" we seldom have the opportunity to appreciate the finer qualities of the female body. For, analogous with our university's nickname, most of the women here seem to be endowed with bovine traits. Only by gazing on your divine pictorials can we retain some image of feminine beauty. Each month we eagerly await your magazine. We cherish each turn of the page in anticipation of some new undiscovered expression of femininity. Your February issue was outstanding in this respect. In particular, we note the graceful form of Miss Carla Cassidy. In our collective opinion this lady is by far the most beautiful ever to have been photographed for a magazine. Her poise and subtle facial expressions have stirred something in us for which we can't account. The photography is excellent. A wise decision, indeed, to include her in your publication. We heartedly thank you.—*Bill Woodward and friends, Lafayette, Ind.*

Go funk yo'self

In Craig Karpel's amusing but pretentious article, *Go Funk Yo'self* (February), his description of possible penguin evolution is in conflict with modern biology. Today Lamarck's theory of the inheritance of acquired traits is not accepted. If a penguin attempts to flap its wings, dynamic tension resulting is not transferred to the offspring, since the genes have not been altered. Similarly, if one cuts off a dog's tail, the offspring are not tailless as a result.

As to Sounds, Dave Marsh is incorrect in stating that Ramatam's Mike Pinera is formerly of *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida*'s Iron Butterfly. Pinera joined the group long after they recorded that album, first appearing with them on *Metamorphosis*. Was Mr Marsh one of the "plethora of experts" who compiled the list of "All Time Grooviest Goodies" which omitted the Mothers of Invention, Ten Years After, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Judy Collins, Gordon Lightfoot, and Laura Nyro, including instead such talents as the Animals, Mitch Ryder, the Jackson Five, and Jerry Lee Lewis?—*Ronald P. Bremner, Lyndhurst, N.J.*

Flesh Gordon

I must compliment you on your Flesh Gordon segment in February. I enjoy something that is a little more than a pictorial essay and at least features group sex. One quibble, though: I saw no reason why the women were wearing dildoes in some of the scenes with the men. It made no sense!—*D.S. (name and address withheld), Chicago, Ill.*

Could it be the Sex Ray that disoriented them?—Ed.

Apostate?

Exposing his own deceitfulness is one thing, but Marjoe's implication (February) that all evangelists are of his caliber is extremely unfair. True men of God evidently ostracized Marjoe. Your entire article was a bigoted view of a sick, unhappy, ungodly and selfish mind. It is sad that your readers and, especially, minors, will believe what this man says just as they are

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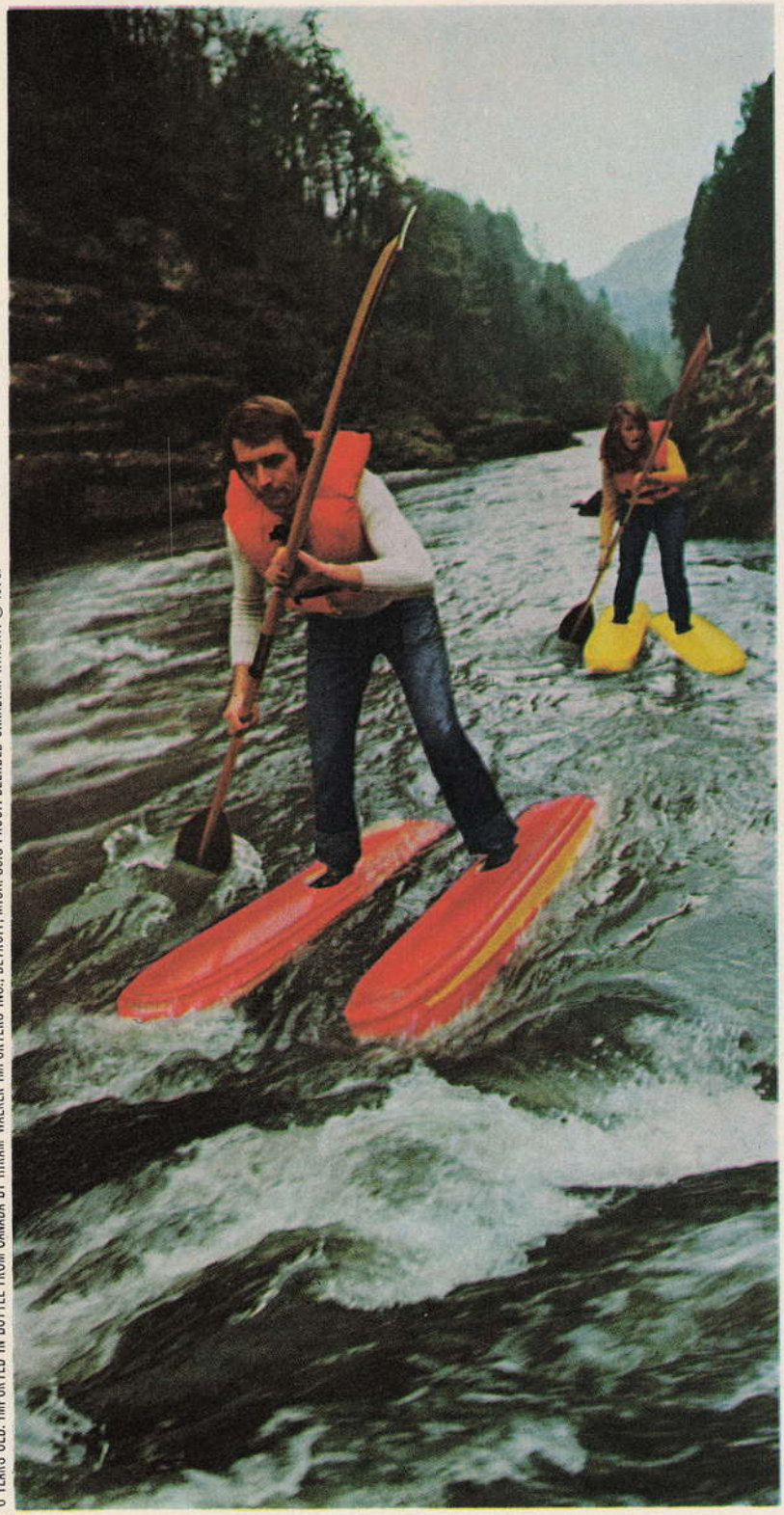

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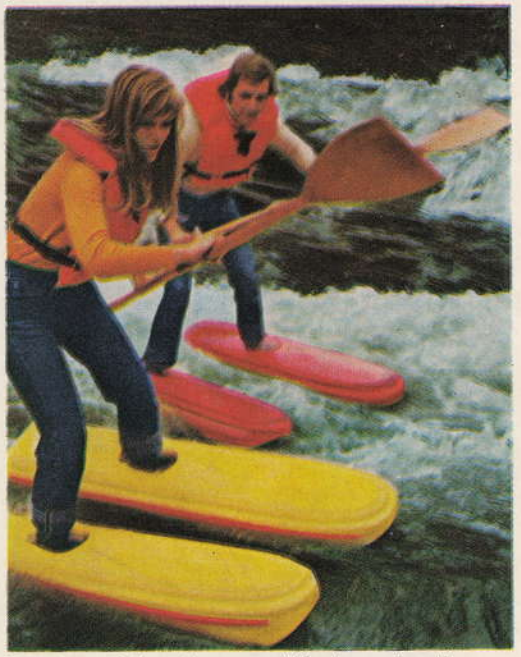

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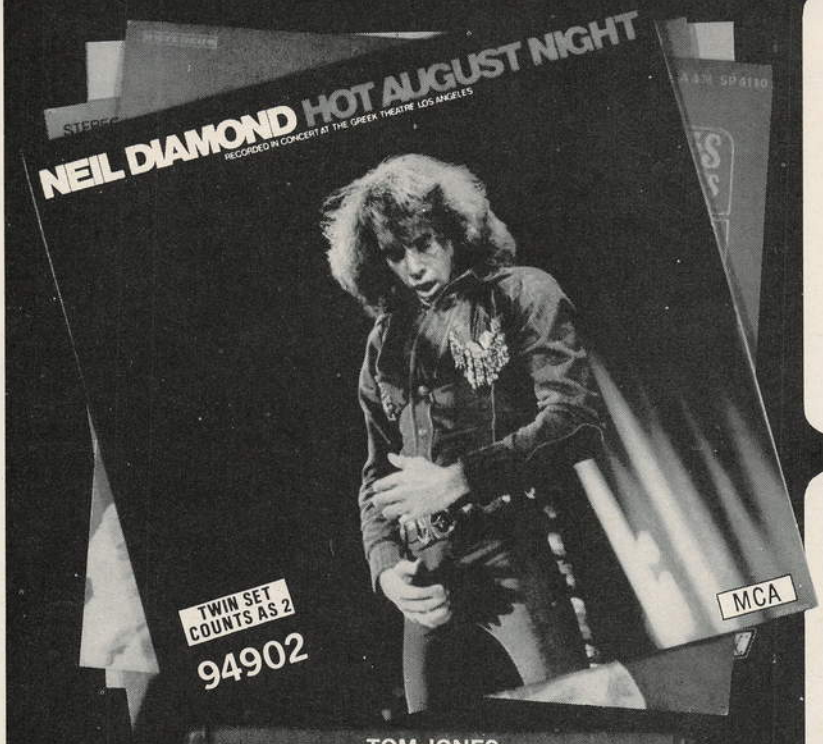

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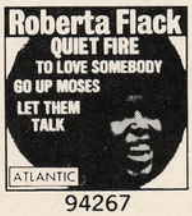

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victims of your wholesale approval of free love, sin, homosexuality and promiscuity. But God is not as dead as you might think. It is you in your blindness who can't see him. The many miserable souls who read your magazine seek satisfaction and power by gratifying the flesh. Nothing could be farther from the Truth. Peace and power come through God alone.—*Edward F. Kensinger, Franklin Ave., Wyckoff, N.J.*

Thanks for the best interview with Marjoe Gortner since his so-called apostasy. I'm grateful for what he has done, and don't even mind so much the way he went about it. Maybe he's some kind of 20th-century Judas, because what he did just had to be done. I doubt if he's really an apostate—all he did was forsake his fellow conmen on the evangelistical circuit, and there's a lot of them.—*K.R. Runyon, New York, N.Y.*

Marsh medley

In February's Sounds, Dave Marsh tells the story of how one guy's "passion for charts" has produced a top 1,000 list since 1958 for Los Angeles radio. If that story interested your readers, you should check out a Stanford graduate named David Greene. David has compiled a national top 1,000 since 1955 which *Billboard* magazine has published since 1970. He also has a top 250 from 1954-59, based entirely on sales data from record stores in black communities. Comparing these two charts is a priceless commentary on the '50s. David's charts are based on a complicated weighting system that allows him to make valid comparisons over the years. He has studied several different sources of sales data from the '50s. His vast knowledge and painstaking efforts have made his all-time rankings *the* authority. (No, Ferrante & Teicher and Andy Williams were *not* bigger than the Beatles!)—*Bob Ross, Stanford, Calif.*

It's time we slowed down a bit and took a good, honest look at the pseudo-intellectuals we call critics. An excellent case in point is Dave Marsh's sub-shallow review of the finest Yes album to date, *Close to the Edge* on Atlantic records (February). Marsh said the lyrics on the album were vapid and the Yes approach was so cold and technically perfect it was getting to be a drag. True, the group may not live up to the aesthetic quality of the Osmonds or David Cassidy. But believe it or not, Mr Marsh, some people still appreciate innovation and musicianship—qualities which seem to be non-existent on the current rock scene. So I suggest, Mr Marsh, that before you stick your foot in your big mouth again, you take some time and study the album instead of merely listening to it.—*Ken Bennett, Alabama St., Canoga Park, Calif.*

Apropos your review of *Close to the Edge*, unquestionably the lowly critic is given far too much power in our system. This album presents to the rock world its greatest accomplishment since the Beatles' *Sergeant Pepper* and Yes is definitely the group of the future.—*Karl M. Rabenold, Walton Rd., Blue Bell, Pa.*

Let us now praise famous men

This is just a belated line to thank you for the Al Capp story (January). I have been a fan of his with regard to his first profession for many years, also a fan of the positions he has taken in these last several disturbed years, and I enjoyed reading his article very much. I am honored by the tribute he paid me. Whether I deserve it or not, it made more enjoyable reading than I normally expect. Naturally, I find him most perceptive. Seriously, I was greatly impressed by his entire article.—*Ronald Reagan, Governor, State of California, Sacramento, Calif.*

Inspiring leadership must strive to avoid polarization at any level. It is one of the reasons why I, as a Republican, am proud of our current leadership. I will join my Democratic friends in shouting "foul" when I find that they are being abused. Your article by Al Capp was not only humorless but also witless. It serves only to make one American angry at another. Al Capp is an embittered and lonely man. But even if one feels badly for him, it is your job as publishers and editors, not to let his anger, possibly even genuine bigotry, find expression in your publication. He is not writing an intelligently conceived article that stimulates curiosity and provokes thought. Rather, he is exploiting tensions with all the vigor and nastiness of a self-styled guru, messiah or totalitarian propagandist.

If Penthouse starts drifting into this reactionary arena (and I will be watching carefully) you will have lost at least one reader, and I am certain my feelings are not unique. Throughout this vast country, many fair-minded citizens will be "turned off" (to use the colloquial and accurate term of my students) by your publication.—*D.E. (name and address withheld), Kansas City, Kans.*

Many fair-minded citizens would seem to be of the same mind as Capp to judge by the election returns.—Ed.

The Indian World

The Manitou Arts Foundation wishes to express sincerest congratulations to Penthouse for the article *The Indian World* by William Brandon (February). We appreciate that its author recognized that Indian culture consists of aesthetic ideas, instead of just fluffs and feathers.—*Thomas Peltier (Managing Director), Toronto, Ontario, Canada.*

Carlos Castaneda

An accolade for your December issue (smuggled covertly into my stuffy office space by what I took to be a gracious sorceress). In particular, the John Wallace account of his spiritual adventuring with Carlos Castaneda was a delight to the mind's eye. Up to this point, I have found the media's belated discovery of Castaneda's interpretations emotionally boring and out-of-focus. Wallace's autobiographical field notes, however, bypassed the overworked three-dimensional culture trap by remaining attentive to his own particular spot. . . . Is this not Don Juan's teaching?

Maybe Penthouse has come of age. At least the December issue contained more flash than usual.—*John Van Maanen, Assistant Professor, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.*

Opera myth?

In Sexindex (February) you have repeated that hoary old tale of Gilbert & Sullivan writing an unpublished and unperformed work, *The Sod's Opera*, even including the Spy cartoon of W. S. Gilbert. You go so far as to say that it is believed the Ms is in the guardroom of St James's Palace. But it is not. Nor is it at the BBC. Nor in the restricted room at the British Museum. There is no such manuscript.

I have heard this tale—sometimes with a different title, sometimes a different cast—for the last 30 years at least. But no one in the music profession has ever seen the opera, not even the Savoy Opera publishers. Most people who tell the tale know someone who has seen

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the work, but never themselves. Most likely, it began with some bright young spark in the mess singing a bawdy song and claiming it came from a "new G. & S. opera"—perhaps a scatological version of *Take a pair of sparkling eyes*, but any one of a dozen titles would fit the bill. Do not start a phase of implying that everything in Victoriana is pornographic and that it is good, for a cheap laugh, to repeat barroom tittle-tattle about eminent Victorians.—*Wilfred Burns, Rondo, Lime Grove, West Clandon, Surrey, England.*

The *Sod's Opera* myth has been exposed by Gershon Legman in *The Horn Book* (1964) which, in view of its author's scholarly credentials, should conclusively discredit it.—*J.V. Wilcox, N. Eaton St., Albion, Mich.*

Sexindex contributor Donald Thomas replies: "The story is not based on hearsay. The existence of The Sod's Opera *is vouched for by Norman St. John-Stevas in* Obscenity and the Law *(1956), who states positively that Gilbert & Sullivan wrote it and that a copy has been in the guardroom of St. James's Palace 'for many years'. David Loth describes the circumstances in which the opera appears to have been written—the Oscar Wilde case—in* The Erotic in Literature *(1962). On pp 140-1 he lists some of the cast, describing the opera as "a direct ribald parallel to the case of Oscar Wilde". The Sexindex entry does not go beyond these sources. Ultimate proof may be impossible 80 years after the event. As for the notion that the entry somehow smears the unsullied Victorians by making everything Victorian seem pornographic, the Victorians themselves began the attack on Gilbert. After seeing a performance of* HMS Pinafore, *in which children were involved, Lewis Carroll (C. L. Dodgson) wrote: "I cannot find words to convey to the reader the pain I felt in seeing those dear children taught to utter such words to amuse ears grown callous" (Anne Lyon Haight,* Banned Books, *1955). There is no reason why the Ms should be at the BBC, or the British Museum (where restricted works are classified by shelf-marks or collections and not by rooms), and since it is not suggested that the Ms was ever printed, there is no reason why the publishers of the Savoy operas should have seen it."—Ed.*

Four-letter word

In your February Sexindex, your explanation for the derivation of the word "fuck" was inaccurate. It seems far more likely that the word is an early acronym. During the Puritan era (or possibly even before that, under British law) a citizen could be placed in the stocks, or worse, "for unlawful carnal knowledge". As our society appears to be obsessed with acronyms (PTA, AID, FDA, etc) perhaps your excellent research staff would consider the above as food for thought and give us their expert opinion.—*W. Jennings, W. Santa Clara Ave., Santa Ana, Calif.*

America's favorite four-letter word originated in the early 19th century shortly after the War of 1812. On U.S. naval vessels flogging was the punishment "for unlawful carnal knowledge", and this phrase was abbreviated to its initial letters in the ships' logbooks, next to records of punishments. Those *ficken* Germans had nothing to do with it!—*Richard Fisher, St Louis, Mo.*

Yes, they had. The word is older than either of these readers suggest, dating from around the 14th century, when it meant to strike and (hence) to move quickly or to penetrate. It is akin to the mid-Dutch verb, fokken*=to strike and (hence) to copulate with. The word prick*

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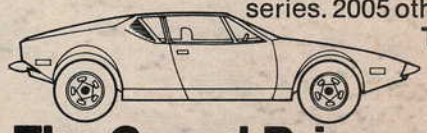

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OFFICIAL RULES: **1.** On an official entry blank or a 3" by 5" piece of paper, hand print or type your name, address and zip code. **2.** With each entry, send 2 empty CAMEL Filter packages or the words, "CAMEL Filter Cigarettes" printed in block letters on a 3" by 5" piece of paper. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Mail to: CAMEL Filter Pantera Sweepstakes, P. O. Box 8254, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182. Entries must be postmarked by Sept. 3, 1973 and received by Sept. 10, 1973. **3.** Winners will be determined in random drawings conducted by Spotts International, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. **4.** The Grand Prize is a 1973 Pantera, equipped with a 351-cubic inch V-8 engine, 4-wheel power disc brakes, 5-speed transmission, rack and pinion steering, magnesium wheels, and air conditioning (any standard color available in dealer stock), or an alternate prize of $10,000. Five first prizes are 1973 Capri 2600 V-6 sedans imported for Lincoln-Mercury, with V-6 engine, air conditioning, automatic transmission, power brakes, AM push-button radio, bucket seats, and a blue exterior. Two thousand (2,000) second prizes are Zippo lighters (model 200—brushed chrome). **5.** Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable for cash. No substitutes for prizes as offered. Only one prize to a family. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All 2,006 prizes will be awarded. **6.** Local state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners. **7.** Open to residents of the Continental United States and Hawaii only. Entrants must be 21 years of age or older. Employees and their families of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., its subsidiaries and affiliated companies, its advertising agencies, and Spotts International are not eligible. Void in Idaho, Missouri, Washington, Florida, Georgia, and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state, and local laws and regulations apply. To obtain a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: CAMEL Filter Winners, P.O. Box 8253, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182. Winners lists will be mailed before November 9, 1973.

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derives from a similar root. As for the enduring myth of the word's origin cited by Mr Fisher, no doubt a witty but sadistic captain knew the vernacular, then and now, for sexual intercourse.—Ed.

Tooth trick

Having read in Penthouse Forum about women with unusual erotic characteristics, I feel inclined to relate an experience which now is some years past. A friend and I had been treated by our parents to a week in Puerto Rico when we were just 17. One evening while sitting in the hotel lobby, a lovely American girl about two years our senior passed by. We made some typically immature comments and she turned round to scold us. Bashfully we apologized and she said that, if we were sincere, we ought to treat her to a nice dinner.

After several drinks, we were giving her the usual lies about our experiences that boys share with their friends. Though she must have seen right through us, she said that it was pleasant to be with men who knew so much. Then she suggested that, since the Puerto Rican night sky and air were so nice, we ought to enjoy them. We were all quite drunk and when we reached the beach, she grabbed the arms on either side of her and fell backwards, pulling us down. Then she hissed in a low and sarcastic voice that there was a trick that men even as experienced as we might be glad to learn. I was stunned when she removed her teeth and went to work on my friend. We alternated that night between gasping under her unique fellatio and administering cunnilingus. Many years and many women later I have at last found a woman who shares the same toothless technique—our marriage has been one of nightly bliss.—*J.L.R. (name and address withheld), Westernport Md.*

Taxi-ride in Thailand

Some time ago, while I was in the service, we spent a day in Bangkok, Thailand, on the way to our base in Ubon. After checking into our hotel, a friend and I let a cab driver talk us into visiting some of the city's high spots, and that for only 50 cents each! Our first stop was a bath house with a bar in the back. We saw girls wearing only panties rubbing down men in small glass-fronted rooms. Then he took us to a house of prostitution, but we told him we weren't interested. Stopping for a drink at another bar, we slurped our peppermint snoops and made eyes at two beautiful girls sitting across the room. The cab driver asked if we were interested and I kidded him, "Why not?" But the drink had got to me by this time so I went into what I thought was the men's room. To my amazement, sitting there on an open stool was a young lady. Later I found out that in Thailand it is common for men and women to use the bathroom at the same time. When I returned to the table, the two girls had joined us. The cab driver took care of all the transactions and told us it would cost us each five dollars (three for him and two for the girl). So that was why his fares were so cheap!

He then drove us to another hotel and said the girls would like separate rooms. My friend's girl spoke broken English, but mine didn't speak a word. She was short and her breasts were firmer than I had thought possible, a beautiful tan color like the rest of her body. Her nipples were not pink like those of American girls but brownish and her vagina was hairless. Looking at her excited me so much that it was almost impossible to hold myself back from coming right there on the spot.

After we'd had sex, we took a shower together. She washed my whole body over, then took my penis in her mouth and sucked until I thought she was going to drain the lifeblood out of it. I was turned on again, so we dried each other and went back to bed. We had intercourse again and then, kissing her snatch, I pushed her down on me. All the time she was saying "Mi, mi, mi . . ." I guessed this meant "Yes, yes" or "Wow, wow." A week later when we were being taught to speak the lingo, I found out that "Mi" means no.—*R.M. (name and address withheld), Detroit, Mich.*

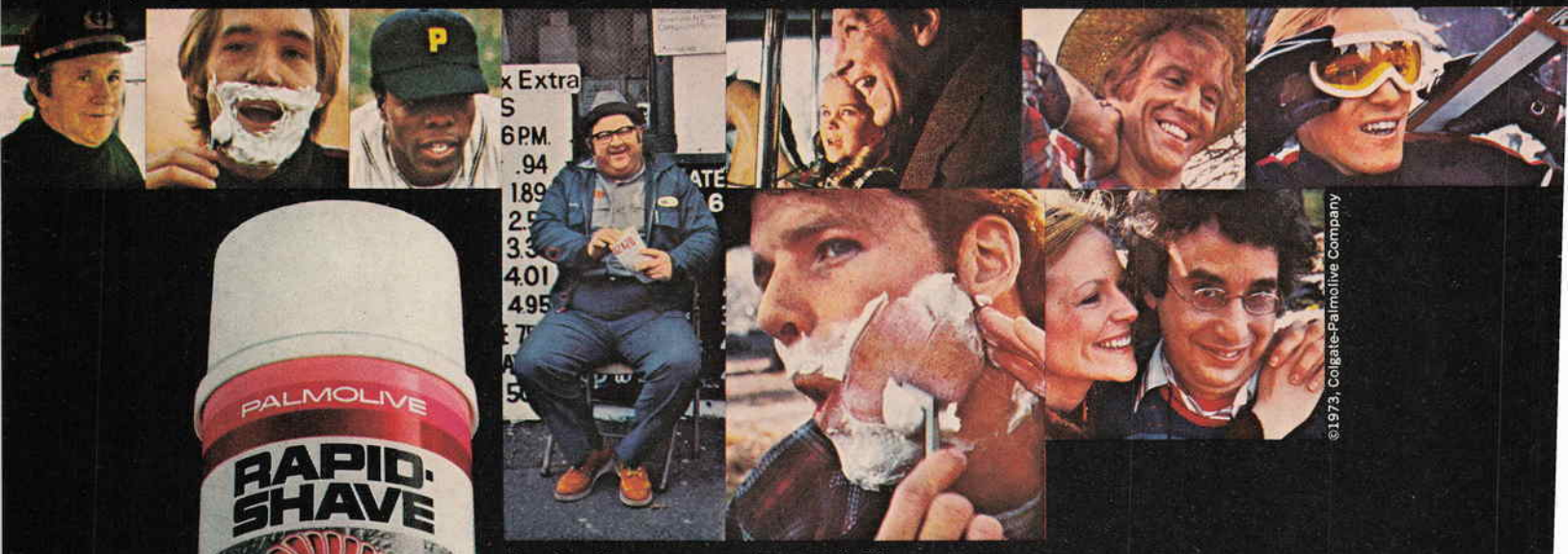
Make-up and make out

My chick has got some of the wildest sex habits I've ever known—she's unbelievable. She likes to start out a night of wild reckless sex by being tied up and hit with a soft rope. After that, she puts heavy white powder on my face and all over my naked body and then I lie on my back on a table, motionless and hardly breathing. In the darkness of the bedroom she lights two tall candles in long candlesticks, one at the foot and the other at the head of the table. Then she goes into the other room and peeps through a crack in the door. After about 10 minutes, she becomes so excited she can't control herself. We ball every which way and she becomes like a tigress, with orgasm after orgasm. I have never cared to reverse roles with her, for powder and candles never did much for me. After a beautiful evening we take a hot bath together and go to bed rewarded, relaxed and very happy. People need to be a lot less uninhibited and there would be more happy marriages and rewarding relationships. Too many people are worried about what is normal and what is kinky sex. Anything that is rewarding and love-enhancing is normal, anything whatever.—*W.Y. (name and address withheld), Reno, Nevada.*

Problem preferences

I would like to concur with Robert F.

we never met a face we didn't like



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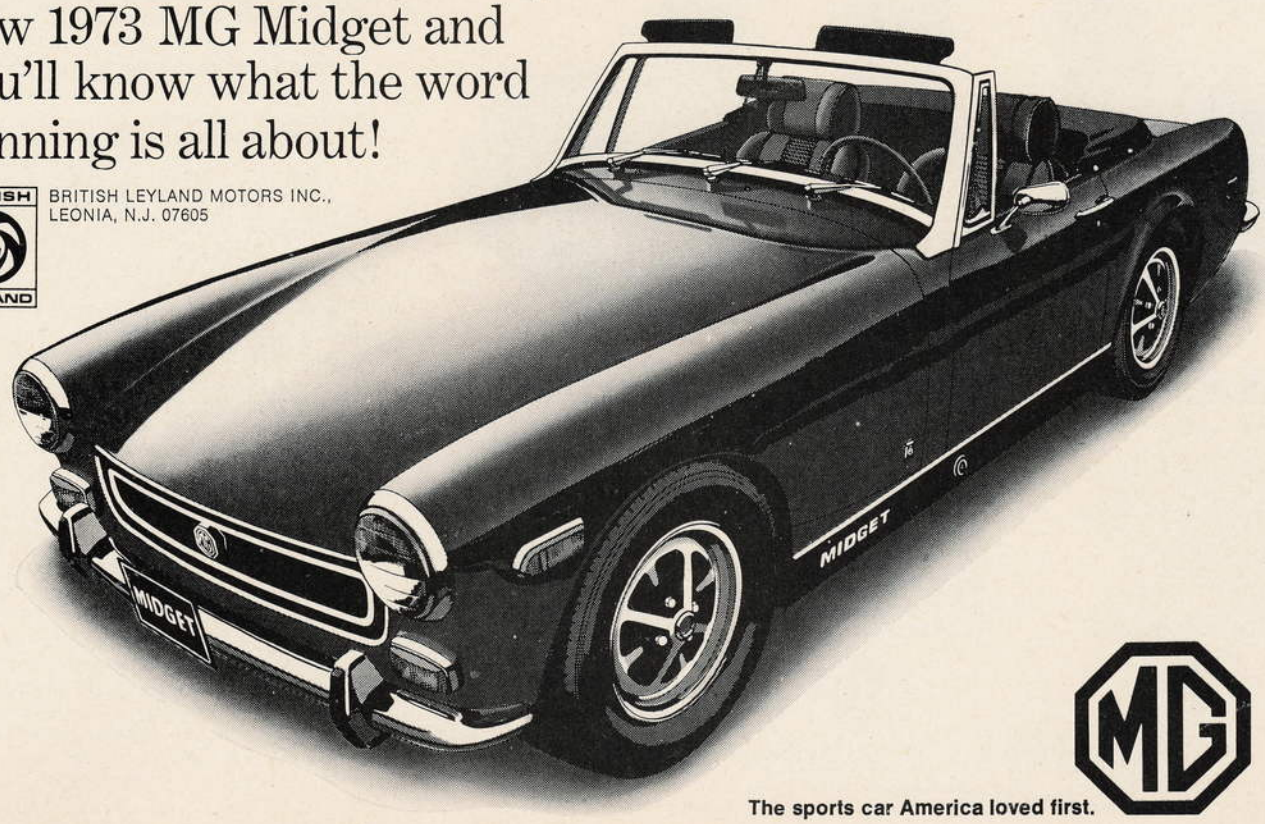

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(December) that cunnilingus is an exquisite experience, though I have been longer at it than Robert. I started at 12 and am now 56, having begun in my own country (England), and can truthfully say that I have eaten my way through 11 different countries. Since residing in the U.S. for the past 14 years, I have got into the swinging set, as a single meeting only couples, so I have added fellatio to my oral expertise. Naturally, I have experimented with all the usual foodstuffs, such as whipped cream, bananas and honey.

Of course, I like all the other sexual capers that two or more people can do together, but I just have to admit that oral manipulation is my thing.—*E.F.B., Vista, Calif.*

A matter of inches

After reading the letters about penis size in the December issue, I began to wonder if the male sex organ could be increased in dimension by forcible stretching. My apparatus for the job was a ribbon from my girlfriend's hair, tied in a sailor's knot around the neck of my penis. This ribbon was then attached to a sweatband that dangled loosely around my leg below the knee. The contraption caused me no discomfort, so I decided to wear it around the college campus as it was completely invisible.

The simple act of walking now takes on a new dimension for me. My penis receives a gentle tug with each consecutive stride. Apart from the obvious physical stimulation, I am convinced that the wearer of such a device also receives highly beneficial psychological assistance in living in this all too sexually oppressed society. It enables the wearer to be reminded of his masculinity in whatever situation he finds himself and is a most effective form of reassurance, however basic it may appear. When in a crowd I feel distinctly male-animalish, where in the past I felt only anonymity. My girlfriend says I smile more, too.—*C.M. (name and address withheld), Stillwater, Okla.*

I have some advice which may help the husband of Joan, who complained in a letter to Xaviera Hollander (December) that her husband's penis is too small. My wife also used to be dissatisfied with the size of my penis, even though I was able to bring her to orgasm several times during one session. After each successive orgasm she needed more cock.

Nine months ago I began stretching my penis while it is in the flaccid state by grasping it close to the base and pulling downwards, as if one were milking a cow. Before I started the stretching exercises my cock measured $6\frac{1}{2}$ ins by $1\frac{3}{4}$ ins when erect. Today it is $8\frac{1}{2}$ ins by $2\frac{1}{8}$ ins when erect. I'm able to satisfy my wife even more as well as gain greater enjoyment myself knowing that I am pleasing her so well.—*J.P.W. (name and address withheld), New York, N.Y.*

George Jones' letter (December) prompted me to relate my own experiences in the cause of penis enlargement. I was playing my tenor saxophone one evening for my wife. The tune happened to contain many low notes, so the bell of my saxophone was pressed against my genitals and every time I hit a low note, a surge of excitement flashed through my loins. Before the song was over, I had attained an erection. As I was wearing only boxer shorts, my wife commented on this. After she had gone down on me, she suggested that she blow low notes on the instrument while I dropped my testicles into the bell of the horn. Once again, my penis developed a huge erection. Seeing this, my wife substituted my penis for the mouthpiece of the saxophone and milked me dry. I was sure I'd had it, but my wife insisted that we repeat the

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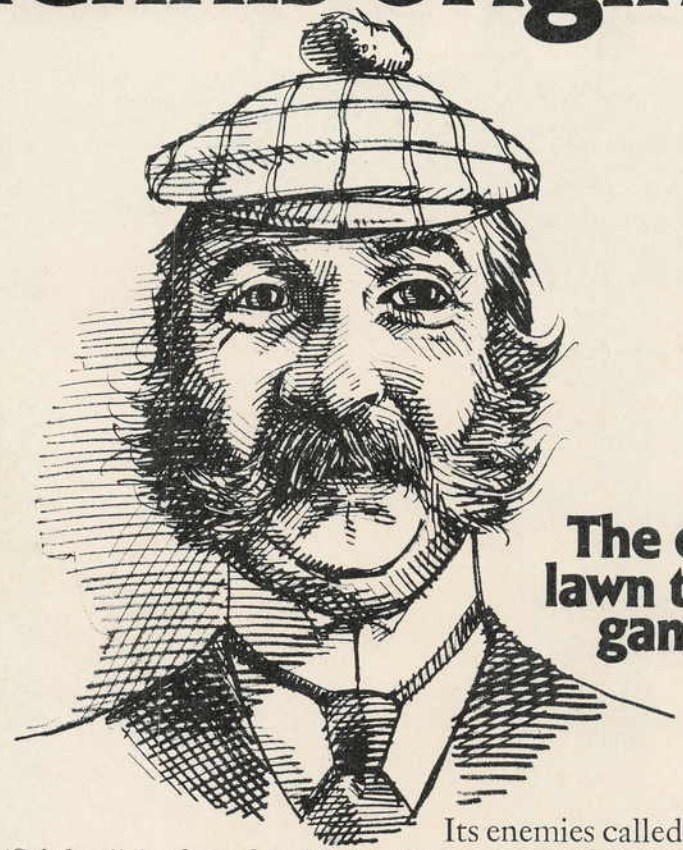

The original lawn tennis game.

Its enemies called it, "Sticky." Its founder, Major Walter Wingfield, called it, "Sphairistike." Later to be known as lawn tennis, the first game was played in February 1874 in England on an hour- glass shaped court with droopy nets.

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Usher's Green Stripe. The 1853 Original.

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procedure and much to my surprise I was able to climax in a matter of minutes.

My saxophone has become a third party in our sex life and just the sight of it makes my wife go nuts. After about a month of this routine, I was able to ejaculate five times in an hour and, even more amazing, my erect penis had grown almost an inch.—*N.Y. (name and address withheld), Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.*

Forbidden fleece

J.D., (February) tries to convince women that an important part of their bodies is naturally repugnant, disgusting and odious, and should be spruced up by shaving, cleaning and inserting chocolate into the vagina. Perhaps he is suffering from a psychological fear of being swallowed up by women and is terrified of the sight of a mature healthy vagina, while a shaved vagina, resembling a child's, alleviates his anxieties. Maybe he perceives women as below him and uses their differences (the functions of a vagina as opposed to those of a penis) to support his feelings of disgust, hatred and fear.

We know our bodies don't stink just because they produce an odor unlike a man's. That smell is normal and healthy in a woman because our bodies have an obviously different function in sex. Any man who can't appreciate it and prefers flavored douches or crunch bars is not really a man. If you want a fake plastic woman, get yourself a Barbie doll!—*Linda and Barbra, (names and address withheld), Middletown, Conn.*

Art and amputees

Being an amputee myself, I have been intrigued by the recent correspondence advocating one-legged pets and recounting what great sex objects we are. Actually, it's a lot less enthralling and more mundane to be without a leg than your correspondents would have us believe, particularly the one who spends her time gliding from one Boston bar to another on her aluminum crutches, picking up men by letting the end of her stump poke out a bit below her skirt. It's true that some guys are turned on by our dangling modifiers, but they are outnumbered by those who find the whole idea repulsive and would no more be seen with an one-legged girl than with a rosy-cheeked baboon. And given the American fetish for apparent perfection and success, it's understandable.

Our supposed sexual desirability is more myth than reality. If anything, the loss of a limb creates a barrier, making it harder to meet people in spite of whatever charms and talents we may otherwise possess. Too often, what at first appears interest in us proves to be nothing more than a search for novelty and cheap thrills. That is not to say that we are damned by our flaws to a life of celibacy—far from it—but it is an added burden that I would rather do without. It gets tedious being stared at and deferred to, not to mention having to rely on mechanical contrivances that won't go quite everywhere to get about.

To be perfectly honest, being minus much of my left leg is not exactly the greatest thing that ever happened to me, but after a while one comes to terms with it and learns to get by. It gives my husband something to play with—an ironic dividend. Not that that has much to do with us or why he married me. He would have preferred me complete, but neither of us had much choice in the matter.—*Mrs S.F. (name and address withheld), Pittsburgh, Pa.*

I was unaware of the sexual significance of an amputated leg on a woman until my wife lost her right leg above the knee in an accident about a year after we married. That was three years

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TITLE 1956 ARTIST

1. Moonlight Gambler . . . . . Frankie Lane
2. I Walk the Line . . . . . Johnny Cash
3. Blue Suede Shoes . . . . . Elvis Presley
4. Tutti Frutti . . . . . Elvis Presley
5. Born to be With You . . . . . Cordettes
6. Go Away Little Girl . . . . . Steve Lawrence
7. I'm In Love Again . . . . . Fats Domino
8. Blueberry Hill . . . . . Fats Domino
9. Blue Monday . . . . . Fats Domino
10. Just Walking In the Rain . . . . . Johnny Ray
11. Since I Met You, Baby . . . . . Ivory Joe Hunter
12. Long Tall Sally . . . . . Little Richard
13. Love is Strange . . . . . Mickey & Sylvia
14. Why Do Fools Fall in Love? . . . . F. Lymon/Teenagers
15. Canadian Sunset . . . . . Andy Williams
16. The Fool . . . . . Sanford Clark

TITLE 1957 ARTIST

1. Diana . . . . . Paul Anka
2. That'll Be the Day . . . . . B. Holly/Crickets
3. Oh, Boy . . . . . B. Holly/Crickets
4. Come, Go With Me . . . . . Del-Vikings
5. Whispering Bells . . . . . Del-Vikings
6. Wonderful! Wonderful! . . . . . Johnny Mathis
7. The Twelfth of Never . . . . . Johnny Mathis
8. School Day . . . . . Chuck Berry
9. Jamaica Farewell . . . . . Harry Belafonte
10. Banana Boat Song . . . . . Harry Belafonte
11. Bee-Bop Baby . . . . . Ricky Nelson
12. Stood Up . . . . . Ricky Nelson
13. Butterfly . . . . . Charlie Gracie
14. Party Doll . . . . . Buddy Knox
15. Kisses Sweeter than Wine . . . . . Jimmie Rodgers
16. Honey Comb . . . . . Jimmie Rodgers

TITLE 1958 ARTIST

1. Peggy Sue . . . . . Buddy Holly
2. Maybe Baby . . . . . B. Holly/Crickets
3. Book of Love . . . . . Monotones
4. Happy, Happy Birthday, Baby . . . Tune Weavers
5. For Your Precious Love . . . . . Jerry Butler
6. Susie Darlin' . . . . . Robin Luke
7. Tears On My Pillow . . . . . Lil Anthony/Imperials
8. Summertime, Summertime . . . . Jamies
9. Big Man . . . . . Four Preps
10. Whole Lotta Lovin' . . . . . Fats Domino
11. Sixteen Candles . . . . . Crests
12. Summertime Blues . . . . . Eddie Cochran
13. Johnny Be Goode . . . . . Chuck Berry
14. A Lover's Question . . . . . Clyde McPhater
15. To Know Him is to Love Him . . . Teddy Bears
16. Lonely Teardrops . . . . . Jackie Wilson

TITLE 1959 ARTIST

1. There Goes My Baby . . . . . Drifters
2. Lonely Boy . . . . . Paul Anka
3. Put Your Head on my Shoulder . . Paul Anka
4. Teenager In Love . . . . . Dion
5. Come Softly To Me . . . . . Fleetwoods
6. Mr. Blue . . . . . Fleetwoods
7. The Big Hurt . . . . . Tony Fischer
8. Teen Angel . . . . . Mark Dinning
9. Broken Hearted Melody . . . . . Sarah Vaugh
10. We Got Love . . . . . Bobby Rydell
11. Tragedy . . . . . Thomas Wayne
12. M.T.A. . . . . Kingston Trio
13. Here Comes Summer . . . . . Jerry Keller
14. Waterloo . . . . . Stonewall Jackson
15. It Doesn't Matter Anymore . . . B. Holly/Crickets
16. Heartbeat . . . . . B. Holly/Crickets

TITLE 1960 ARTIST

1. Blue Angel . . . . . Roy Orbison
2. Lonely Teenager . . . . . Dion/Belmonts
3. Where or When . . . . . Dion/Belmonts
4. This Magic Moment . . . . . Drifters
5. Harlem Nocturn . . . . . Viscounts
6. Puppy Love . . . . . Paul Anka
7. Georgia On My Mind . . . . . Ray Charles
8. Chain Gang . . . . . Sam Cooke
9. Walkin' to New Orleans . . . . . Fats Domino
10. Mule Skinner Blues . . . . . Fender Men
11. Tell Laura I Love Her . . . . . Ray Peterson
12. Wild One . . . . . Bobby Rydell
13. Calendar Girl . . . . . Neil Sedaka
14. Devil or Angel? . . . . . Bobby Vee
15. Rubber Ball . . . . . Bobby Vee
16. Mr. Custer . . . . . Larry Verne

TITLE 1961 ARTIST

1. Running Scared . . . . . Roy Orbison
2. Candy Man . . . . . Roy Orbison
3. Moody River . . . . . Pat Boone
4. Spanish Harlem . . . . . Ben E. King
5. Stand By Me . . . . . Ben E. King
6. Some Kind of Wonderful . . . . . Drifters
7. Twist . . . . . Chubby Checker
8. Cupid . . . . . Sam Cooke
9. The Mountain High . . . . . Dick & DeeDee
10. Tonight . . . . . Ferante & Teicher
11. Gypsy Woman . . . . . Impressions
12. This Time . . . . . Troy Shondell
13. I've Told Every Little Star . . . . Linda Scott
14. A Hundred Pounds of Clay . . . . Gene McDaniels
15. Moon River . . . . . Henry Mancini
16. Raindrops . . . . . Dee Clark

TITLE 1962 ARTIST

1. Only Love Can Break a Heart . . . Gene Pitney
2. If I Didn't Have a Dime . . . . . Gene Pitney
3. She Cried . . . . . Jay & the Americans
4. When My Little Girl is Smilin' . . . Drifters
5. Up on the Roof . . . . . Drifters
6. Twistin the Night Away . . . . . Sam Cook
7. Shout . . . . . Joey Dee
8. Sealed with a Kiss . . . . . Brian Hyland
9. Torture . . . . . Kris Jensen
10. Wolverton Mountain . . . . . Claude King
11. Love Letters . . . . . Ketty Lester
12. Let's Dance . . . . . Chris Montez
13. Leah . . . . . Roy Orbison
14. Any Day Now . . . . . Chuck Jackson
15. The Night has a Thousand Eyes . . Bobby Vee
16. Sheila . . . . . Tommy Roe

TITLE 1963 ARTIST

1. Surfin USA . . . . . Beach Boys
2. Hey, Baby . . . . . Bruce Channel
3. Let Your Music Play . . . . . Drifters
4. Ruby Baby . . . . . Dion
5. Donna the Prima Donna . . . . . Dion
6. Detroit City . . . . . Bobby Bare
7. Rhythm of the Rain . . . . . Cascades
8. Mean Women Blues . . . . . Roy Orbison
9. Twenty Four Hours from Tulsa . . Gene Pitney
10. Man Who Shot Liberty Valance . . Gene Pitney
11. More . . . . . Kai Winding
12. SilverThreads, Golden Needles . . Springfields
13. Since I Fell For You . . . . . Lenny Welch
14. Puff the Magic Dragon . . . . . Peter, Paul, Mary
15. If I had a Hammer . . . . . Peter, Paul, Mary
16. Blowin in the Wind . . . . . Peter, Paul, Mary

TITLE 1964 ARTIST

1. California Sun . . . . . Rivieras
2. Fun, Fun, Fun . . . . . Beach Boys
3. Needles and Pins . . . . . Searchers
4. Comes A Little Bit Closer . . . . Jay/Americans
5. Oh, Pretty Woman . . . . . Roy Orbison
6. Dawn . . . . . Four Seasons
7. Glad All Over . . . . . Dave Clark 5
8. Do You Love Me . . . . . Dave Clark 5
9. She's About a Mover . . . . . Sir Douglas Quintet
10. Wishin and Hopin . . . . . Dusty Springfield
11. Suspicion . . . . . Terry Stafford
12. Memphis . . . . . Johnny Rivers
13. Don't Let Sun Catch You Cryin . . Gerry/Pacemakers
14. Under the Boardwalk . . . . . Drifters
15. I Believe . . . . . Bachelors
16. House of the Rising Sun . . . . . Animals

TITLE 1965 ARTIST

1. It Was a Very Good Year . . . . . Frank Sinatra
2. California Girls . . . . . Beach Boys
3. Do You Wanna Dance . . . . . Beach Boys
4. What the World Needs Now . . . . Jackie DeShannon
5. Mrs. Brown-Lovely Daughter . . . . Herman's Hermits
6. Baby the Rain Must Fall . . . . . Glen Yarborough
7. Five O'Clock World . . . . . Vogues
8. You Were On My Mind . . . . . We Five
9. Spanish Eyes . . . . . Al Martino
10. Down in the Boondocks . . . . . Billy Joe Royal
11. Game of Love . . . . . Wayne Fontana
12. You've Got Troubles/I've Got . . . Fortunes
13. Keep on Dancin' . . . . . Gentrys
14. Ferry Across the Mersey . . . . . Gerry/Pacemakers
15. Cara Mia . . . . . Jay/Americans
16. Some Enchanted Evening . . . . . Jay/Americans

TITLE 1966 ARTIST

1. These Boots are Made for Walkin . Nancy Sinatra
2. Soop John B. . . . . Beach Boys
3. Bang Bang . . . . . Cher
4. Red Rubber Ball . . . . . Cyrkle
5. Cherry Cherry . . . . . Neil Diamond
6. I Fought the Law . . . . . Bobby Fuller 4
7. Love's Made a Fool of You . . . . Bobby Fuller 4
8. Elusive Butterfly . . . . . Bob Lind
9. I Saw Her Again . . . . . Mamas & Papas
10. Woman . . . . . Peter & Gordon
11. Lady Godiva . . . . . Peter & Gordon
12. Where Were You, Needed You . . Grass Roots
13. Georgie Girl . . . . . Seekers
14. I'll Never Find Another You . . . Seekers
15. A Place in the Sun . . . . . Stevie Wonder
16. Guantanamera . . . . . The Sandpipers

TITLE 1967 ARTIST

1. Baby I Need Your Lovin' . . . . Johnny Rivers
2. A Whiter Shade of Pale . . . . . Procol Harum
3. San Francisco . . . . . Scott McKenzie
4. Brown Eyed Girl . . . . . Van Morrison
5. There's A Kind of Hush . . . . . Herman's Hermits
6. Judy in Disguise . . . . . John Fred/Playboy Band
7. To Love Somebody . . . . . Bee Gees
8. San Franciscan Nights . . . . . Animals
9. Kentucky Woman . . . . . Neil Diamond
10. Carrie-Anne . . . . . Hollies
11. I'll Never Fall in Love Again . . . . Tom Jones
12. Jackson . . . . . N. Sinatra/L. Hazelwood
13. Different Drum . . . . . Stone Poneys
14. Silence is Golden . . . . . Tremeloes
15. Somebody to Love . . . . . Jefferson Airplane
16. White Rabbit . . . . . Jefferson Airplane

TITLE 1968 ARTIST

1. Young Girl . . . . . G. Puckett/Union Gap
2. This Magic Moment . . . . . Jay & Americans
3. MacArthur Park . . . . . Richard Harris
4. Abraham, Martin & John . . . . . Dion
5. Words . . . . . Bee Gees
6. The Unicorn . . . . . Irish Rovers
7. The Look of Love . . . . . S. Mendes/Brazil '66
8. Tuesday Afternoon . . . . . Moody Blues
9. Hold Me Tight . . . . . Johnny Nash
10. Simon Says . . . . . 1910 Fruitgum Co.
11. Ramblin', Gamblin' Man . . . . . Bob Seger System
12. Born to be Wild . . . . . Steppenwolf
13. Turn Around, Look at Me . . . . Vogues
14. My Special Angel . . . . . Vogues
15. Master Jack . . . . . 4 Jacks & a Jill
16. She's a Heartbreaker . . . . . Gene Pitney

TITLE 1969 ARTIST

1. Suspicious Minds . . . . . Elvis Presley
2. In the Ghetto . . . . . Elvis Presley
3. Everybody's Talkin' . . . . . Nilsson
4. Good Morning Starshine . . . . . Oliver
5. Jean . . . . . Oliver
6. The Boxer . . . . . Simon & Garfunkel
7. Games People Play . . . . . Joe South
8. Traces . . . . . Classics IV
9. Lodi . . . . . CCR
10. Suite: Judy Blue Eyes . . . . . Crosby/Stills/Nash
11. Sweet Caroline . . . . . Neil Diamond
12. Laughing . . . . . Guess Who
13. Ruby, Don't Take Love to Town . . K. Rogers/1st Edition
14. Baby, It's You . . . . . Smith
15. Welcome Me Love . . . . . Brooklyn Bridge
16. One . . . . . Three Dog Night

TITLE 1970 ARTIST

1. Ride Captain Ride . . . . . Blue Image
2. It Don't Matter to Me . . . . . Bread
3. Ticket to Ride . . . . . Carpenters
4. Make Me Smile . . . . . Chicago
5. Knock Three Times . . . . . Dawn
6. Your Song . . . . . Elton John
7. Reflections of My Love . . . . . Marmalade
8. Question . . . . . Moody Blues
9. Big Yellow Taxie . . . . . The Neighborhood
10. Mr. Bojangles . . . . . Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
11. Band of Gold . . . . . Freddy Payne
12. Black Magic Women . . . . . Santana
13. Celebrate . . . . . Three Dog Night
14. Have You Ever Seen the Rain? . . CCR
15. For the Good Times . . . . . Ray Price
16. Long, Long Time . . . . . Linda Ronstandt

TITLE 1971 ARTIST

1. American Pie (Full Version) . . . . Don McLean
2. Superstar . . . . . Carpenters
3. Joy to the World . . . . . Three Dog Night
4. Colour My World . . . . . Chicago
5. Night Drove Old Dixie Down . . . Joan Baez
6. Stones . . . . . Neil Diamond
7. She's a Lady . . . . . Tom Jones
8. Me and Bobby McGee . . . . . Janis Joplin
9. Me, You, a Dog Named Boo . . . . Lobo
10. Brand New Key . . . . . Melanie
11. Without You . . . . . Nilson
12. It's One of Those Nights . . . . Partridge Family
13. Moon Shadow . . . . . Cat Stevens
14. Gypsies Tramps & Thieves . . . . Cher
15. I Don't Know How to Love Him . . Yvonne Elliman
16. Superstar (Jesus Christ) . . . . . M. Head/Trinidads

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ago, and our mutual sexual pleasure since then has far surpassed the relationship we enjoyed when my lovely wife was a normal two-legged woman.

When she first came home from the hospital with a stump of a thigh where her right leg had been, she was afraid I would find her repugnant and would no longer want to make love to her. But as soon as the doctor pronounced her stump fully healed, we resumed our lovemaking and were both amazed to find that she was just as good a sex partner as before, if not better. She quickly got the knack of maneuvering her body with just the one leg and found that her stump was very sensitive to physical contact, especially against my body. Her stump became almost like a third hand and even now, when she embraces me while standing up, she expresses her affection, if she is not wearing her artificial leg, by pressing her stump against me while we are standing close.

Of course, I was used to seeing my wife nude in the days when she still had both legs. But the first time I saw her hop across the room on one leg without a stitch on and that little thigh stump waving around in space next to her crotch, I almost blew a fuse! I quickly invited her to hop back to bed and lie down for a quickie before I went off to work. Whatever sexuality she possessed as a two-legged woman seemed to have at least tripled when I saw her hopping around nude with just one leg now. I don't understand the phenomenon, but I know every guy who has a one-legged wife or girlfriend that I've compared notes with feels the same way.

As for my wife, she signals her interest in having relations merely by giving me a couple of nudges gently with her stump against my hip or groin, if I haven't already taken the initiative. Without her uttering a word, I get the message. She has excellent muscular control over her stump and can move it to any position easily. She especially enjoys having me massage her stump after she has unstrapped her wooden leg and quite often when I start running my hand up and down her stump inside her skirt, I discover she has also removed her panties. I challenge any husband to resist a gold-plated invitation like that.

But don't get the idea that being married to an amputee is a sex-for-the-asking deal. On the rare occasions when she's not in the mood or it's the wrong time of the month, my wife merely swings her right thigh stump across her crotch and it's as good as a chastity belt.

My wife has got over her self-consciousness and last year she accompanied me to the beach in a bikini. She can still swim with her leg off if I help her in and out of the water. She was by far the prettiest girl on the beach and I could tell by the interest she was attracting that plenty of guys had bedroom eyes for my wife despite her stump. I let them eat their hearts out, for she is as faithful as any man could want.—*D.R.K. (name and address withheld), Fort Lauderdale, Fla.*

I am a mod, hip, young man of 28, who has been confined to a wheelchair all of my life with muscular dystrophy. The letters you've published from female amputees have set me wondering whether any of these girls would be interested in me. Even if not, I'd like to set the chicks straight. Most people who see someone like myself just pity us and don't realize that we're just as human as they are and that we also have sexual feelings. Just like any other stud, we need a little pussy once in a while to keep us going!—*R.K. (name and address withheld), Windsor Locks, Conn.*

It's not only exciting to make love to an amputee girl: it's so convenient. We start our activities on the couch when she lies down and I can perform cunnilingus while sitting on the floor with no leg in the way. Later, in the bedroom, it's so much easier to change positions. It's much better, too, when we get to 69, because some women clamp my head with their legs. She can't!—*J.E. (name and address withheld), Duluth, Minn.*

Home movie

As one of the better-known male models on the New York City circuit, I have had quite a few experiences and not many are repeats. I work from home taking calls for modelling on location. These are usually at photographers' studios and I do a legitimate job there to promote some product. At times I am called up to do something less rigorous and, shall we say, quaint. These callers are homosexuals who like to indulge a little in their apartments, but they usually want only to ogle me or put some aromatic oils on my body while I pose for pictures. For lonely females with cash to spend, I'm more generous and my posing in the nude will sometimes end in pleasurable copulation. I'm sorry but as I want to continue in my profession for the next few years, I mustn't be too specific about names, least of all my own.

The other day I received a call late at night asking me to go to a certain address in an hour to pose in the nude. The voice was young, pleasant and female, articulate with a sexy slur. I checked out the name she gave in the phone book, and it seemed genuine. I went off without my usual kit, which includes trunks, some mineral oil to shine up my body and a few towels. Before midnight I arrived at a compact two-room apartment to be greeted by a clean-looking brunette in her mid-twenties. She fixed me a coffee and made me comfortable. While talking to me, she set up a few lights, readied her camera and sneaked in some motion pictures. Then she asked whether I'd be ready to pose for her in the nude. I gave her no long answers, just chucked my clothes in a neat little pile and stood waiting.

She turned me this way and that, standing, lying down and in a crouch but never making a particular issue out of my frontal projection. Then she told me, "That won't quite do", and called her friend from the bedroom. I was pleasantly surprised at thus meeting Sue, her roommate, who was in shorts and a sweatshirt and carried a book in her hand. She took off her glasses to look me over and must have liked what she saw for the next thing she took off was her sweatshirt. I was asked to stand up and Sue started to kiss me like I was her long-lost lover. I found this gloriously stimulating as Sue took my penis lovingly in her hands and rubbed it against her breasts. The picture session was going a treat! My penis has the ability, when fully aroused, to rise to within three inches of my belly button. This feat sent the two girls into ecstasies, so close-ups were taken and pictures with Sue tantalizing my projection. Finally, a motor-driven movie camera was rolled out and all three of us went into balling in the nude. Yesterday, I had a phone call informing me there would be another home movie showing next week, and I hope another session à trois.—*F.P. (name and address withheld), New York, N.Y.*

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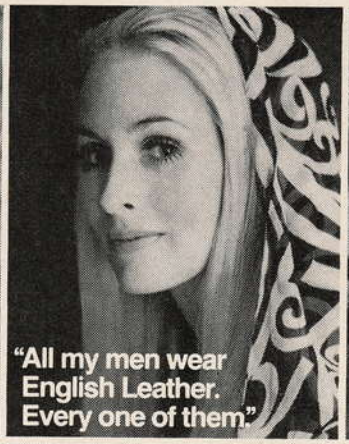

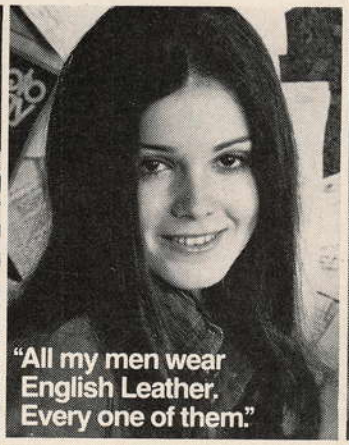

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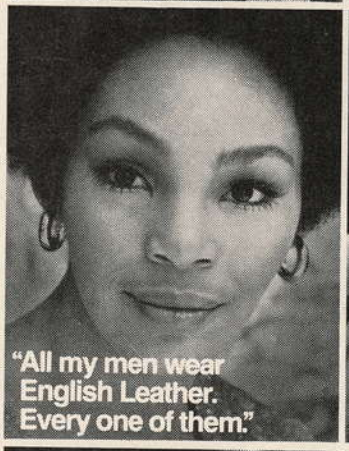

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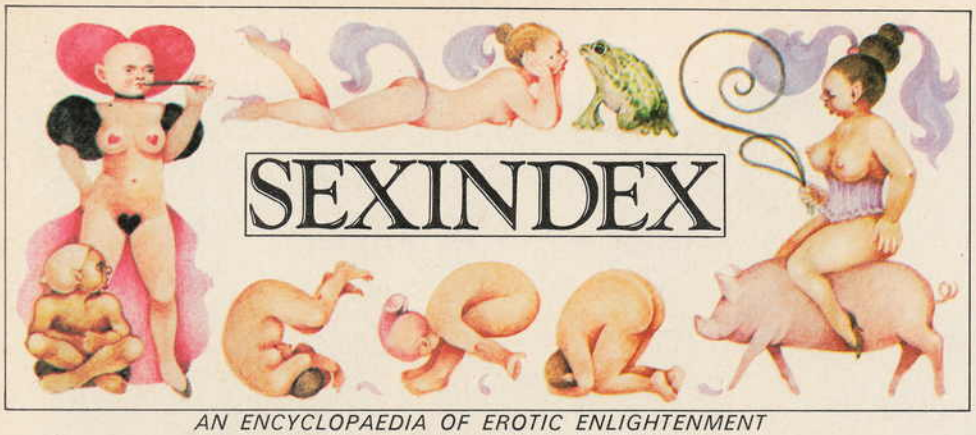

AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

Index, the: Short for *Index Librorum Prohibitorum,* a list of books which, by Papal decree, are forbidden to Roman Catholics as being dangerous to faith or morals. Catholic laymen can only read or own one of them by special dispensation. The Index was started by Pope Paul IV in 1559 and now numbers some 4000 titles, including Richardson's *Pamela,* all the novels of Balzac, Dumas, Stendhal, Zola and Alberto Moravia. However, in 1966 the Vatican Council disbanded the Curia office which vetted new books, and the Pope ruled that nothing should be added to the Index until the author had had a chance to explain his views.

infertility: Inability to conceive children. In men, usually due to absence, insufficiency or abnormality of sperm; in women, to absence or disease of the ovaries or uterus or blocking of the Fallopian tubes. About one in six of all marriages are infertile but probably only 35% of these are hopelessly sterile. The others can often be cured by surgery or, in some cases, simply by sex counselling—3% of wives who complain of infertility are found on examination to be virgins! Many couples are infertile simply because they make love so rarely or at the wrong times. Infertility can also be psychological: many couples who "give up" and decide to adopt a child conceive one of their own shortly afterwards. A few women suffering from a special type of infertility can be helped by a drug called FSH (follicle-stimulating hormone) taken from the pituitary gland. This treatment works in 50% of appropriate cases but at present it often results in multiple births—quins, sextuplets and septuplets. Also the FSH is difficult to obtain: either the whole pituitary gland is taken from corpses (and 10 whole glands are needed for one course of treatment) or urine (one month's supply) collected from post-menopausal women—nuns are especially helpful donors. Truly infertile couples—the 35%—must have recourse to adoption or artificial insemination (*q.v.*).

infibulation: Primitive method of ensuring chastity by deforming the genitals. In men, it usually consists of stitching the foreskin over the glans penis or inserting a ring in the prepuce. In women, it consists of sewing the labia together (still practised by Muslim and Negro Hamites) or clamping them with metal rings, or, in a particularly cruel Sudanese version, of scraping the labia and then tying the girl's legs together so that when the wounds heal the labia fuse over the vagina leaving only a tiny hole for urination and menstruation. In 1962 a pregnant Sudanese woman was examined at a Sheffield hospital and found to have a vagina too small to admit normal intercourse (it is not known how she became pregnant) or childbirth. She had been infibulated in 1951 at the age of 11 and she admitted that, though the practice was illegal in the Sudan, it was still widespread among highclass Muslim families. The Ancient Romans routinely infibulated singers of both sexes, believing that coitus would adversely affect their voices. They also practised anal infibulation, to prevent sodomy.

initiation rites: In primitive societies, ceremonies marking the attainment of adulthood, usually at puberty. Common features of male initiation are trials of physical endurance and circumcision (*q.v.*), while clitoridectomy and/or infibulation (*q.v.*) are sometimes practised on girls. Among African tribes, circumcision and clitoridectomy are believed to be necessary to confirm the individual's sex: the Dogon and Bambara tribes assert, "A boy is female by his foreskin, a girl masculine by her clitoris" and the excision of the "organs of opposite sex" will ensure the development of full gender identity. This belief is sometimes emphasized by candidates donning the garb of the opposite sex before the rite: girls may carry artificial phalluses and mime the sex act with each other. Female initiation may alternatively take the form of ritual defloration: in the Masiyebi district of Portuguese East Africa the girls are stripped, made to mime the act of coitus to the accompaniment of lewd songs, and then deflowered with a "sacred cone". The Todas, an aboriginal Indian tribe, invite a stranger to their village for one night to deflower a girl shortly before she reaches puberty. Male endurance tests may include flagellation with whips or thistles, subjection to burns, ant bites and nettle stings, tattooing, tooth extraction or, in the case of the African Janjero tribe, removal of the nipples and a testicle. Sometimes candidates are violently pulled about by cords attached to their genitals, and the African Chewa require initiates to drink urine and eat faeces. Male and female initiation rites are often followed by a period of sexual licence: the African Venda, for instance, allow newly-clitoridectomized girls to sleep freely with the boys on certain feast days, and the convalescence period is taken up by courses of sex instruction. The nearest equivalent to an initiation rite in modern Western society is the Jewish Bar Mitzvah ceremony in which adult status is conferred on 13-year-old-boys.

Inquisition, the: Roman Catholic ecclesiastical court instituted by Pope Innocent III in 1233 to combat heresy. One of its preoccupations was sexual offences broadly lumped under the heading of "witchcraft", and the witch-hunters' manual *Malleus Maleficarum* is virtually a casebook of sexual psychopathology. Once accused, the victim was incarcerated in an airless

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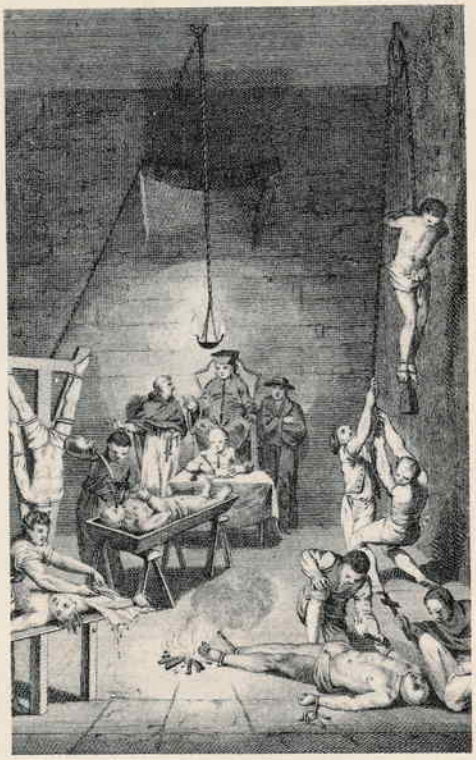
dungeon for several weeks or months, then tortured to obtain a confession. Tortures included the boot (a red-hot iron shoe clamped over the foot), the rack, the wheel, "water torture" (forcing water down the victim's gullet or covering his face with a water-soaked thin cloth so that water enters the lungs) and "squassation" which involved hoisting the victim to a great height by means of pulleys then dropping him down. Burnings of "heretics" were held publicly at huge *auto da fé* (act of faith) festivals. Non-repentant heretics were burnt alive, but those who expressed contrition were allowed to be strangled before the pyre was set alight. Most authorities agree that the Inquisition was responsible for the deaths of at least two million and possibly five million victims during its five-century reign. It was abolished in the 18th century.

intercourse, sexual: Coitus. Practised by humans in a variety of copulatory positions, unlike other mammals, who stick to rear entry exclusively. An Egyptian papyrus of 1300 B.C. lists 14 choices, the 12th-century Indian *Ananga Ranga* lists 32, the Islamic *Perfumed Garden* 40, and the 19th-century German erotologist Forberg (*q.v.*) totals 90. Kinsey found that 100% of his sample used the man-on-top position "frequently" and 9% used it exclusively. This "missionary position" also has the backing, in Western society, of religious sanction. Among Jews, who are exhorted to "have intercourse in a most modest possible manner", the woman-on-top variant is specifically condemned. The medieval Roman Catholic Church was even stricter: anything except the missionary was a mortal sin and lovemaking *more canino* (dog-fashion) called for seven years' penance. (Zealots could reduce the risk of sexual pleasure by the use of the *chemise cagoule*—a sort of heavy sack with a strategically placed hole worn by the wife.) Today variant positions are only a venial, not a mortal, sin to R.C.s and may even be permissible on medical grounds. As to frequency of intercourse, twice a week as recommended by Luther for married couples was found by Kinsey to be more or less the modern standard. Anthropologists C. S. Ford & F. A. Beach find that in most primitive societies where information is available, "every adult normally engages in heterosexual intercourse once daily or nightly", though admitting wide departures from the norm, *e.g.* the Keraki of New Guinea copulate only once a week, while the Chagga of East Africa claim to do it 10 times a night. In the West, religion plays a part in regulating frequency. The Talmud prescribes permitted frequencies for strict Jews according to the husband's occupation—weekly for a scholar, twice weekly for a laborer, daily for a virile youth. Similarly the medieval Christian church banned coitus in Advent, Lent, on Sundays and numerous feast days etc, effectively cutting out half the year.

intersexes: People whose sex is physiologically ambiguous (*i.e.* not transsexuals, *q.v.*, whose sex is only *psychologically* ambiguous). They range from people with almost no sexual characteristics at all to people with all the characteristics of both sexes—the (very rare) true hermaphrodites. Many of these variations are due to chromosomal defects, *e.g.* Klinefelter's syndrome—infertile males of poor intellect, with abnormally small testes, little or no facial hair and sometimes enlarged breasts—is caused by an extra X chromosome in the 23rd (sex-determining) pair. Turner's syndrome—very



Inquisition torturers at work

short, immature females with underdeveloped uterus and genitalia and sometimes no ovaries—is due to a missing chromosome in the 23rd pair. Other mistakes can occur during foetal development. For the first six weeks in the womb all human embryos look female. Round about the seventh week the sex glands—gonads—differentiate into either ovaries or testes, but occasionally they fail to do this. Foetal sex determination also depends on the hormones released during the second and third months of gestation, especially androgens, responsible for masculinization. In a condition known as the "androgen insensitivity syndrome", for instance, the foetuses have normal male XY chromosomes and testes but for some reason they are insensitive to androgens. So they are born with a clitoris and labia instead of penis and testes, and raised as girls. It is usually only at puberty, when menstruation fails to occur, that the presence of testes (either undescended or undetectably descended to the groin) is discovered. These "covert males" resemble normal females in almost every respect (though pubic hair may be sparse, the vagina slightly shorter than usual, and of course they cannot bear children) and often become successful wives. Conversely, some foetuses with female chromosomes and ovaries are flooded with androgens in the womb and emerge with male external sex organs. They, again, are only detected at puberty when menstrual bleeding shows through the urethra and the breasts begin to swell. More commonly, children are born with ambiguous genitalia, *e.g.* an enlarged clitoris and partially-fused labia resembling a scrotum. Mistakes can also occur after birth, *e.g.* in a condition known as the "adrenogenital syndrome" chromosomal girls with ovaries suffer a glandular defect which causes their adrenal glands to secrete large amounts of androgen after birth as well as before; hence premature puberty—sometimes as early as age five or six. Worse still, it is a masculine puberty—the voice deepens, facial hair develops, the clitoris (probably already oversized) becomes even larger, and menstruation does not occur.

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Since 1950, however, cortisone treatment has cured this condition.

Modern intersex specialists feel that "sex reassignments" should not even be attempted after the age of four or five because the resulting psychological trauma is so great. They prefer to adjust the patient's physical appearance to suit his or her own "gender identity" and they can now do this quite convincingly, *e.g.* masculinized girl babies with enlarged clitorides and fused labia can have these surgically corrected; penises can be constructed well enough for the boy to be able to urinate standing up; plastic balls can be inserted in an empty scrotum; breasts can be enlarged or flattened by plastic surgery, and hormone treatments can usually produce desired secondary sexual characteristics. It is only in terms of the law that intersexes are still unrecognized.

intra-uterine device (IUD): Female contraceptive consisting of a small metal or plastic loop or coil placed in the uterus. How it works is still not understood. Evidently the mere presence of this foreign body in the womb is enough to prevent pregnancy. The failure rate is only two or three unwanted pregnancies per 100 years of woman use, which makes it more effective than all other methods except the Pill. The device, inserted by a gynaecologist, has to be removed if the woman decides to have a baby, and in 75% of cases pregnancy ensues within six months. This simplicity of use makes the IUD popular for urgent government-sponsored birth control programmes like India's. The chief danger with the IUD is that it can sometimes be expelled without the woman noticing its absence. To counteract this, many modern IUDs are fitted with tiny tails which can be felt by the wearer. Other drawbacks include the possibility of heavier periods. Though Saharan camel-drivers had reputedly been inserting pebbles into their camels' wombs as a contraceptive since ancient times, the modern history of the IUD began in the 1860s when the device was tried experimentally to *promote* fertility. Found to have the opposite effect, by the 1880s it was well-established as a contraceptive, but the early IUDs were made of silver and often irritated the uterine lining. The method was only widely revived in the 1960s when polyethylene coils were tested and approved.

irrumatio (or irrumation): Variant of fellatio (*q.v.*) in which the man takes the more active role, thrusting his penis in and out of the woman's mouth, rather than lying back and letting her suck it. Roman writers, *e.g.* Martial, drew a clear distinction between irrumatio and fellatio and considered the latter unmanly. Gershon Legman, in *Oragenitalism,* explains that the difference is "essentially psychological rather than physical" and defines it thus: "Where the genital partner is dominant, the action is irrumation. Where the oral partner is dominant, it is fellation."

Ishtar: Ancient Babylonian goddess of love and fertility (also known as Mylitta and later adopted by the Greeks as Aphrodite). Many lapis lazuli amulets carved in the form of her sacred symbol—the vulva—have been excavated. Her cult was maintained by priestesses who were of two categories: *kadishtu* meaning chaste, and *zermashitu* who were temple prostitutes. One of these girls was deputed to sleep each night in the top chamber of the Tower of Babel (Etemenaki) in case the god Marduk wanted to take human shape and enjoy a woman (apparently he often did). At some public ceremonies the high-priestess of the cult accepted anal intercourse. The Greek historian Herodotus, writing in the fifth century B.C., recorded another public sex ritual in Ishtar's honour: "Every woman who is a native of the country must once in her life go and sit in the temple of Aphrodite [Ishtar] and there give herself to a strange man. . . . Once a woman has taken her seat she is not allowed to go home until a man has thrown a silver coin into her lap and taken her outside to lie with her. . . . The woman has no privilege of choice—she must go with the first man who throws her the money. When she has lain with him, her duty to the goddess is discharged and she may go home. . . . Tall, handsome women soon manage to get home again, but the ugly ones stay a long time before they can fulfil the condition which the law demands, some of them, indeed, as much as three or four years." Ishtar also presided over the marriage auctions held each year in every village. All the marriagable girls were assembled in the public square and the "suitors" stood round. The most beautiful girl was auctioned off first, then the next most beautiful, and so on down. Money collected from the sale of the beauties was distributed among the ugly unwanteds as dowries, and the bidding proceeded in reverse—the man willing to accept the smallest amount of dowry for a girl got her. The ugliest girl got the biggest dowry and so, eventually, all the girls were married off.

Isis: Ancient Egyptian fertility goddess whose cult was imported to Rome in about the third century B.C. At first it was rather disreputable and the Emperor Tiberius ordered a statue of Isis destroyed because a noblewoman had reportedly been sexually assaulted during a

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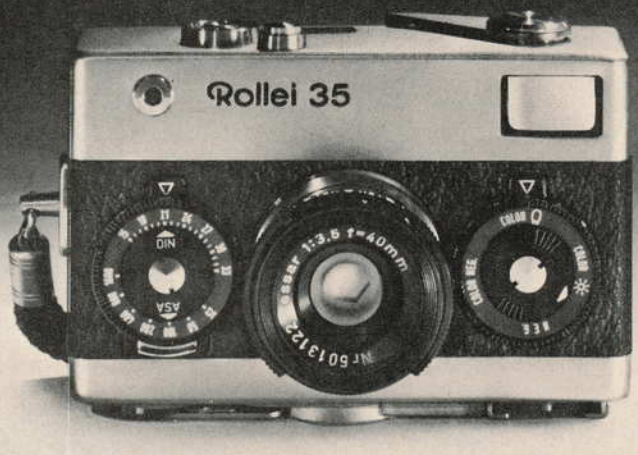

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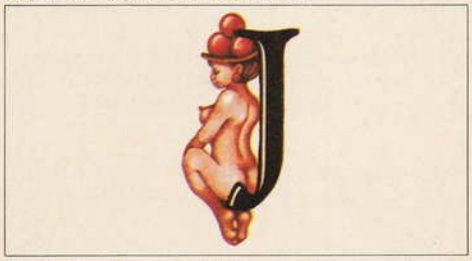
ceremony. Later, Isis-worship became one of the major Roman religions, as far as Switzerland and Southern Germany. It seems to have retained its sexual overtones, however; the Temple of Isis was known as a favourite "beat" for prostitutes and Ovid recommends it as a good place for pick-ups: "Do not shun the Temple of Isis—she makes many women become what she became for Jupiter" (*i.e.* his mistress). The Isis religion had several features in common with Christianity, *e.g.* baptism, purification, communion, immortality of the soul, and many authorities believe that Isis was eventually identified with the Virgin Mary.



Jack the Ripper: Nickname for an unknown murderer of prostitutes who operated in the East End of London during 1888-89. The main purpose of each murder seems to have been to remove the womb. One corpse (never identified) was found with the head almost severed from the body and the lower abdomen ripped open and disembowelled. A week later Mrs Emily Chapman was found disembowelled with her entrails tied round her neck. Panic spread throughout London. Residents formed vigilante groups and racialists marched through Whitechapel with banners saying "It was a Jew who did it". The killer was never caught. A man called Brodie gave himself up and told the police: "This is the ninth murder that I have committed in Whitechapel but none of them have caused any trouble to my mind except the last one". But he spoiled it when he added: "What with that and a worm in my head that wriggles about I cannot stand it any longer".

jealousy: Sexual possessiveness becoming, at its most extreme, a form of madness. The French recognize this by distinguishing between murder and "crime passionnel"—murder inspired by jealousy. Jealousy is, in fact, probably the single most common motive for murder. A Japanese King of Firando shut up three of his concubines in a chest lined with nails until they died because *one* of them had been unfaithful and the other two had known about it. Though jealousy is probably a universal human emotion, some primitive tribes seem able to suppress it almost totally. The Pacific Marquesan Islanders practise group marriage and, like the Eskimos, lend their wives to strangers. Occasionally, when drunk, a Marquesan husband will show jealous resentment but this exposes him to ridicule and afterwards he will apologize. The two extremes of jealousy and its absence are illustrated by a Siberian people called the Koryaks who are divided into two branches. The so-called "Reindeer" or nomadic Koryaks are so possessive that married women are forced to dirty their faces and wear ragged clothes to minimize their attraction, and adultery is punished by the murder of the guilty pair. The "maritime", or sedentary, Koryaks, on the other hand, take pride in their wives' desirability and offer them generously to strangers. Czarist officials, especially postmen, used to complain that they could not carry out their duties because they were so overwhelmed by the number of Koryak wives they were expected to sleep with out of courtesy.

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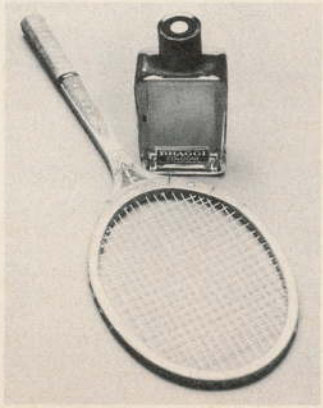

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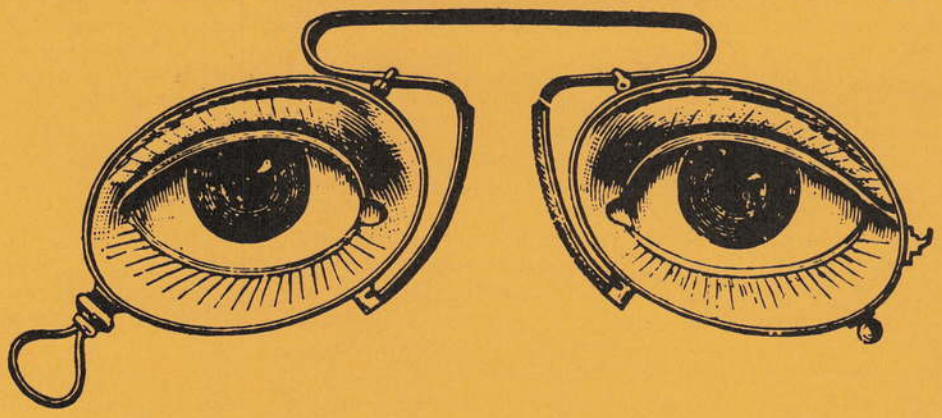
VIEW FROM THE TOP



WHO'S FOR THE CHOP?

Executions are like some sex practices. You can make them illegal, but not unpopular. A Gallup poll taken shortly before the Supreme Court declared the death penalty unconstitutional showed that only half the 1,504 adults questioned favored capital punishment for murder. Six months after the landmark decision—on the ground that execution was a "cruel and unusual punishment"—the number had increased to a clear majority of 57%. C.P. fans—including, as we now know, President Nixon—must have been conscious of a certain bitter irony.

Once the shock of the decision wore off, however, it became apparent that the Court did leave the door open for reinstatement of the practice under proper conditions. Only two of the justices—Brennan and Marshall—declared in their opinions that killing the culprit is cruel and unusual *per se*. Of the other three members of the majority, Douglas objected on the grounds that it had been too "selectively applied" against "the poor and despised" and members of unpopular minorities. White and Stewart left strong hints that new laws calling for the death penalty might well be approved if they were (*a*) more specific, and (*b*) more uniformly applied.

Realizing this, some of our more enterprising state officials hustled back to the legal drawing boards. Most notably, Connecticut's Governor Thomas J. Meskill. He got together with nine states' attorneys who prosecute criminal cases, and they drew up a batch of separate measures which they hoped would meet the new standards. These called for the execution of:

1. Twice-convicted pushers of hard drugs.
2. Killers of policemen and firemen employed in the line of duty.
3. Hijackers of commercial vehicles.
4. Kidnappers, where the crime results in death.
5. Assassins.
6. Murderers for gain.
7. Those who commit murder while under life sentence.
8. Those who kill in the course of committing a felony, such as armed robbery, when the perpetrator has been previously convicted of the same crime.

More recently, President Nixon urged Congress to reinstate the death penalty for a number of federal crimes. He specified certain wartime offenses, offenses under the various assassination acts for the protection of federal personnel, hi-jacking and kidnapping in interstate commerce and crimes committed on federal territory.

These are good lists, of course. But, considering the opportunity may never come again in such a favorable climate, they are woefully incomplete.

Other countries have shown more ingenuity and imagination. The Soviet Union, for example, where the death penalty was restored 20 years ago after having been abolished for a while, has authorized it for such crimes as large-scale thefts, currency speculation and even counterfeiting. Japan authorizes it for disruption of traffic, when fatalities are caused, and destruction of water supplies.

In 18th-century England there were more than 200 separate offenses (mostly crimes against property) for which the death penalty was prescribed. And in Colonial America there were nearly as many, though most were for various forms of religious heresy like blasphemy, lewdness, flaunting of the Sabbath and, of course, the practice of witchcraft. But those were the good old days.

Now while the iron is hot, why don't we C.P. fans expand the use of capital punishment creatively to include those who employ technology (including the media) to destroy or threaten lives not just individually or by the planeload but by the millions? Maybe the death penalty would never have fallen into disrepute at all if some of our legislators had had the guts to expand its application long ago to include some of the following:

1. Those convicted of marketing and pushing (through advertising) such potentially lethal items as guns and unsafe automobiles.
2. Those convicted of having poisoned a good part of the nation's food supply through excessive use of herbicides and pesticides, and additives of doubtful safety like antibiotics and hormones, along with certain dyes, nitrites, cyclamates and carcinogenic (cancer-causing) substances.
3. Industries and municipalities found guilty of using public waterways as private sewers for the dumping of untreated human and animal wastes, oil, high-phosphate detergents, mercury and other indestructible

toxic chemicals.

4. Those convicted of willfully and repeatedly fouling the air we breathe with unchecked, or insufficiently controlled, amounts of carbon monoxide and other deadly gases combined with hydrocarbons, nitrogen oxides, soot, sulphurs, metallic solids and other particulates.

5. Legislators and regulatory agency people who fail to require or enforce maximum safety standards in mines, factories, hospitals, nursing homes and public air traffic control facilities.

6. "Ethical" drug companies which overproduce, and doctors who over-prescribe, amphetamines (speed) and barbiturates—which, according to a recent Senate committee report, constitute 90% of our drug abuse problem, totally unrelated to any French or other foreign "connection".

None of the above suggestions is likely to be found on any of the lists being drawn up by state or federal proponents of the death penalty. In the few cases where these offenses are punishable at all in the U.S., it is by the imposition of a fine—usually a very small one that's tax-deductible as part of the cost of doing business.

Chief Justice Burger, in his dissenting opinion, declared that "the future of capital punishment in this country has been left in an uncertain limbo" by last year's ruling, adding that it confronted Congress and the state legislatures with "the opportunity, and indeed the unavoidable responsibility, to make a thorough re-evaluation of the entire subject of capital punishment."

So far they have failed to measure up to the challenge. And they won't succeed until they show as much willingness to apply the penalty to those who kill and maim on a wholesale basis as they do to the pikers who do it to one or two victims at a time.—*Fred Darwin*

STATE OF EXCITEMENT

"A heavy pall of lust covered the upper two thirds of Texas last night and was expected to drift south-east over the state by morning." *Yankton (S.D.) Press & Dakotan.*

Presumably leaving everybody in peak condition.

HAPPENINGS

HOW TO MAKE YOUR ALPHA BETTER

During the Summer of Love, that fabulously loony 1967 American romance of long hair, flowers and dope, I was editor of a short-lived now-generation slick color magazine whose main editorial premise was: if it blows your mind, do it. There are many ways to blow your mind. We then knew only about psychedelic drugs—or so it appeared, to look at all those acid rock pages. To temper this unseemly exclusivity I sent an editorial assistant out to track down a vague story I had heard about electronic head trips. She returned with nothing more enticing than a pretty picture of a bearded boy making swirly patterns on a color TV screen with powerful magnets. Not long after that the Summer of Love became the Winter of Discontent. LSD, which had once seemed so promising a key to the temples of ecstasy, turned out to be merely another hustle.

Nowadays acid has that bootleg booze flavor—popular, unfashionable and ordinary, illegal but not very romantic, Saturday night cheap thrills. In all those academically cutesy-wootsie status magazines like *Psychology Today* there are advertisements for the electronic head machines my editorial assistant could not find. Before long they will be selling do-it-yourself electroshock therapy outfits. The electrode will replace the syringe, the pipe, and the pill. What a brave new world this is. Or is it? Are these the instruments of Ariel or Caliban?

They call it biofeedback or alpha or Mind Control or Mind Dynamics. Evidently the yogis and sufis and hassids have been doing it without the aid of transistors for centuries. In the United States, however, where nothing is trusted unless it comes in plastic blister pack, we must have machines to guide us into the reaches of inner space. It is ecstasy on the instalment plan, the ultimate extension of a wire that leads back to Alexander Graham Bell, a telephone that enables you to talk to yourself, to dial up that loving feeling from deep in your own interior where it has been hiding out from the commands of the ego.

Bell invented his machine as a result of his researches into the problems of teaching deaf children how to speak. One of the most popular commercial biofeedback devices was created by John G. Sinclair of Littleriver, Ca., a former Hughes Research scientist trying to solve the problems of teaching his dyslectic children how to read. Dyslexia is a brain disorder that causes the victim to see words and letters upside down, backwards and generally scrambled up. Sinclair's specialty was creating electronic devices that could produce simplified visual displays of infuriatingly complex processes. He hit on the idea of translating brain waves into sound and developed a transistorized unit that would sing out when the subject's brain was generating a wave form known to medical electroencephalographers as alpha.

Alpha turns out to be the kind of brain wave associated with mind-body states achieved by mystics through meditation and special physical and emotional exercises. The Buddhists call the experience *satori*, and John Lilly, the LSD scientist who gave up trying to communicate with dolphins to explore the regions of inner space, has mapped its many varieties and levels. But the experience remains essentially incommunicable, and so until the invention of biofeedback machines like Sinclair's, there was no real way of teaching anyone to get there. Now, when you hear the tone you know where you are and can learn to find your way to it again. This discovery, the alpha freaks claim, can lead to increased energy, tranquillity, creativity and personal success.

Today all over the country there are outfits selling alpha as if it were a combination of the Encyclopedia Brittanica, Dynamic Tension and Jacuzzi. The blue suede boys have taken over. There are other machines besides Sinclair's, and his is not even necessarily the first. In some ways, however, it may be the most significant, but not for the reasons you would think. As a benefactor of mankind, John G. Sinclair ought to be receiving all the luxuries and honors that a gratefully enlightened population of ecstatic alpha heads can bestow. But the people he claims to have contracted the idea to are refusing to pay him the 4% royalty he says they promised him. A court has ordered them to pay up, but the case is on appeal.

Once again that inevitable toll-gate on the road to enlightenment flashes the same old message: business as usual.—*Jules Siegel*

SHOWS

UH HUH, BACK TO THE COLD WAR

Innocent Bystanders has the feel of the late '50s about it—international intrigue and thudding fists and burning cars and all that. But if you liked James Bond, there's no reason you won't like the *Bystanders.*

Good cast. Stanley Baker plays an almost washed-out British spy, who has to prove himself anew by finding—and capturing—a long-missing Russian scientist named Kaplan. Donald Pleasence is Baker's cold-blooded superior, and Dana Andrews the chief of a U.S. intelligence operation. He wants Kaplan, too. Kaplan is played by actor Vladek Sheybal, who some may remember as the mad Alpine artist who stole Alan Bates' girl in *Women in Love.*

Trouble is, the Russian KGB also wants Kaplan—and there's your plot. It's them versus us. Guess who wins? The only updater is the presence of The Girl (Geraldine Chaplin). She's the apparently innocent bystander whom Baker takes with him to Turkey as a hostage, but you soon begin to suspect she's neither innocent nor a bystander when she posts off to bed with Baker and apparently cures him of his programmed impotence.

So there's something here for everyone,

Not-so-Innocent Bystanders *Stanley Baker and Geraldine Chaplin. Sarah Miles plain* (left) *and fancy* (far left) *as* Lady Caroline Lamb.

even for members of the Women's Movement. James Mitchell did the screenplay, which is no more confusing than most spy flicks, from a novel by James Munro.

BOLT'S SHOT

Lady Caroline Lamb is formula fiction too, but it happens to be a romantic formula which romantics of all ages should enjoy and it is damn well written (and directed) by Robert Bolt.

Bolt does costume melodramas better than almost everyone. He scripted *A Man For All Seasons, Lawrence of Arabia, Doctor Zhivago,* and *Ryan's Daughter*—which took him from Tudor England to the beginnings of Arab nationalism to the Russian steppes to the Jansenistic Irish coast. Now it is entirely natural for him to alight in England's Romantic Age. Perhaps it would have been most natural for him to lionize Keats or Byron or Shelley but, since he is married to the actress Sarah Miles, he can be forgiven for finding another focus—poor, misguided Lady Caroline who threw herself at Lord Byron.

Everything drips romance. Lady Caroline and her husband, William (Jon Finch) live in an exorbitantly elegant castle and make love in an exorbitantly luxurious bed. Enter Lord Byron (Richard Chamberlain) who wins an improbable boxing-match over an improbable black brute. He writes one narrative poem and wins a degree of sudden fame and fortune which would be exorbitant if we didn't know it actually happened that way. He makes studied late entrances at exorbitantly lush balls where unbelievably beautiful ladies throng all over him. But, ah, it is all so thrilling.

"Love is not discreet," says Lady Caroline. "It is inordinate."

"Dear God," says William as he watches her run off to be with Byron, "I do believe she thinks she is doing something fine."

Obviously, William and Caroline have different ideas about what is fine. Sure it is hard to reject Byron, says William: "Is a fine thing easy? In my experience, it is not." Counters Caroline: "Clouds pass, eagles fly, the rain falls. Do they not do so easily?" Ahhh. Beautiful. But Caroline is no cloud, no eagle, no fall of rain. She is jilted by Byron, insulted, and degrades herself by running as torchboy after his carriage. Soon, she dies romantically, of a broken heart.

The rest of the cast are little more than props, but exorbitantly high-salaried props. Sir Laurence Olivier plays the Duke of Wellington who will sleep with Lady Caroline but will not be used by her. Ralph Richardson is King George IV who looks properly pained by all the hanky-panky in high places. Margaret Leighton is William's frosty mother who can be frosty with Lady Caroline because, though she did some sleeping around herself, she did so with discretion. John Mills is a Tory who serves mainly to applaud William's Whig speeches and look wise.

But the picture belongs to Miss Miles—and, inevitably, to Mr. Bolt.

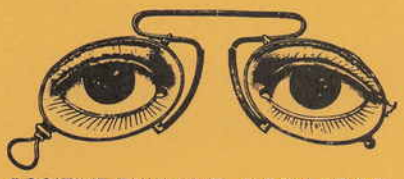
WOGER'S PWOBLEMS

Baxter is about Roger Baxter (Scott Jacoby), a 12-year-old-boy with problems. What 12-year-old boy doesn't have problems? His emotions play funny tricks on him, he is troubled by girls, he is growing up. But Roger has special problems. For one thing, his parents have just divorced and he and his mother have moved to London from California. For another, Woger still can't pwonounce his rs. But he is bright, funny and likeable (you wonder how he could be the offspring of such awful parents) and he attracts sympathetic friends.

Such nice friends. A model, Chris (Britt Eklund) and her boyfriend, a galloping gourmet (Jean-Pierre Cassel), take Roger on an idyllic trip to the country and he quickly adopts them as the loving parents he has never had.

Your mother will like this picture, if she fails to notice how it plays upon her own stereotypes. When Roger telephones his father in California, for example, the call interrupts the father's poker game with the boys. Patricia Neal is too pat as a speech therapist with a heart of gold. Roger's English English teacher is a pompous scholar, contemptuous of his ignorant American students. Too much.

Director Lionel Jeffries, a character actor who used to play marvelous bumbling bobbies, has worked hard here, but more often than not the work shows.



POSITIVE THINKING, PIGGY-STYLE

Charlotte's Web is taken from E. B. White's classic children's story about a spider and pig and the beauty of life. If you've read the tale to your kids, now, on custody weekends, take them to see the movie. It's all animated, but it's not cutesy-cartoony, just cutesy—like *Mary Poppins,* which shouldn't surprise because all the lyrics here were written by Richard and Robert Sherman who did the *Poppins* songs. If "Everybody Loves a Happy Face" doesn't go down as easily as a spoonful of sugar, then we'll hang up our crystal ball and retire.

In case you haven't read the book, the story goes like this. All the animals in the barnyard rally around to save the life of Wilbur, the sensitive sweet pig who faints when he learns what he will be when he grows up: bacon. Charlotte, the spider, is real Madison Avenue, a media consultant and image-builder. She gives Wilbur large doses of positive thinking and makes him into something of a celebrity by spinning words in her web which extol Wilbur's worth. The barnyard characters take a hand, too. They become copywriters, Charlotte weaves Wilbur's salvation, and he wins a stay of execution.

Fantastical yes, but beneath the fantasy there is stern reality, lessons about the cyclical forces of nature, the changing of the seasons, the rebirth of the species—and death. After Charlotte's last effort for Wilbur, she spins her egg sac and prepares to die. Wilbur is sad but, as Charlotte explains, she has lifted her own life by helping him. The actors whom Paramount collared to do the voices are unremarkable except for Paul Lynde, who makes Templeton—a reluctant, sarcastic barnyard rat—come unforgettably alive.—*Robert Kaiser*

WORDS

ROCKET TRIP TO THE MIND

Duck, Vonnegut! Hit the ditch, Burroughs! Here comes that berserk rocket again. Thomas Pynchon is making another pass at our Earth. But courage men, we may escape. This third orbit of Pynchon's is so eccentric that it may be his last. If the orbit, gentlemen, is now hyperbolic, as all evidence indicates, rather than elliptic, it means that he will escape the gravitational field of the System . . . and . . . ha . . . *disappear* into outer space.

A rocket is the hero of Pynchon's gargantuan third novel, *Gravity's Rainbow* (Viking, $15 cloth, $4.95 paper; 760 goddam pages). What Kurt Vonnegut did with science fiction, Pynchon does with Vonnegut fiction. He uses it as a launching pad. But Pynchon goes down as well as up. If William Burroughs ever digs deeper in the muck he has staked out for his writing, he may encounter Pynchon—teaching calculus to the worms.

Calculus is only one of the academic disciplines Pynchon ravishes to satisfy the raging demands of this juggernaut of a novel. A pretty sophisticated course in polymer chemistry could be extracted from it, and Pavlov's conditioned-reflex studies—central to Pynchon's plot and theme—come straight from the dog's mouth. The scholarship may at first seem like the emperor's clothes, but it's real and turns out to be, in the proof, both necessary and sufficient. Like Vonnegut, he is writing novels of ideas, but he won't use any shorthand to speed them.

However, you don't need to know—or care—about Poisson distribution (though it is beautifully explained) or Pavlov's dogs, or Weimar movies, or the exact gearing of a German funicular in order to ride Pynchon's rocket. Just read. But do read on. And then read on—until you know you have to make the whole trip.

The rocket is the German V2 that brought a new terror to London just when the British thought World War II was over. They had survived the bombers and incorporated the noisy VI "buzz bomb" into their grim humor when the V2 arrived to demand a new kind of psychological adjustment. It gave no warning: first the blast, and only then the screaming approach. This reversal of time is one of the themes that gives the book cohesion through the chaos produced by scores of characters pursuing rationally lunatic goals.

Their goals are all connected—if tangentially—to the rocket. After the war the Allies, as everybody knew, were in a supposedly secret scramble to grab German rocket know-how and personnel. Into this hassle Pynchon has injected as wild a cast of seers and scientists, grifters and gunmen, fools and flat-out freaks as Vonnegut and Burroughs together could assemble.

Sooner or later—and some don't even show up until half way through the book—every character has some connection with Lt. Tyrone Slothrop, U.S.A., whose own connection with the rocket is bizarre to say the least. To begin with, whenever he lays a girl in London, the site of the assignation is soon afterwards blasted by a rocket. Discovery of his augural powers delivers him into some strange tentacles of British intelligence, including researchers in psi phenomena (ESP, spirit messages, and all that jazz), and a mad Pavlovian, who sees Slothrop's case as a reversal of stimulus and response in time: Slothrop's hard-on is caused by the rocket explosion, but precedes it. Slothrop's hard-on—a phallic expression of the rocket?—is almost a separate character in the book, a homunculus over which he has no control. Wasn't it the subject of conditioned reflex experiments when he was an infant? Indeed, wasn't his whole life conditioned, controlled, operated in the service of *Them*? Or is this paranoia?

Paranoia is a major theme; there are even helpful "proverbs for paranoids" such as "You hide; *They* seek." Ultimately Pynchon seems to be saying—reflecting R. D. Laing—that paranoia is the only sanity when the conditions of our lives are insane, and are, indeed, controlled by *Them.* Certainly in *Gravity's Rainbow* this seems to be the case.

Pynchon has a harder time producing belief in his chief characters. He gets into the heads of a dozen or more of them—but all he finds there are thoughts—no *being. Cogito ergo sum.* His characters exist only because they think. They act more irrationally than rabid bats, but for rigorously rational reasons. Their madness, like Lewis Carroll's, is not a lack of logic, but an excess of it. His stock characters, whose heads he leaves alone, are brilliantly created in a few sure strokes. They always make a scene work, like cameo actors given just the lines they want.

Despite length, Pynchon is an economical writer. It is impatience rather than verbosity that sometimes makes his descriptions clot up: he tries to tell too much too quickly. He wants to share all he knows about a scene, and he usually knows too much. If you stick with him, however, you'll end up knowing every scene as a real place, because you were *there*! Then the most preposterous action becomes believable.

As Dorothy said, on arriving in Oz, "Toto, I have a feeling we're not in Kansas any more . . ."

RECOMMENDED READING

How Did Sex Begin? The Sense and Nonsense of Sexual Customs and Traditions by R. Brasch (McKay, $6.95). Dr. Brasch takes on the multiple manifestations of sex as they occur in our speech, symbolism and tradition. Wanna know who invented the chastity belt? Good for conversational gambits.

Bird Lives! The High Life and Hard Times of Charlie (Yardbird) Parker by Ross Russell (Charterhouse, $8.95). This may be the first jazz musician biography to meet the standards we would expect of the best biographies in other fields. Parker really was a beautiful artist and a tragic man.

A Hot Property by Judy Feiffer (Random House, $5.95). An insider's novel of publishing and Hollywood that is often very funny and always all-out dirty.

A Woman Named Solitude by Andre Schwartz-Bart (Atheneum, $5.95). This book is indescribable. You have to read it.

Bloodletter and Badmen by Jay Robert Nash (M. Evans, $16.95). Hundreds of stories about American criminals from the Pilgrims to the present, told in straight hard-hitting narrative.—*Norman Hoss.*

SOUNDS

Birthplace of the Bugaloo

by Craig Karpel

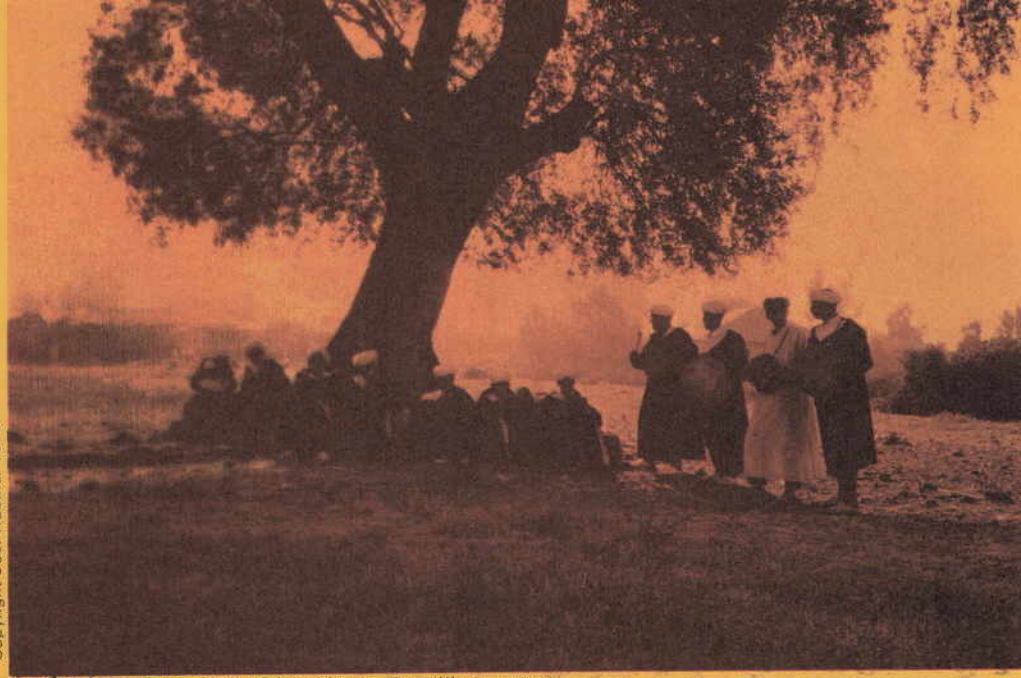
"Pan the piper summons you to his great annual feast . . . There is no more beautiful spot on Earth and nowhere in this world can you hear older or wilder music." The invitation was from the villagers of Joujouka, Morocco, but it wasn't postmarked that way because there is no post office there, no electricity, no plumbing, no phone, no road, not even a dot on the map. So how did they know I was fascinated with Joujouka music and would leap at the opportunity to experience it first-hand?

Allow me to backtrack. As I was leaving California two years ago to begin the next movement of my life I camped in the driveway of a dealer nestled among the eucalypti of the Santa Cruz Mountains. He showed me Timothy Leary's *Prison Notes* (New York: Douglas Books, 1971) and I opened it at the chapter entitled "The World's Oldest Rock and Roll Band". Leary told how he'd been taken up to Joujouka by the English novelist and painter Brion Gysin and been amazed to discover that the musicians, who professed to have been making the same music for thousands of years and had been privileged immemorially to play for the Sultan's *levées* as long as there were Sultans in Morocco, were playing pure rock 'n' roll.

The following evening we camped outside the home of the magical Balls, Jim and Sheryl, in San Francisco. Soaking in the bathtub, I opened the book that was sitting there and it was none other than the novel Brion Gysin had written about Joujouka, *The Process* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1969). It told that the music there was actually a survival of an ancient festival celebrated by the Romans who once ruled North Africa, dedicated to Pan, god of flocks, pastures and woods.

By the time we reached New York we learned that Rolling Stones Records had released *Brian Jones Presents the Pipes of Pan at Joujouka*. It seems that four years before, Jones (the Stones' rhythm guitarist who died of a drug overdose in July '69) had visited Joujouka and, dancing in front of the players with a microphone in each hand, recorded a sampling of the festival music. The album was —well, strange; it sounded like a hundred crazed snake charmers piping a hundred crazed cobras out of a hundred baskets to the accompaniment of a convention of the tympanists of the major symphony orchestras of the world, all playing in Echo Canyon.

During July and August 1972 I toured with the Stones on assignment for Penthouse



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Joujouka: *eight days of boogie on the village green*

(*Exiles On Main St,* October). Everywhere I was struck by the way most of the people in the audiences just sat on their hands, staring at the stage as if they were witnessing a particularly spectacular auto accident rather than participating in the ultimate rock experience. They didn't dance, they didn't stand up, they didn't even twitch in their seats. As a cartoon caption in the rock magazine *Creem* later put it, "I thought the Stones were the one band that didn't have to tell you to 'Put yo' hands together.'" It seemed that perhaps some crucial ingredient was missing from the Stones' music—from rock in general—and that Brian Jones had sensed this and gone to Joujouka with the idea of taping that crucial ingredient and insinuating it into their sound. So I wrote an article in the *Village Voice* about Jones and Joujouka and what it might all mean.

Slow fade to 12 Berber tribesmen up to their ankles in muck pushing a rental car up the vertical starlit goatpath that leads to Joujouka with me and my wife Alison inside crossing ourselves, and we're not Catholic. . . .

We were met outside the whitewashed one-room "schoolhouse" Gysin had given the musicians by our host, H., a forceful member of the musicians' clan, a painter and former restaurateur, who sextuples as interpreter, major domo, quartermaster, maitre d'hotel, business manager and chief of security. He introduced us to Fadel, chief oboe-player, and to Berdouz, chief drummer—imposing figures in white turbans and homespun *djellabas* who embraced us as if we were old friends and kissed us on both cheeks. Inside we joined a group of visitors that included Ornette Coleman, the jazz saxophonist, and Bob Palmer, the clarinet player, who had come to cut a record with the musicians, Brion Gysin, and William Burroughs, all of whom have dedicated their Western wits to keeping Joujouka music alive despite the onslaught of Westernization in Morocco.

Berdouz, a twinkle-eyed sprite who uttered only words of praise or exclamation ("Everything very *good*! Outasight! Fuckit!") immediately produced his *motoui*—the personal stash that every Moroccan head carries. It was made from the entire pelt of a wildcat that Berdouz had trapped, and from it dangled a hoard of charms including a magnificent jade seal ring of an owl and a plastic pyramid containing a miniature, liquid-filled Coke bottle. Berdouz filled his *sebsi*, a long bamboo pipe with a tiny clay bowl, and we filled our lungs with the smoke of the *kif*, a pungent mixture of hemp flowers and tobacco of the whacko variety. After I began to remember what I was and where what I was *was*, I looked up through the pulsating cannabinated nicotinerama and—blink!—on the far wall a framed photo of Brian Jones, "Died July 1967", but what is time in Joujouka? Berdouz was laughing at me. "*Ca fait*!" he said: *Enough*, and he wrapped the cat's tail around his jingling stash and was replaced by a young musician who poured a kettle of hot water on our hands as we washed them over a basin. Then we were served a *couscous* of sacrificed mutton which we ate with our fingers and sipped wine as we waited for the moon to rise and the music to begin.

Walking across the village green toward the sound of the drums we threw long shadows in a moonlight bright enough to recharge the glow-in-the-dark numerals on my watch. The corrugated galvanized roof of the store shone with reflected moonbeams like 200 fluorescent lamps laid side-by-side. We turned the corner and in the square, ringed by the entire village of 400 people, a bonfire was spewing sparks 70 feet in the air, illuminating the musicians, who were banked against a wall, and a young dancer, dressed in rumpled wash pants, a white shirt untucked and a red orlon sweater. He danced barefoot in the mud, quivering and twitching and wet-humping the air, olive wand in each hand. Perhaps eight men were playing *raitas*, short oboes with fingerholes and goose-quill reeds which are the loudest acoustic instrument conceivable. The *raitas* shriek incessantly in staggered

riffs, waves of hypersound cascading over each other with such berserk mathematical precision they sounded like the product of an ultimate synthesizer gone haywire. There were three players drumming, sitting at right-angles to the *raitas*, each playing two different syncopated rhythmic figures with a stick at either end of two-skinned drums. The sum of these simple figures was unimaginably complex: it didn't drive you down, down, down, like the 4/4 time of rock—it buoyed you up and jiggled you like the pulsations of multiple orgasm. This music did not culminate with the energy-level of the Hymn to Joy from Beethoven's Ninth—it *began* with it!

Presently Berdouz arrived with the great drum, cocked his ear to catch the beat, threw back the sleeves of his burnoose and began to punch a bass line that sounded like the entry of not one but *two* Bill Wymans into a Stones tune—one for each skin of the drum. I felt it in my diaphragm, my scrotum, my anal sphincter and the soles of my feet. Yes, friends, Berdouz had put the bomp in the bompiddy-bomp-bomp.

Every so often the dancer would skitter into the right-angle between the drums and the *raitas* and drop his ears into the sound to re-energize his quiver. The effect on his body was visible, like when an optometrist drops a pair of eyeglasses into an ultrasonically-stirred waterbath and the accumulated crud just falls away. The dancer began to vibrate like a resonating tuning fork, then backed away frantically into the circle of awed villagers and resumed his shimmy, a fierce distracted glare in his eye, as if he were struggling to work out physically the wattage of a shock treatment being administered through unseen electrodes. The women and girls of the village, all but their eyes shrouded in white towelling, huddled together at a tangent to the circle, chattering, craning to see. The men and women could have been on different planets for all the notice they paid each other in that square.

Berdouz: *putting the bomp in bompiddy*

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Then children scattered across the circle as a dancer dressed in a suit of dark goatskins, a straw hat tied around his face, sprang into the center flourishing long olive branches, leaves shimmering at the ends. He didn't twitch like the boy he joined—his energy was controlled by animal grace, a strange combination of a highland fling and the bugaloo, overlaid with a constant head-to-toe convulsion at the hypnotic frequency of a strobe lamp. This was Bou Jeloud, Father of Skins, analog of Pan, Patron of the Feast, who stars in the folk-plays of villages throughout the Moroccan highlands, but nowhere in such animated incarnation. Bou Jeloud, bugaloo, boogie—suddenly all *that* came into focus: yes, here I was at the birthplace of the bugaloo, watching the dancer strut his stuff and shake that thing. Bou Jeloud dove into the right-angle to recharge and came out moving like the machine they use to mix house paint to the color of your choice. Soon he was joined by Crazy Aisha, Pan's coy groupie, danced by a swivel-hipped male with flashing eyes, and together they mimed the feelthy way Moroccan goat-man-babies are made, Bou Jeloud's whole body a pubis for his prick arms. Every so often Bou Jeloud would goat-prance the edge of the circle and cadge a toot on a *sebsi* or a drag on a Marlboro. Rock and stroll.

The musicians of Joujouka do not play for two minutes and 40 seconds and then take five. Once they start throbbing and screeching they don't stop unless it rains or someone in the peanut gallery takes a poke at somebody—no Altamonts on this high mountain, at the merest hint of violence the musicians pick up their marbles and go home. To play for hours on end the *raita*-players learn to breathe in *while* they're blowing out. And when they need a break they just put their instrument down, light up a *sebsi* and relax while other *raitas* who've been resting take over. New drummers materialize every so often to let the ones who've been playing take a seventh-inning stretch. But Berdouz never stops—when he wants to unbend he gets up, throws off his *djellaba*, and proceeds to dance around the circle like something that just came out of a lamp, punctuating the beat on his drum, urging the visitors to join Bou Jeloud at the center until those of us who are ready find ourselves in there quaking like aspens in a gale, whooping and leaping through the fire and asking ourselves if this is really happening.

Eight *days* of this. As Berdouz would say, *kif* smoke streaming from his nostrils, "Whew!! Oof!!" And more-than-this: each night something more, but I won't tell you what because someday you may get lucky and discover yourself up there dancing against the moonlit sky with one hand waving free, silhouetted by a tree, with all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves.

Oh yeah, it seems I was right about Brian Jones wanting to build the compound syncopation of Joujouka-time into the Stones' music. In fact, Jagger and Richard were going to do the lad a favor, poor wretched drug-ravaged creature that he was, and let him edit down his tapes into a rhythm tract for a tune they were going to write. Only he died first.

Speaking of dying, there's a legend that if the pipes of Pan ever stop playing it's curtains for all of us. Having been to Joujouka, I don't believe this legend is true—I *know* it's true. Yet though the Master Musicians have been playing since the dawn of time, through feast and famine and war and peace, Joujouka music is in serious danger. Joujouka is one of the poorest villages in Morocco, which is one of the poorest countries in the world. A rich man in Joujouka may earn $100 a year, in an economy where a shot of penicillin or a tin of powdered milk costs about the same as in the U.S., and the food which can be coaxed out of the ground only by backbreaking labor is never enough. One young man, a member of the musicians' family who joined the army so he could eat, told me, "I must leave Joujouka to save myself," and quizzed me desperately about (oy!) job opportunities for Moroccans in America. Another, the son of the former chief *raita* player, and himself a brilliant piper and drummer, had returned to Joujouka for the festival from his job in Paris as a travelling salesman for a German consumer electronics manufacturer. Unless the musicians have income from outside the village the music will stop.

There are several ways of experiencing something of the drama and energy of Joujouka music, while simultaneously paying one's dues to its makers. One will be by buying Ornette Coleman's provocative new album on Columbia, *Ornette and Joujouka*, soon to be released. The statement it makes about the relationship of African culture and Afro-American culture in the '70s is indispensable to anybody who is deeply into music, the technical quality of the Joujouka recording is superb and the musicians are cut in for a royalty. The musicians also get a percentage of *Brian Jones Presents The Pipes of Pan at Joujouka* (Rolling Stones Records COC 49100, distributed by Atco), which is an exciting introduction to the music despite the fact that on several cuts Jones altered the

sound in the studio, which really wasn't necessary. (A word of advice—play Jones' Joujouka album LOUD. If you can carry on a conversation over it, you need more watts.) If either is unavailable at your record store, or you would like to order them in such a way that the difference between the wholesale cost and retail price goes directly to the musicians, you can send $5.98 plus $1.00 postage to Association Serifiya Folklorique, Suite 20B, 350 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019. The villagers will use part of the proceeds to construct houses so that a small number of guests can be accommodated from time to time. A fine new recording has been made and will shortly be released: if you'd like more news please send a self-addressed stamped envelope.—*Craig Karpel*

SHORT TAKES

Pan (Columbia KC 32062). The guiding spirit behind this new six-man group is ex-Beau Brummel Ron Elliott, who wrote all 10 songs. Floridly produced, using strings and exotic instrumentation against a blended acoustic-electric texture, it comes off as high gloss. Elliott sounds a lot like Stephen Stills when Stills waxes romantic. In fact, the whole thing is an elaboration, though not an improvement, on the Crosby, Stills & Nash trip.

Shoot Out At The Fantasy Factory/Traffic (Island SW-9323). Not as great as *Low Spark of High-Heeled Boys*, but good nonetheless. Steve Winwood's plaintive vocals are hard to beat, and the band is stylistically as versatile as ever: quiet avant-garde blues (title cut), brass-laden Afro-tinged jazz ("Tragic Magic"), acoustic lyricism ("Evening Blue").

Winwood: *keeping the Traffic moving*

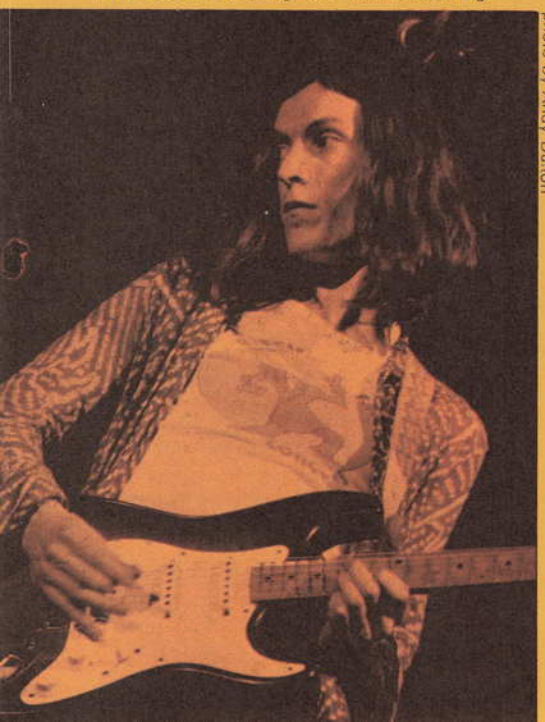

photo by Andy Dalton

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Phew/Claudia Lennear (Warner Bros BX 2654). Legend has it that this sexy lady was the inspiration for "Brown Sugar". As for her debut album, the only word for it is Phew! She explodes all over the place like a tightened-up Tina Turner. Side one is hard rock; side two is R & B written and arranged by Allen Toussaint. Production is flawless. Highlights: "It Ain't Easy" and "Not At All".

Birds Of Fire/Mahavishnu Orchestra (Columbia KC 31996). Demonically spiritual, advanced jazz-rock by the folks who brought you *The Inner Mounting Flame.* Most of the material is high-voltage quarter-tone chromaticism of incredible intensity. It's not easy listening at first but completely enthralling once you get into it. John McLaughlin may be the world's greatest guitarist, and Jan Hammer's keyboard work is almost dementedly brilliant. If you can catch the band live you'll find they're even better than on record. Either way, they'll leave you flattened in your seat.

Life In A Tin Can/The Bee Gees (RSO SO 870). The usual ultra-sweet foppery with psychedelic frills, though not as lush or tuneful as their last, *To Whom It May Concern.* Sneaky Pete, playing steel guitar on two cuts, adds a nice "western" touch. "My Life Has Been A Song" is the prettiest track.

Solid Air/John Martyn (Island SW-9325). This Scottish singer/songwriter ought to be the next Cat Stevens. He is an ace guitarist with a husky-sensual voice. His songs are simple and striking with occult overtones. Very captivating all told, though not as beautiful as his first album, *Bless The Weather,* now a collector's item.

GP/Gram Parsons (Reprise 0598). Somewhat disappointing first solo album by the sometime Byrd and ex-Burrito. The songs are straightforward but uninspired, and Gram's singing barely competent. However, the instrumental work by Gram and fiddler Byron Berline is impressive.

Holland/The Beach Boys (Brother/Reprise MS 2118). As the Beach Boys mature, their celebrations of nature grow more self-conscious and arty. Though the production glitters, most of the material is sluggish and labored. Still, the Beach Boys' failures are more interesting than most people's successes. Best cut: the single, "Sail On Sailor".

Don't Shoot Me I'm Only The Piano Player/Elton John (MCA-2100). Elton's best, even better than *Honky Chateau,* this is great entertainment from start to finish. The songs are movie fantasies that resurrect the spirit of the late '50s rock 'n' roll. Throughout, Elton is playful, never heavy. Outstanding are the monster smash "Crocodile Rock" and the tender ballad "Daniel".

Less Than The Song/Hoyt Axton (A & M SP-4376). Dylan producer Bob Johnston masterminded this gem from folkie Hoyt Axton, who has recorded with just about everyone over the past decade. His songs are lean and pithy, a mixture of folk and blues, and his vocalizing relaxed and gentle-husky. The production is impeccable in its spare understatement. All told, this is the most impressive album by a veteran folkie since Eric Andersen's *Blue River.*

Hard rockers: *Canada's Guess Who and* (top) *explosive Claudia Lennear*

Lark/Linda Lewis (Warner Bros MS 2120). A distinctive new talent with a voice at times reminiscent of Michael Jackson's, Linda Lewis writes and sings a brand of soul that knows no stylistic bounds. In addition to having a wide vocal range, Lewis accompanies herself beautifully on both guitar and piano. The songs—especially her lovely acoustic ballads—are radiantly life-affirming hymns that will have you going back for seconds, thirds and fourths. Altogether a remarkable debut!

Doug Sahm and Band (Atlantic SD 7254). This could be the best country-blues-rock album since The Band's second. Jerry Wexler and Arif Mardin co-produced, and the atmosphere is that of an informal supersession. Included among the helpers are Dylan (backup vocals, guitar, harp, organ), Dr. John (organ and piano), and David Bromberg (dobro and slide guitar). The rough magic of Sahm's singing encompasses every style from country honk to scat blues. This is definitely the climax of his career.—*Stephen Holden*

Artificial Paradise/Guess Who (RCA LSP-4830). Every album by Canada's finest can be depended on to contain plenty of solid, unpretentious punk rock that'll get you on your feet, and *Artificial Paradise* is no exception. They're at their best when they lay it on heaviest as in "Bye Bye Babe" and "Rock And Roller Steam". Keep it up boys!—*David Dalton*

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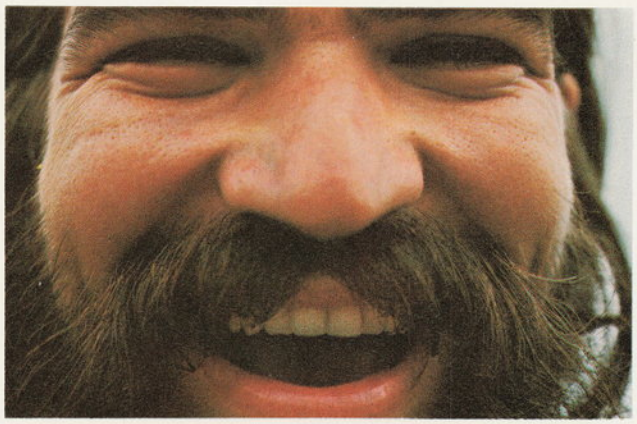

DUDLEY GRAY

Dudley Gray does not photograph girls. He takes diverse pictures of erotic objects or erotic pictures of diverse objects. No one is quite sure. According to an obscure though apparently workable Graysian theory, "Looking at women is not unlike looking at a still life or a tree or, for that matter, a stone building." In the case of Gray's still lifes, a bowl of fresh, dew-laden fruit may have a fundamentally lush and voluptuous air. A tree may undulate sensuality. Its branches may stretch in Rabelaisian configurations. But stone buildings?

Gray's girls are something else. The fact that they are warmer and softer than stone buildings or that they may undulate or that they, too, in certain circumstances, may be fresh and dew-

laden, doesn't seem to bother the young master. "I can see sensuality in anything—even humor. If I recognize humor in a girl, I attempt to pull it out. A girl bending over baring her buttocks can be funny and sexy at the same time." Bricks and mortar apart, Gray's forte, and ours, is the unabashed appre-

ciation of, and respect for, *human* sexuality. "I create an atmosphere, real or imagined, and convince the girl that she's part of it. Sometimes I even get her to help by convincing herself

. . . by turning herself on. I feel the girl's vibrations against me. I search for sexuality as a miner searches for gold. Sexuality is the whole trip."

Gray is an intense, studious, easily agitated young man. He has little regard, other than a carefully moderated intellectual respect, for other photographers. "I can admire their work, but the admiration is more objective than subjective. I don't become terribly involved in what other people are doing. I don't like anything to interfere with my own direction."

He believes that eroticism is inherent in the essential chemistry of the

human form. That you have to probe beyond the personality, and that the personality itself is merely a facade of the fundamental life forces he wishes to capture. This can be accomplished, according to Gray, by nuances of mood, action, color, and often by the selective cropping of choice parts of the anatomy. All in all, we savor those parts already in evidence and wish him bon voyeurage on his erotic quest for further and better feminine particulars.

Solution

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C.I.A. protection

On vacation from Yale, Al McCoy came across the first clues that enabled him to untangle the web of intrigue involving America's national security agency in the Vietnam heroin epidemic

HOW THE C.I.A. GOT HOOKED ON HEROIN

by Thomas Buckley

The whipping elephant grass tore at his black pajamas. The monsoon rain turned the red earth to gluey mud that pulled at his boots. A creeper vine hooked his spectacles and pulled them off. Pressing flat against the ground, he twisted his body and groped blindly until he found them. For a moment he lost sight of his Laotian interpreter and his Australian photographer. And the flat crack-crack-crack of the automatic rifles continued. He heard the bite of the bullets through the air over his head, heard them thudding into the sodden hillside behind them, and Alfred W. McCoy, doctoral candidate at Yale University, thought to himself, "What the hell am I doing here? I feel like the patsy in one of those Eric Ambler thrillers. Suddenly everyone wants to kill me."

Sitting in his modest apartment in New Haven one day recently, Al McCoy was inclined to laugh it all off, but there are experienced intelligence officials who still wonder how he got back to the United States alive. Many men who take on the Mafia, the Unione Corse, the South Vietnamese, Laotian and Thai governments, not to mention the Central Intelligence Agency and its private armies, don't.

But perhaps because he's tough enough behind his spectacles and his diffident manner to have played prep-school football and rowed on the Columbia crew, hasn't learned the bad habits of professional journalists and is still young enough at 27 to be sure he's going to live forever, McCoy got away with it. He came back to write a book, *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia,* that ripped the veil of secrecy from one of the grimmest sides of the American involvement in that part of the world, besides being one of the best pieces of investigative reporting published in the last 20 years.

What McCoy put together was a devastating and amply documented indictment of the C.I.A. and the motley collection of warlords it has been supporting for as long as two decades for their responsibility for the heroin epidemic that engulfed American troops in Vietnam in 1970 and has since swelled the estimated number of addicts in the United States to 500,000 or more. The cost in ruined lives, packed jails, and losses in the robberies and assaults that these addicts will commit for years to come to support their addictions will add substantially to the $150 billion or more that this country squandered in its ill-starred Vietnam adventure.

While President Nixon was bargaining with the Turkish government to reduce its opium crop, supposedly the source of most of the heroin coming into the United States, and other so-called experts were arguing that Communist China and North Vietnam were secretly running the traffic into South Vietnam,

McCoy found persuasive evidence, now becoming generally accepted, that 70% of the world supply of illicit opium was being grown in the inaccessible mountain valleys of the "Golden Triangle" of northern Burma and Laos.

More important, he found out that between the simple tribesmen who grew the stuff—and seldom used it themselves except in case of illness—and the ultimate consumer in American cities, it was our "anti-communist" allies who were making fortunes out of this crop of misery. Not surprisingly, the C.I.A., which has grown accustomed to operating outside the law all over the world, tried to suppress the book by threatening McCoy's publisher with libel actions. When the agency failed to produce a convincing case against the book, the master spies of Langley, Va., in effect were admitting what anyone, including this writer, who has spent any time in Southeast Asia already knew—that he was absolutely right.

"I first got interested in Vietnam when I was studying for my master's degree at Stanford," McCoy told me. "I wrote an article on Pan American World Airways' profits out of the Vietnam war for *Ramparts* and then I edited a collection of articles on Laos. After it appeared in January, 1971, my editor at Harper & Row suggested that there might be a book in the Golden Triangle. The opium had been mentioned in newspaper and magazine articles from time to time but no one had ever tried to pull it all together and get to the bottom of it."

During his spring vacation at Yale that year, McCoy went to Paris. There he talked not only to Vietnamese and Laotian political exiles but also to former officials of the French colonial government of Indo-China, which comprised present-day North and South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. He found to his amazement that doors that should have remained firmly shut swung open to the young unknown graduate student.

Maurice Belleux, now an executive in a helicopter concern, received him in his apartment. He was once head of the Service de Documentation Exterieure et du Contre-Espionage, the French equivalent of the C.I.A., in Indo-China. "It was amazing," McCoy recalled. "The first thing he said was, 'I bet you want to know how we ran the opium traffic during the first Indo-China War. Here, let me draw you a chart.' The chart in the book is the chart he drew for me."

Unlike the C.I.A., Belleux' organization was kept on a tight budget, inadequate to pay for its informers, its hired assassins and all the other expenses of an intelligence organization that government accountants prefer to know nothing about. Beginning in 1946, when the French colonialists were trying to make themselves more popular with their Vietnamese subjects by suppressing the opium traffic that they had promoted, the S.D.E.C.E. gradually took it over.

In alliance with French military intelligence, which had similar financial problems, S.D.E.C.E. took on local experts—the organized racketeers of the Union Corse and the Binh Xuyen gang of Chinese and Vietnamese, who in the last days of French rule in Saigon had virtual control of the city, even to running its police force.

"It was very strange in Paris," said McCoy, who speaks fluent French. "I would go to see someone I knew had been a leader of the Binh Xuyen (pronounced Bin-Zwin), which was an absolutely merciless, ferocious outfit—one of them was Van Sang, who at one time had been the head of the national police—and he would be sitting in his luxury apartment, talking absolutely calmly about the worst sort of murders and tortures."

Before he left Paris, McCoy had a pretty good idea of the extent of the traffic, not only in the 1950s but also—and here his sources were the tens of thousands of Vietnamese who make the French capital their home—down to the present day. He told his publisher what he had found out, and Harper & Row agreed to give him a large enough advance to enable him to visit Southeast Asia and take the time to write his book. As soon as the spring term ended, McCoy was on his way.

By then Vietnamization was well under way. American forces in Vietnam, which had reached a peak of 550,000, not counting the sailors of the Seventh Fleet and the vast Air Force bases and support units in Thailand and the Pacific islands, were being withdrawn. Those who remained had been shifted to defensive operations. Bored and frustrated, they had become frequent users of marijuana—the concern that this aroused on the homefront was soon to seem almost laughable. Gradually many of them came to prefer the superior sense of well-being that came with the white powder available so cheaply and easily in every village and city and from the Vietnamese laborers at their own base camps.

McCoy stopped first in Hong Kong. With its almost entirely Chinese population, many of them refugees from the first days of the communist takeover of mainland China, who arrived with their opium addictions intact, the city had a booming narcotics problem of its own. Beyond that, its crowded and bustling harbor made it an ideal transshipment point for narcotics headed for the United States from elsewhere in Southeast Asia.

"I got many of my interviews through Old China hands," McCoy told me. "One of them—I don't want to mention his name—took me out to an isolated part of the New Territories [the mainland section of the crown colony as distinct from Hong Kong island] and set me down with a Chinese. He told me how the heroin industry moved from Shanghai to Hong Kong in 1949, about the warfare between the Chinese factions—the secret societies, the gangs from Swatow and Amoy and Canton, and about the patterns of the trade."

It was also in Hongkong that McCoy discovered that Santo Trafficante Jr., the son of the acknowledged Mafia boss of Florida, had been there shortly before him, and had gone on to Saigon, which is not a place where anyone has gone except on business for quite a long time. It's McCoy's theory, and I think a good one, that Trafficante was working out the routes and methods of payment for what was to turn out to be the wholesale invasion of the United States by Asian heroin.

McCoy followed Trafficante to Saigon, the once langorous and beautiful capital of Cochin-China, where faceless coolies and silent white-clad servants had waited on their French masters, before being transformed into better-paid lackeys for the Americans. McCoy plunged into a round of interviews, following up leads given to him by Vietnamese exiles in Paris.

Though Saigon was a base for scores of American reporters, he told me he was astounded to find that few of them were pursuing the heroin investigation. "The working press was just going out to the bases to see G.I.s using heroin," McCoy said. "Everyone already knew that. Or the press would go out to see the opening of a new treatment center. In terms of the really big story—the corruption and complicity of the Vietnamese government—there was nobody working on it except for Phil Brady of NBC Television.

McCoy swung his long legs and fell silent for a moment. "The information was really there," he went on. "American officers told me about the corruption of the general who had been the Vietnamese commander in the Delta and who became President Thieu's right-hand man in the Presidential Palace. American customs advisers told me pointblank that even if all traffic on the civilian side of Tansonhut Airport was shut off, heroin would keep coming in on the military side."

Ironically, during the five weeks that he spent in Vietnam a crackdown on drugs was supposed to be in effect. "Old opium addicts and young heroin addicts were being arrested, but it was just for show," McCoy said. "The distribution system wasn't being touched. Tom Fox, an American friend of mine, speaks good Vietnamese, and I would hop into a cyclo—a two-seater motocycle taxi—and tell the driver that we were G.I.s and we wanted heroin. We were always able to

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get it, in about five minutes. Then we'd ask the person we scored, 'Where are you getting your heroin from? Are you having any trouble with the police?' Questions like that. They'd tell us, 'No problems at all, but we've kicked the price up a couple of hundred piasters because people *think* there's a crackdown.'"

Gradually, McCoy completed his reconstruction of how the heroin traffic had developed in Vietnam. It led him into the winding alleys of Cholon, where the influence of Binh Xuyen still lurked, along with the power of Chinese millionaires who transferred their funds through family and clan banks in Singapore, Taiwan, Beirut and all the way to New York.

"Before I left the states I went to see Major-General Edwin Lansdale," McCoy said. "He was President Ngo Dinh Diem's top adviser on intelligence and counter-insurgency warfare when he was with the C.I.A. He told me to forget about my project. 'You won't come back alive,' he said. He told me that back in the 1950s he had tried to get to the bottom of the workings of the opium racket. He recruited a Chinese businessman to analyse it for him. The trouble was that he got too close to the men who ran it, Lansdale told me, and he got killed."

After the battle of Dienbienphu brought an end to the French era in Indo-China and the United States rushed in to replace them with its nominee, Diem, the opium traffic was suppressed for a couple of years. Ultimately, though, Diem's brother and chief adviser, Ngo Dinh Nhu—the family name comes first in Vietnam—persuaded him to allow it to be revived to provide the funds for the brothers' secret Can Lao party. Nhu was widely believed to be an opium addict himself.

In November, 1963, with American acceptance, a military coup overthrew and murdered the brothers. While a succession of governments during the next two years brought South Vietnam close to total collapse, the opium trade flourished under the leadership of Nguyen Cao Ky, the commander of the Vietnamese Air Force. He had been involved in smuggling opium into the country since 1961. Indeed, his opium profits helped to provide the clout that put Ky into position to claim the premiership himself in 1965. After coming to power, Ky, the swashbuckling flyer, gave the job of supervising the opium racket—in those days the users were almost entirely Chinese and poor Vietnamese, although a good many Americans, including this writer, were known to smoke a few pipes every once in a while—to his most trusted adviser, Brigadier General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, who was also director of the national police.

In 1967, the Americans who had brought Ky to power, as they had brought Diem to power, eased him out by pressuring him into taking the vice-presidency on the ticket headed by General Nguyen Van Thieu. Soon General Loan was seriously wounded while leading an attack against Vietcong shock troops who had occupied a factory building in the Saigon outskirts during the "second tet" offensive. A week later, in circumstances that remain mysterious, almost all the rest of Ky's most powerful supporters were killed or wounded when the Saigon police station at which they were meeting was "accidentally" rocketed by an American helicopter.

Thieu gathered the strings of the opium and gold rackets in his own hands. By 1969, as the American presence reached its peak and then began to decline, a decision was taken somewhere or it may be simply that it was the pull of events, to broaden the market for opium by refining it into heroin and supplying it to American troops. From Bangkok and laboratories that were set up in Laos, near the Long Tieng base of the C.I.A., the almost pure white powder first began to trickle, then to flood, into Vietnam. It was the narcotic equivalent of a convenience food: opium is difficult to prepare for the pipe, difficult to smoke properly, often makes the user nauseous, and provides a slow glow of pleasure. Moreover, its pungent odor is easily detectible. Heroin, the refined and concentrated product of the sap of the opium poppy, is colorless, odorless and provides a "rush" of euphoria, whether smoked, inhaled or injected in solution with water.

But as the American public became aware of the threat, the outcry grew. Finally, Washington exerted enough pressure to at least produce several highly publicized arrests. Several Vietnamese politicians, operating either on their own or as Thieu's agents, were seized at Tansonhut Airport or in Bangkok with hundreds of pounds of heroin concealed in their luggage.

From Saigon, McCoy followed the heroin trail to Bangkok and Thailand's northern border region around Chiengmai, where he found the army and police deeply involved in the traffic, and from there into the Golden Triangle, the growing regions of Burma and Laos, itself. The opium poppy, *papaver somniferum,* is a delicate plant that flourishes only in certain soils and climates. These are found in a narrow band of mountains that stretches some 4,500 miles from the Anatolian plateau in Turkey across northern India to the Shan states of Burma and northern Laos. The last two, perhaps the most inaccessible places in the world outside the Iron Curtain, have been under the effective control of the C.I.A. at various times over a period of 20 years or more, McCoy found.

The Shan states, separated from the weak central government in Rangoon by hundreds of miles of trackless jungle, were ruled for years by the remnants of Chinese Nationalist army units that fled across the border from Yunnan when their commander, Chiang Kai-shek, thousands of miles away, was driven off the mainland to Taiwan in 1949. Almost unknown to the western world, these troops were armed and paid by the C.I.A. for cross-border intelligence operations, sabotage, and even for a projected invasion of China. It appears now that the Nationalists were happy to take our money without ever having any serious interest in so harebrained a scheme, and they augmented their subsidies by organizing and enlarging the opium-growing of the hill tribes.

Clashes between these troops and the Burmese army began in the early 1950s and continued for more than a decade. Finally, in 1961, after Burma and Communist China signed a secret agreement that provided, among other things, for joint operations against the main Nationalist base, the Shan states were conquered. The Nationalists took heavy casualties, and the remaining troops, some 6,000, retreated across the Mekong River into Laos.

Driven out of Burma, the Nationalists continued to collect and market the opium crop of the hill tribes. In Laos, they encouraged the ethnically related hill people to increase their planting. At first, the crude opium was carried to the Thai border by mule caravan, taken to Bangkok in military and police trucks, and from there shipped by sea to Vietnam and around the world. But as a demand for heroin was being created among American troops in Vietnam, McCoy discovered, the pattern changed rapidly. Laboratories to refine opium into morphine base and then into heroin were

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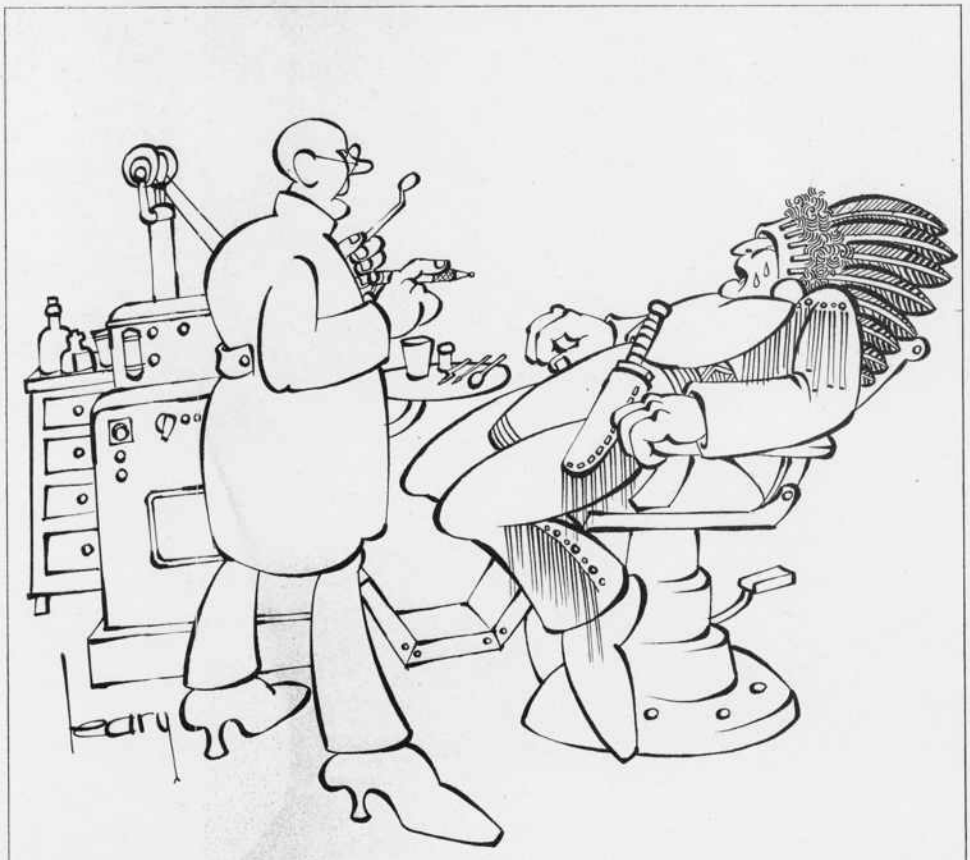
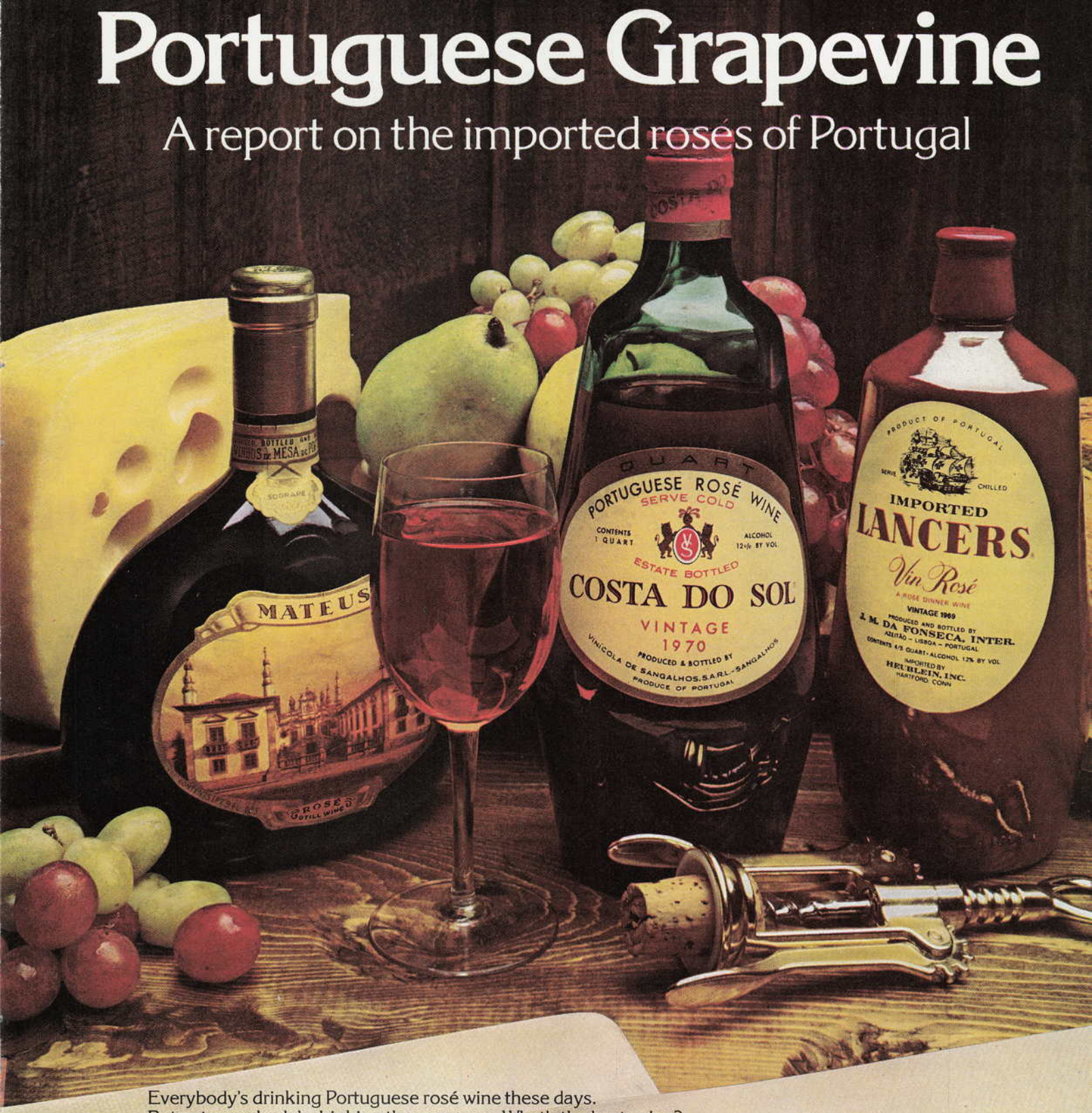


"Decay could have been prevented, by brushing after biting the dust".

Portuguese Grapevine

A report on the imported rosés of Portugal



Everybody's drinking Portuguese rosé wine these days.
But not everybody's drinking the same one. What's the best value?

We took a look at The Big Three. Here's how they compare:

	MATEUS	COSTA DO SOL	LANCERS
Price	About $2.89*	**About $2.49*.**	About $3.80*
Size	25-ounce Bottle	**32-ounce Quart**	25.6-ounce Bottle
Vintage	None	**Yes**	Yes
Estate Bottled	No	**Yes**	No
Quality	Excellent	**Excellent**	Excellent
Closure	Cork Sealed	**Cork Sealed**	Cork Sealed
Versatility	Goes with any Food	**Goes with any Food**	Goes with any Food

*Approximate New York Retail Price

Costa makes the meal.

IMPORTED BY THE ALLENS OF COSTA DO SOL, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

Unlike so many of the film makers of the past 20 years, Alejandro Jodorowsky came late to international prominence. At 43, he is just beginning to be recognized as the man whose explosive and controversial creativity will probably make him one of the outstanding film directors of the next 10 years. His last film, *El Topo*, was hailed as "a monumental work of filmic art" and Jodorowsky was called "a man of passionate erudition" by the *New York Times*. Said *Newsweek*: "His surrealistic vision cannot be copied. It is nothing if not unique." On the other hand, Pauline Kael of the *New Yorker* found it a "horror circus" and "a head show", while *Commonweal* dismissed it as "merely gross and pretentious". *The Village Voice* came closer. "Its humor attacks reality, creating a comedy that provokes laughter in order to overcome horror; a comedy that becomes a cult of salvation."

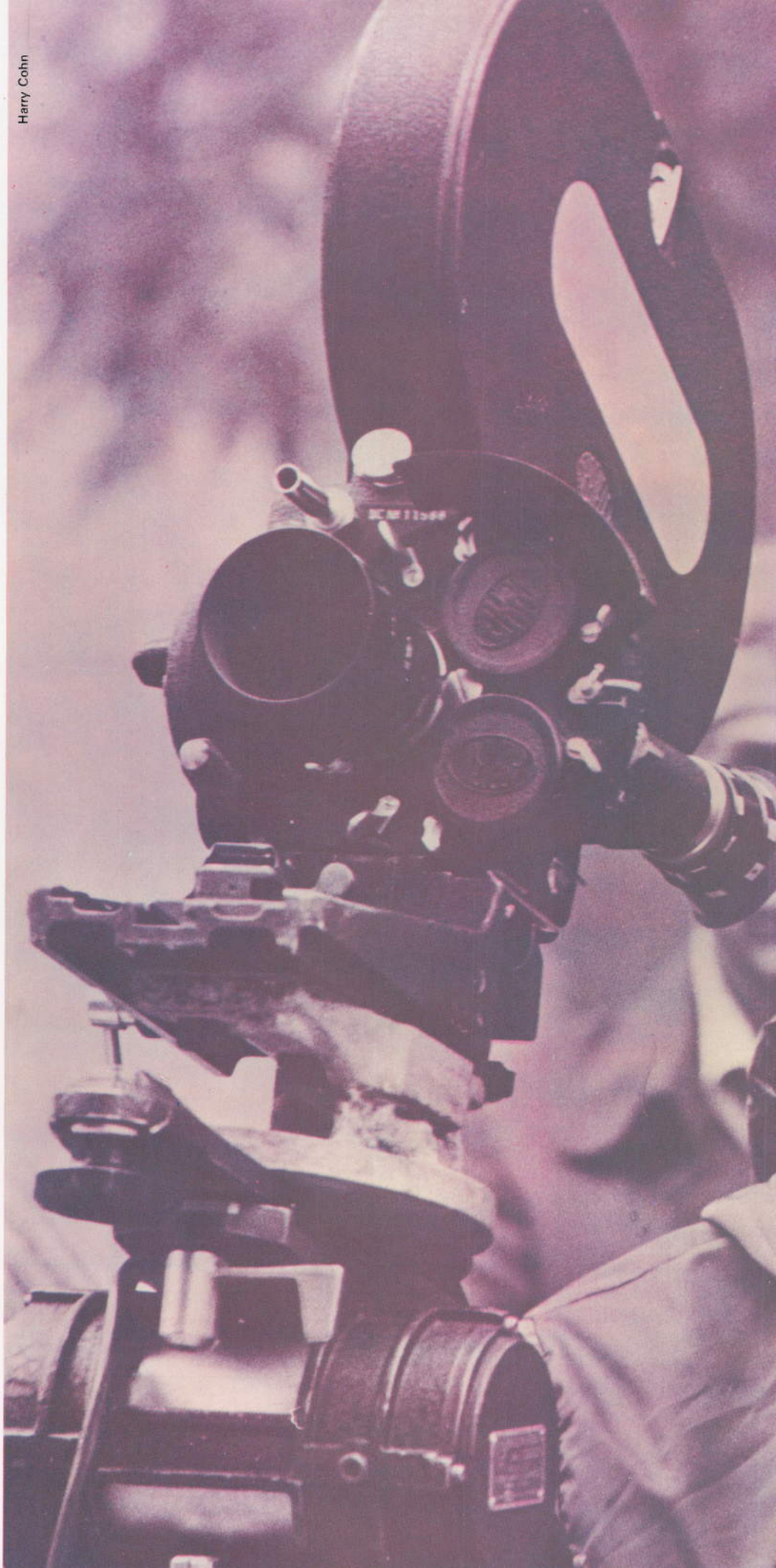
Jodorowsky took the time to suffer and experience life before formulating what he would say on film. He worked with—at the feet of, if you will—Marceau and Arrabal. He is often compared with Bunuel. He has been laboring in shadows. Liberation from the masters was a part of the theme of *El Topo*. It is a prominent part of *The Holy Mountain*, which should be having its American premiere at about the time you are reading this. (If Jodorowsky remains true to his track record the film will be condemned and censored in Mexico, where he produced it and where he now lives.) *Holy Mountain* is the story of how a group of powerful and rich people came together—with one thief—to seek the guidance of a master, who is played by Jodorowsky. The master is to lead them up a holy mountain in search of immortality and enlightenment.

But Jodorowsky, an eclectic believer in the Asian systems of meditation, preaches the emptying of the mind, so that true enlightenment within us may manifest itself.

Doesn't sound too bizarre or gory? Well, in his films people bleed—they bleed all the time. And they bleed strange things: birds, cherries, green blood. Lots of people find such things upsetting.

In the first scenes of *El Topo* a circular pool of blood is discovered and a child is found impaled. Then we see 100 women, dressed in bridal white, lying raped and murdered. Inside a church swing the corpses of their 100 bridegrooms. Later, El Topo (Jodorowsky) castrates the colonel responsible for the atrocity.

When El Topo's seven-year-old son (Jodorowsky's real son, Brontis) attempts to follow him, he kicks him in the mouth and tells him, "Destroy me. You no longer depend on anyone." In the end, El Topo immolates himself like a



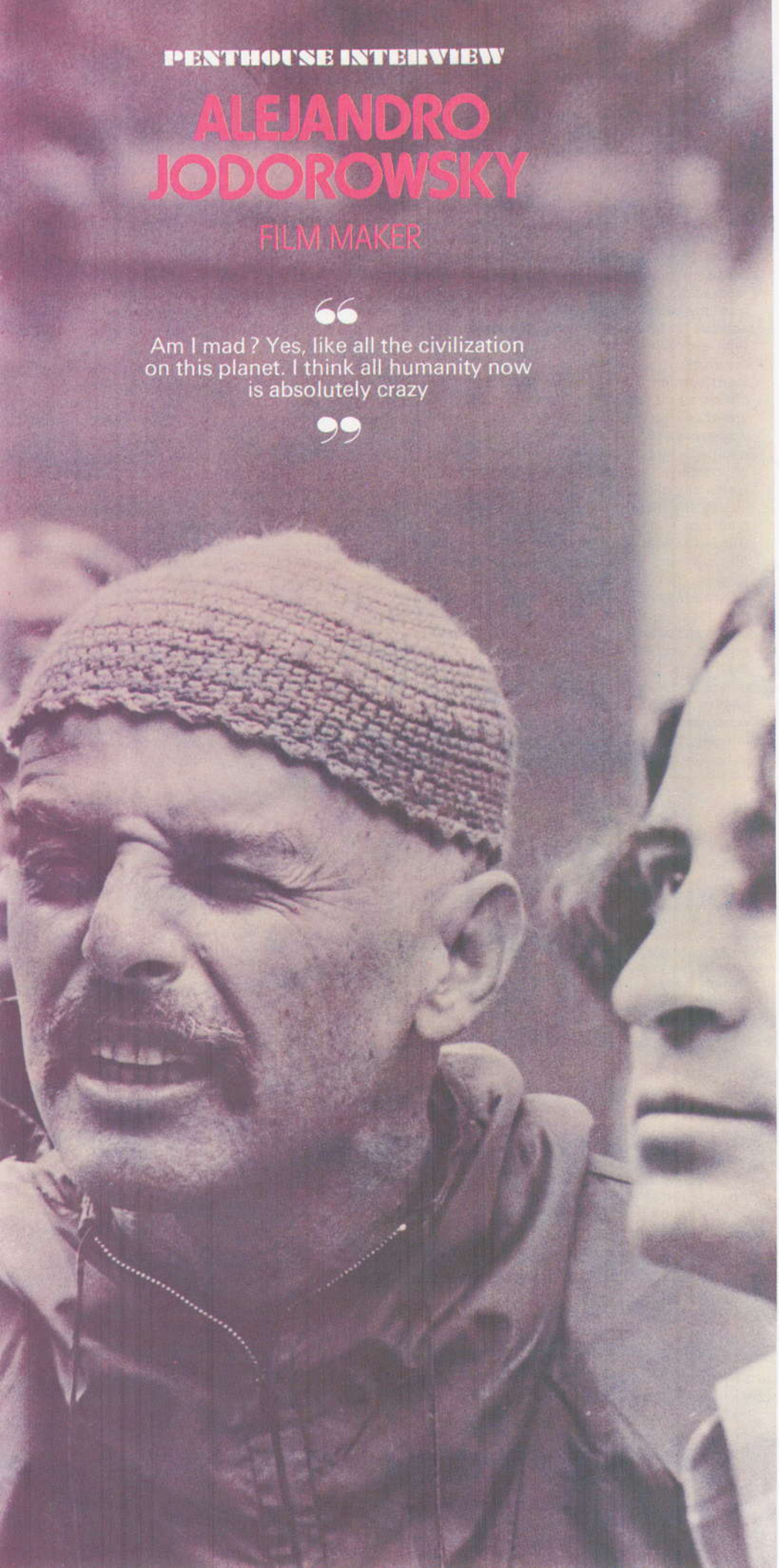
Harry Cohn

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ALEJANDRO JODOROWSKY

FILM MAKER

"Am I mad? Yes, like all the civilization on this planet. I think all humanity now is absolutely crazy"



protesting Buddhist. For the scene, Jodorowsky covered a skeleton with beefsteak and set it afire.

Jodorowsky says he is not seeking shock for shock's sake and you rather tend to believe him because, should he choose to make a smooth box-office shocker, he could probably do it better than anyone.

Instead he continues to give birth to a riot of symbols in an attempt to " . . . speak to your unconscious from my unconscious." In *El Topo* for example, he took a legless man and an armless man and put them together to make "one John Wayne". They hated each other and fought incessantly. "That is how we are, no?" asks Jodorowsky. "That is symbolic. Our arms fighting our legs. One part of us always fighting against another. Such waste."

In his private life he is just as apt to shake up people as he is in his films. He once approached a man he had never met and demanded: "Who are you? Why are you wearing those clothes? You know what I think you need? To be fucked in the ass."

Jodorowsky is now married to a lady named Valerie. He has three sons (each by a different woman) all of whom live with him. He also has a daughter who lives in Germany with her mother. He was born in Iqueque, Chile, a town of 2,000, and moved to Santiago when he was 12. He later entered the university with ideas of becoming a doctor. But the lure of the theater forced him to drop out after two years. He worked with marionettes and then for six years he was with Marcel Marceau, touring the world and creating mimes including *The Mask* and *The Cage*. Most important were his collaborations with Arrabal, master of the Theater of Cruelty. He then moved to Mexico City where he now lives.

Among the talents which help support him are those of a comic-strip artist. His cartoons "Panic Fables" appear in Mexican newspapers and they are, of course, controversial. He has directed more than 100 plays, including the works of Ionesco and Beckett, and he has done four films. His first picture, in Paris, was based on *The Transposed Heads* by Thomas Mann. Later he directed his own version of Arrabal's *Fando and Lis*. It was entered in the 1968 Acapulco Film Festival and was roundly denounced as "corrosive and corrupting". Undaunted, Jodorowsky made *El Topo*. It sent the Mexican authorities reeling. They refused to sponsor it at the 1971 Cannes Film Festival.

He works on shoestring budgets with anybody he feels can do a job for him. Cripples, prostitutes, rock musicians, retired public officials. Even real actors. Except for operating the camera, Jodorowsky does all the major creative work. In both *El Topo* and *The Holy*

Mountain he produced, directed, wrote, scored, costumed and did the scenic design. And, of course, he played the starring roles. He is possibly the only producer in history who puts clauses in the contracts of his female players guaranteeing that they do not have to sleep with him.

Despite his sometimes ferocious words and actions, he is a soft spoken, polite man who is an attentive listener. His sometimes strange grammar is due partly to Spanish structures, and partly to his unique way of expressing himself. This Penthouse interview was put together over a period of almost a year, by Rick Kleiner while on location for *The Holy Mountain,* but with contributions by Jules Siegel and Penthouse Interview Editor Richard Ballad.

Penthouse: Many people call you a madman. Are you?

Jodorowsky: Sometimes I feel myself absolutely mad. I say what I am doing here? Because I feel reality so unreal and myself so strange. I have a mind, a liver, a heart. Everything I look and I feel is inside myself. It's not reality. What I am is enormous reaction. It is not the thing. I am not the feeling. I am what is felt. The man who feels. Everything is so subjective. If someone say to me, I am mad, I say yes, I am absolutely mad like all the civilization and like all the persons in this planet. I think all the humanity now is absolutely crazy and mad. And some day when my essence sees myself, how my ego is crazy and mad, I laugh—with love and compassion. And in the moment when you have the enlightenment you start to laugh. Because you see yourself, how crazy and mad you are. Then you feel compassion. I have great pity on myself because I am so mad and crazy.

Penthouse: You have a volatile temper. But how much of it is real and how much contrived?

Jodorowsky: If you go to water . . . if the water runs and finds a stone which impedes its flow, the water attacks the stone and moves it so that the stone goes with the water to the ocean. In every situation where there is a stone I lose my temper in order to move the stone. I must make a fight in order to get some reaction from the other person. But it is only in order to achieve that. I never lose my temper when I am with a person doing another thing. Not doing my work.

Penthouse: Some people can't accept your efforts as sincere. They don't understand you and they ask, in effect, "What's your game?"

Jodorowsky: When I start to make art I was a neurotic. In the university, I have degrees in philosophy, mathematics and physics. In the University of Santiago. But I was so lazy—I only like to see pictures, and go to the movies, see paintings and read poems. It was a great party. But study was not. In two days I prepare for all the *examens.* I have great qualifications and then I forget. One day I say I want not to study like this. I say "No." I want to devote myself to marionettes, to puppets. And I start to make circus puppets, and theater puppets. But always my ego was there and I was trying to be famous. You know why? Because at same time I realize I was a mortal. I will die. I hadn't any answer to this problem. So in my South American environment I choose to become famous. To make a work in order to never die in history. No? This was my first game. Little by little, in *Fando and Lis,* and then more in *El Topo,* I start to accept death completely, and I feel very good about this. I start *El Topo* absolutely closed. In the end of *El Topo,* I am more open to this human problem. And then in this picture, *The Holy Mountain,* step by step, I forget all the problems of being famous, all the problems of having money. I forget everything, the only game I am making now is to make a picture. But to make a picture absolutely involved with my objective life. For me, now, there is no difference between the picture and the life. Also, for me the most important thing is *shooting* the picture, not the picture. This is my game now. It's a certain kind of way to open yourself, to progress, to be more near the completely man.

Penthouse: Can you tell us a little of the sequence of events in *The Holy Mountain*?

Jodorowsky: The movement of the picture is from a fairy tale to the realistic, no? The theme is very simple. The master takes nine other persons, who make a solar system, and promises to these persons immortality. In all the traditions there is a sacred holy mountain. And on top of the mountain—there are always immortals, Olympians. Then the master says: "We need to steal from them the secret of immortality. Other persons put together all their force in order to steal money, to steal from a bank. Why we do not put our forces together to steal the secret of immortality? The immortals are wise persons, enlightened persons. In order to fight with them we need to become wise and enlightened. And then we need to travel and be powerful in our wisdom to fight with the immortals." We come to the top of the mountain and . . . but no, I cannot tell you what is in the picture. But I finish it in a very surprised way.

Penthouse: You speak so much of symbols. If

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ATTENTION ALL

WOMEN

(and men who really love women)

YOU

MUST

SEE

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we get too many don't they become like thumbs in our eyes?

Jodorowsky: There are many ways to speak. You can yell at a person or you can speak very sweet. Normally a picture speaks to certain parts of the human being. We make a distinction among the athletic-muscular part of the human being and his sexual life, his mental life and his emotional life. I don't speak to any one of these centers. I speak with my unconscious to your unconscious. It's another kind of language. I am trying to put the dreams into reality and not trying to put reality into dreams. When you sit with me to see the picture what I am doing is to put your symbols in reality. Everyone of us have in his unconscious symbols. You have everything in your mind. Man is not a creator. But man is all the time discovering. What I am trying to do when I use symbols is to awaken in your unconscious some reaction. I am very conscious of what I am using because symbols can be very dangerous. When we use normal language we can defend ourselves because our society is a linguistic society, a semantic society. But when you start to speak, not with words, but only with images, the people cannot defend themselves. That is why a picture like this you hate or you love. You can not be indifferent. In every scene I put animals. I went to study the meaning of animals. We have the meaning of animals within ourselves because we have collective memory. When you take for example the hippopotamus. The hippo was a god for the Egyptians. He is the weight of the earth. When I put in a hippopotamus I know exactly how a person's unconscious would feel.

Penthouse: There was much talk about violence in El Topo. Is there a great deal of bloodletting or substitutes for bloodletting in *The Holy Mountain*?

Jodorowsky: Not so much.

Penthouse: Tell us about the Arica training classes for the people in your film.

Jodorowsky: Ah, yes. I was searching for masters because in my picture I speak about masters. And then I went to see some Hindu yoga classic masters—gurus. Also I had two years of training with a Zen master. And before we made the picture I went with my wife to a seven-days-without-sleep training of this master. When we finished this—suffering a lot—we take for one month the Arica training.

The Arica training has some Hindu exercises, some Japan exercises, some Egyptian exercises. Very eclectic. The secret of this training is the mixture, also there was a master there, the creator of the training, and I studied him in order to play myself a master. With him I feel a kind of initiation and I feel like I'm playing a real master, not a fairy-tale master.

Penthouse: You have said that you studied with a master until you realized that you cannot really learn from a master.

Jodorowsky: Yes, the only thing a master can teach is how to learn about yourself. There are no secrets. They are only techniques to waken yourself. There are some massage techniques. There are some breathing techniques, etc. No? So then I give to all the group in my picture one month Arica training. Another month, living together. We don't go out to the street. We sleep only four hours.

Penthouse: Did it have an effect on them?

Jodorowsky: You live together for four months, any kind of training is useful. You learn something and you change a lot. You know De Bono, the English writer? He wrote *Lateral Thinking*. I think he is a fantastic man. He says a person will give so much time to learn how to play golf, but not how to work his own mind. They think they can already do it, and the only thing they need is to know some secret. It's not like this. When a group starts to work together in any kind of training it works for the group. The training makes a group. It brings them together. We were like brothers. You will see the picture.

Penthouse: What happens to the concept of the individual hero?

Jodorowsky: In *The Holy Mountain* I decided to finish with the individual hero because I think it's an invention of Hollywood. The individual hero against the society. I think of the collective man. Man is humanity. In *The Holy Mountain* I take a collective hero. There are 12 persons. Ten of them, they are the solar system. Two more persons make the zodiac. And then we go to the complete adventure, like a collective group. We are searching not for our inner faith. What we are searching for is our inner humanity. I can explain this more clearly if I make a comparison between Freud and Jung. Freud was searching for the individual conscience and Jung was searching for the collective unconscious. I take a Jungian position—a Wilhelm Reich position. Reich felt that in order to give health to the individual we must give health to society.

Penthouse: I'm sure we'd have to qualify this in some way because you, Alejandro Jodorowsky, are certainly an individualist.

Jodorowsky: I agree we are all individuals. But all the secret teachings, all the esoteric societies are searching for is the *objective* man and not the *subjective* man. There was a time when Proust and all kinds of writers like Kafka—and all kinds of artists—were searching for subjective art. I am searching for *objective* art. When my subjectivity is put out, then I can say, this was the search of *The Holy Mountain*. Killing the subjectivity. Finding myself the complete or the universal man.

Penthouse: You were allowing yourself to become a vessel, a tool.

Jodorowsky: Yes, like all the poets and the mystics in the world. No? You don't oppose the universal will. You don't oppose yourself. Let the thing come and go out. No?

Penthouse: One of the afflictions of modern man is the feeling that he is alone. How does your idea of "the collective man" deal with this?

Jodorowsky: When a man says, "I am alone" it is because he does not know how to be with himself. When I speak of the collective man I am not speaking of being with more people. I am speaking of a man who feels in himself the whole of humanity. If you are an optimist you can say, "the universe is a construction." We can work for the construction of the universe, the construction of the human being or we can attack the universe and we can work to destroy the human being. When you take the position to work for the universe you start to work for yourself. In order to be a collective man you must make a sacrifice. Your life security, your family security. The collective man is the man working for humanity, even alone. And asking nothing. There are two kinds of prayer. The prayer to ask for something or the prayer to say "thank you" for everything I am having. This last prayer is that of the universal man. The universal man cannot feel guilty. The past is finished. There is a moment when you can say to your karma, "I love you. All the mistakes I have made were to reach this level. If I didn't do what I needed to do it is because I am not like what I am now. I was learning, I was fighting, I was making myself. I cannot feel guilty. The only thing I can do is to never repeat the same mistake. If I repeat the same mistake then I will be guilty." You must transform yourself from the ill man to the healthy man. Because really we need to cure our society's ills. There are war, there are pollution, we are killing the planet, so many have nothing to eat. So we are like the samurai. We win or we die. Now I think is a fantastic moment for all of us because now we are fighting for our world, our life. Now is the moment to be awake or to die. We are not alone.

Penthouse: How important is your family compared to your films?

Jodorowsky: I think everything you do in life have the same importance. No? The film exists. And the family exists, on another level, in another situation. I don't know, maybe Valerie can answer this. The only thing I want to give my sons is happiness. Nothing more. The apple tree doesn't want to give happiness to the apples. He just makes the apples. In the family, I just make the family. In the film, I just make a picture. In the picture you must fight with so many problems and with the family you must not fight. It's only three, four or five persons. Nothing more. In the film there is 10,000 persons, 5,000 persons. Is more difficult. But I think more difficult than to make a picture or make a family is to make yourself. This for me is the most difficult of anything in life. To make a battle with yourself. This is really terrible work. I don't know, maybe because I am an artist I have so many great egos, so many mistakes, so many depression. When I make the picture my nervous system is so sensitive. I am really ill of my nervous system. The actors come and just act. But, really, myself I am very ill in the night, every day thinking what I will do creating and inventing the situation and searching for what object I want or what I want to say, is a terrible thing. No? It's difficult to win the battle with yourself because in society we have a high percentage of self-destruction . . . Thanatos. You have 50% of Eros (creation) and 50% of Thanatos (destruction). This self-destruction is so strong in myself I must fight every day in order to have confidence in myself, not to be critical of myself, to only have the pleasure. I am looking all the time how I am not awake, how I am not enlightened, how in some part I am like a little boy. When I read what Buddha was, what Zen monk was, I feel so down I fight with myself. I want to cry. What difficulties I have to control myself with other persons. Always fighting not to be affected by the newspapers. Every day the newspaper insults me. Every day I have a new problem with society. This is difficult, to be a real, completely man. So making a family with me is easier. To make *myself* is terrible. To do it with family, is *not* so terrible.

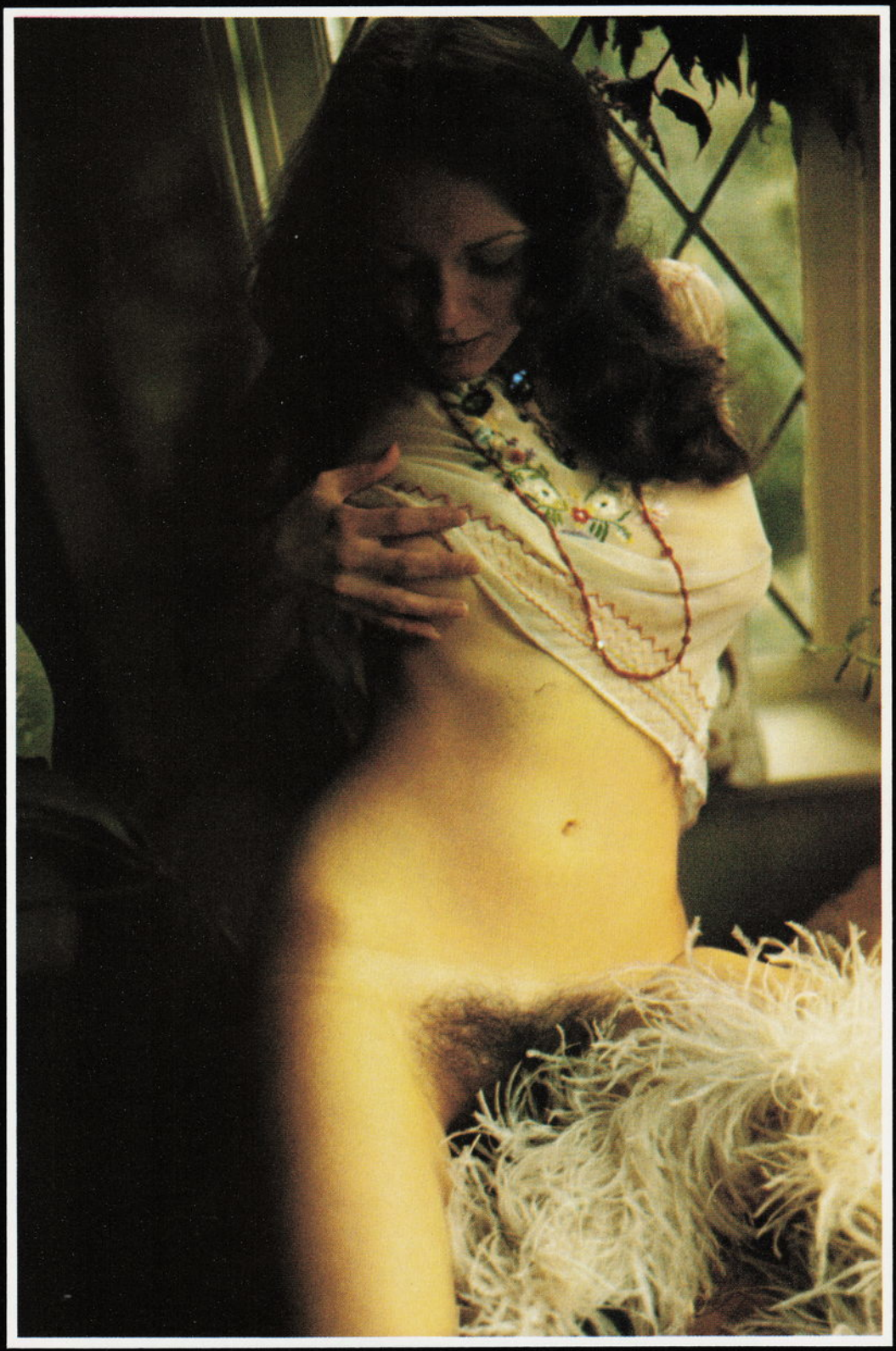
Penthouse: What kind of father are you?

Jodorowsky: Valerie can say what kind of father I am, what kind of husband I am.

Valerie: I don't know really if he's a father. He spends very little time with the children. But the moments he spends with them, he is completely 100%. When he is filming he sees them twice a week for 15 minutes, a half-hour. And the children really enjoy it. Because he acts like a child with them. He is not trying to be the dominant father trying to teach the children. He reacts to what they need at the moment. If there are certain questions, Alejandro answers these questions.

Jodorowsky: I finish with the idea of father and mother. They call us Alejandro and Valerie. I finish with the authority. They can dress themselves like they want. They can choose the schools that they want. If they don't want to love their father, then they don't love their father. There are no fathers and no mothers. No sons. No daughters. It is humanity helping humanity.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127



PAULA

YOGI BARE

PHOTOGRAPHS / JEFF DUNAS

Every evening, Paula Francis peels off her daytime clothes, turns mood music on to her stereo, and goes through a series of mind- and body-bending Yoga exercises with the fluidity of an Oriental initiate. "I need relaxing," asserts this 22-year-old Californienne. "I'm a woman and I'm a sensual being, and I need activity for my body as well as my mind." This feminine intregrity is Paula's strongest personal quality. "A woman has the same sexual feelings as a man," she says, "and she's entitled to express them with the same kind of freedom that a man does.

There are still men who live by a double standard, which I feel is totally absurd." Paula formed these decisive opinions while still a very young girl. Raised in a small town in Pennsylvania, one of a family of seven children, she was brought up by her Yugoslavian parents in a disciplined, European manner. "But my parents were liberal enough to let me make my own decisions about morality. I think premarital sex is up to the individual. That phase of morality is rather obsolete in America today, although a lot of integrity is still required if you're going to keep yourself together as a person." This philosophy has

applied particularly for Paula as she's auditioned for roles as an actress on the Coast. "I've found California a hard place to work as an actress. So many of the parts seem to be shady deals. You know the old story—'let me make you a star but let me make you first!'" Acting is Paula's second attempt at starting a career. She majored in English at high school with the intention of becoming a teacher, but there were other, more fascinating temptations. "I was cheerleader and queen of my class, and I think that kind of makes you . . . I don't know, maybe a little more extravert than other people." She doesn't feel that her Penthouse

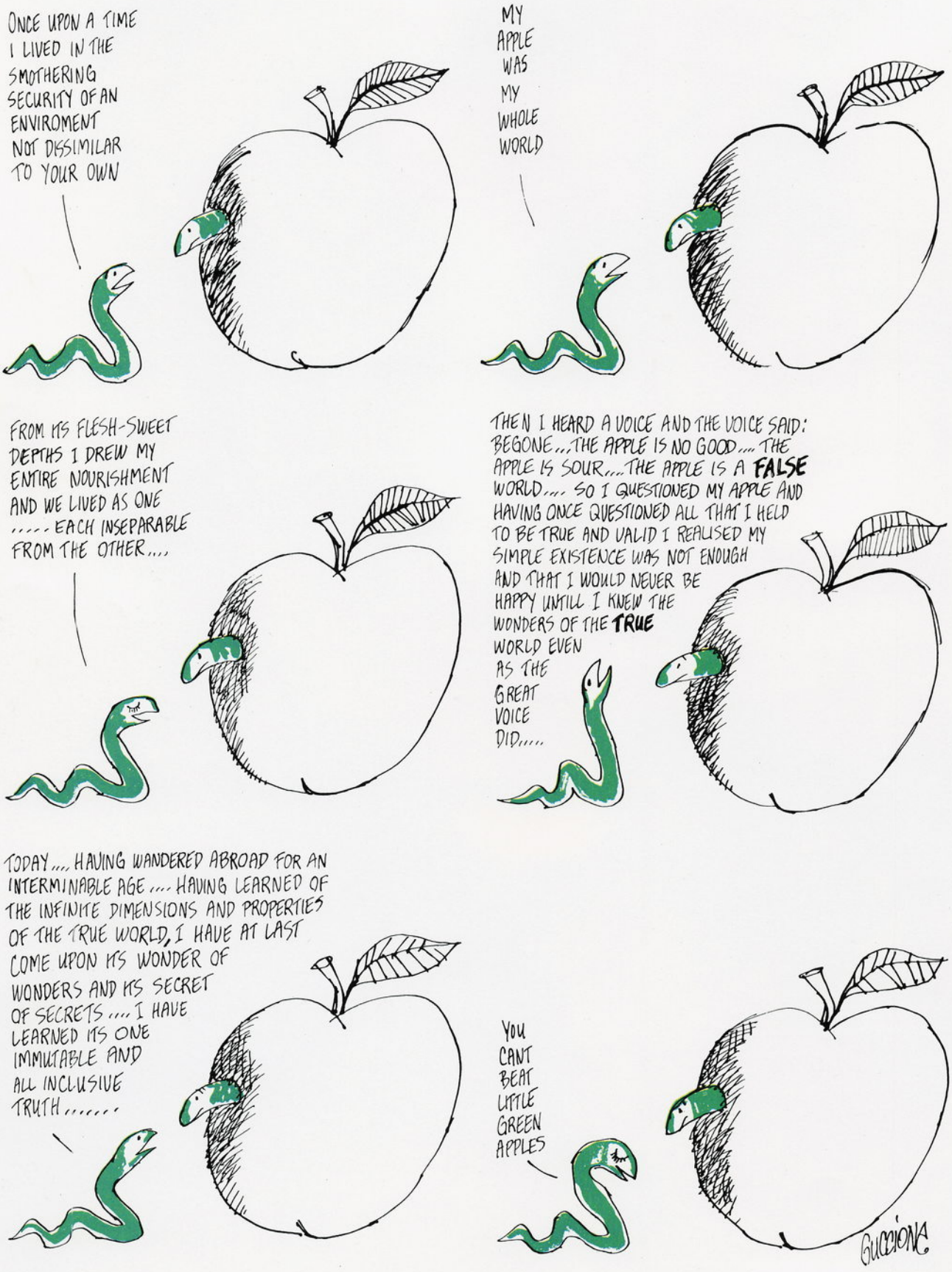
appearance falls into quite the same category, however. "I feel nudity can most certainly be art, and handled in a very artistic way. That's why I wanted to do these pictures for Penthouse so much. But nudity for art and eroticism and nudity in public are two completely different things. I don't mind private beaches for nude swimming, they're fine, but I have mixed feelings about people running around naked on public beaches. I saw a pregnant girl lying naked on a beach, and although pregnancy has its own esthetics, it seemed to me to impinge on the girl's private dignity." Is Paula, then, a romantic? "I think a woman should be a woman. I like it when a man lights my cigarette, opens a car door for me, or holds my arm. I'm more militant about some other aspects of feminism. The liberation movement has certainly improved women's rights careerwise. There is now a much better chance for an intelligent woman to hold down the same job as a man for the same pay." How about the more sexual aspects of feminism? "I'm sexually not into a woman to woman relationship. It's never appealed to me. However, I really have a lot of friends who are bisexual, and I respect their feelings and their emotions. I can understand and sympathize without feeling the need to get involved." What does Paula look for in men? "I like creative men. Most of the guys I date are in the music business or involved in acting. Dull business men bore me, I'm afraid, although some men can make business seem really stimulating and exciting. I

definitely prefer American men. In Hollywood there are many European men who think a girl is going to faint into their arms because they have a continental accent. A French man approached me once and said: 'French men are great lovers, and that is where it's at . . .' He sounded like a dime store book. If only he'd just been natural he could have got so much further. I guess that some American men behave that way when they're in Europe." Paula has few fantasies about her future life—she is by nature a level-headed, pragmatic girl. "If I make a success out of acting, it's got to be because I'm good at it, not because the assistant producer happens to like my face, or imagines he can get into bed with me. That kind of arrangement might be okay at the time, but what happens after 10 or 20 years, when your career is built on nothing but your ability to put it out for minions in the movie industry? I'd rather make no pictures at all." Adamant as she is on that point, Miss Francis has at least made these pictures worth more than a second showing.

MISS PAULA FRANCIS / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

GUCCIONE

THE WORM RETURNS


ONCE UPON A TIME I LIVED IN THE SMOTHERING SECURITY OF AN ENVIROMENT NOT DISSIMILAR TO YOUR OWN
MY APPLE WAS MY WHOLE WORLD
FROM ITS FLESH-SWEET DEPTHS I DREW MY ENTIRE NOURISHMENT AND WE LIVED AS ONE ..... EACH INSEPARABLE FROM THE OTHER....
THEN I HEARD A VOICE AND THE VOICE SAID: BEGONE...THE APPLE IS NO GOOD.... THE APPLE IS SOUR....THE APPLE IS A FALSE WORLD.... SO I QUESTIONED MY APPLE AND HAVING ONCE QUESTIONED ALL THAT I HELD TO BE TRUE AND VALID I REALISED MY SIMPLE EXISTENCE WAS NOT ENOUGH AND THAT I WOULD NEVER BE HAPPY UNTILL I KNEW THE WONDERS OF THE TRUE WORLD EVEN AS THE GREAT VOICE DID.....
TODAY.... HAVING WANDERED ABROAD FOR AN INTERMINABLE AGE.... HAVING LEARNED OF THE INFINITE DIMENSIONS AND PROPERTIES OF THE TRUE WORLD, I HAVE AT LAST COME UPON ITS WONDER OF WONDERS AND ITS SECRET OF SECRETS.... I HAVE LEARNED ITS ONE IMMUTABLE AND ALL INCLUSIVE TRUTH.....
YOU CANT BEAT LITTLE GREEN APPLES
GUCCIONE

Salem refreshes naturally!

Natural Menthol™ Blend
(means naturally fresh taste)

Salem's unique blend features natural menthol, not the kind made in laboratories. Like our superb tobaccos, our menthol is naturally grown. You'll get a taste that's not harsh or hot...a taste as naturally cool and fresh as Springtime.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING, SUPER KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '72.

How do you tell a burglar with a knife in his hand that you've got no money. That's what Ned had to learn when he came out of the shower wearing nothing but a towel

Masai Man

Fiction by George Malko

Ned was in the shower and didn't hear a thing when the black boy snaked his arm in through the four inches open at the top of the living room window. He reached down, found the protective screw lock, and deftly twisted it open. When the window was loose, he slid it down cautiously and stuck his head in. He heard the shower and saw there was nobody in the room. A sofa-bed against one wall was open and unmade. On the other side, against the wall, was a large drawing table. An elbowy, many-jointed lamp was lighting some unfinished sketches lying on a disordered pile of drawings. Next to the drawing table was a small work table cluttered with bottles and tubes of paint, little compartments full of Japanese crayons, ugly mugs bristling with felt pens, an ash tray glittering with glass drawing pins, and an enormous, seemingly endless roll of drawing paper. There was a large cork bulletin board on the wall over the desk. It buckled out under the weight of clippings, photographs, sample illustrations, souvenirs, and three plumed darts. Between the two windows, the boy spotted a small television set half hidden under a discarded dressing gown. He leaned further and saw the turntable on the low unpainted shelves. The AM/FM tuner was next to it. He located the speakers, on top of an enormous bookcase precariously fixed to the wall above the sofa-bed.

Ned began singing and the boy withdrew his head. When nothing else happened, the boy stuck his head back in, and then gingerly climbed in and dropped to the floor, landing in a low crouch. He was young, about fourteen, and was wearing

Bob Lawrie N.T.A.

black chinoes and sneakers. His eyes were hidden by wrap-around sunglasses, but his mouth moved with tension, even though his few visible movements were fluid as he finished examining the room.

He glided over to the end table next to the sofa-bed and pocketed the gold cigarette lighter lying next to a crushed pack. He felt through the pile on the drawing table, but the illustrations only seemed to confuse him. He straightened up. Besides the chinoes, he was wearing a sweatshirt, with a picture on it. It was a crucifix impaled by an African spear, with bright red blood running down the penetrated chest of the Christ.

The water in the bathroom was turned off and Ned's voice cut through, singing: *"What the world needs now, is . . .* " The boy froze. He glanced toward the window and took one step. Then he heard water running again and a cabinet being opened and shut. He relaxed and slowly continued his search.

When the phone rang, Ned swore, looked at himself in the mirror, and wondered whether to wipe off the lather or hold the phone away from his soapy ear and yell. He shrugged, and walked into the other room, his razor in one hand, holding the towel around his waist with the other. There was a boy in the room and he was reaching for the top of the wide open window. For some stupid reason Ned wasn't surprised. Only annoyed. "Who're you?" he said as the phone rang once more.

The boy dropped into a crouch and then whipped out a knife. "Don't do nothin', man."

The sight of the knife frightened Ned. He quickly dropped the razor, but managed to stay calm. "You better get out of here the way you came in," he said and the phone rang again. He fixed the towel more securely around himself and wiped some of the lather off his face. It had cooled and felt stiff.

The boy hadn't moved. When the phone began another ring, and then stopped, he straightened. "I ain't goin' nowheres."

"What do you want?" Ned asked. He stared at the boy and saw how young he was. "Listen, son, if you know what's good for you, you'll get out of here right now." He shifted his weight from one foot to the other and unconsciously made sure the towel was securely around his waist. "Put that knife away," he said and gestured absently, "and just leave, and we can pretend nothing happened."

"He says he's thinking, whatever that is!"

"Don't try nothin', man." The voice was even, almost cold.

"I'm not going to try anything," Ned said, unable to take his eyes off of the knife. "Relax, for Christ's sake." He involuntarily glanced down at himself, half naked. "I'm not crazy."

"Where's the money?" the boy said.

Ned honestly didn't know what he meant. "The money?"

"Where's it at? Money!" The boy spoke sharply, sudden urgency making it come out quickly. "Bread, man, where d' ya keep it at?"

"I haven't got any."

The boy tensed and took a quick step closer, pointing the knife in front of him. "Don't get smart with me, Jim. I want the money."

Ned shrank away, frightened by the sudden vehemence. "I haven't got any, honest. I—" he indicated the room and his sofa-bed and drawing table. "I work here and—" It suddenly seemed ridiculous to explain his circumstances to this *kid*. "—sometimes things are slow." His voice dropped. "I'm broke."

"What?"

Ned lost his temper. "I'm broke, kid. I'm broke!"

"You lyin'!" the boy said coolly.

"Oh, for . . ." Ned waved his arm at the room. "Take a look, then. Jesus . . ."

The outburst seemed to take the boy aback. "I tol' you, man. Don' try nothin'."

"I'm not trying anything." Ned looked at the boy. "Look at me, for God's sake. What the hell do you expect me to try?"

The boy paused and examined Ned. He grinned. "Yeah, man. What could you try?" The grin changed to a laugh. "I'd cut your nuts off!"

Ned paled, but tried to keep light about it. "Right, I mean, what would I do, pull a gun on you?"

This fractured the boy. "Hey, baby . . ." He was laughing so hard he had trouble speaking. "Some gun! Dig!"

Ned managed to grin. "Yes, well . . . that's what I'm trying to tell you."

The boy was trying to stop laughing. "You some fuckup, baby." He shook his head. "Man!" The laughter disappeared and he became very matter of fact. "So, c'mon now, okay? What ya got? Somethin', huh? Just like—" he waved his knife at the television set,"—the TV, or somethin', an' we'll be cool, dig?"

Ned suddenly felt weary. "It doesn't work."

The boy's face clouded with anger. "Look, man, don't bug me! You pushin' for trouble!" He was furious. "Shitman, all you crackers is the same! Now you lissen: I come in here clean, an' if you ain' got no bread— he waved the knife around, "—you must got *somethin'*!"

"I swear to you," Ned said with great care, "the television set is broken. It's been broken for three weeks. It would cost $15 to fix, and I haven't *got* $15."

"You lyin'!" the boy said and took a step closer. "Whitey, you jus' 'nother lyin' mothe'fucker!"

"Look around you," Ned said very loudly. "For God's sake go and look!" He tried to get to the television set but the boy held him back with a wave of the knife. "Turn it on!" Ned begged. "Turn the goddam thing on." He made to move again and this time the boy let him turn on the set. They stood and stared at it and at each other. "You'll see! It's broken." Ned had trouble breathing. "It's been like this for three weeks now, and I haven't got the money to fix it."

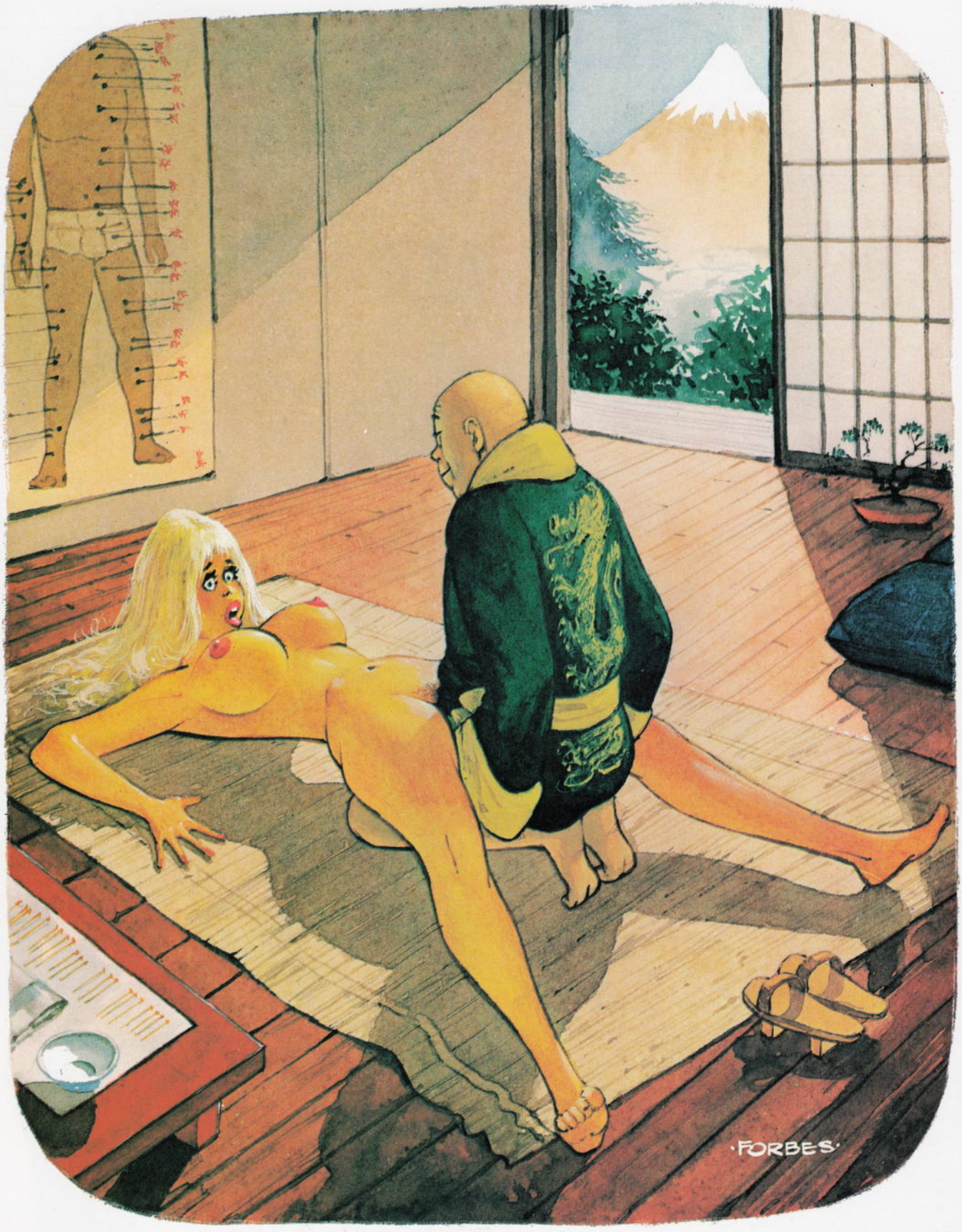
The boy continued staring at the cold tube in the square box. "You bought it, man," he said. "It worked then."

For a moment Ned didn't know what to say, and then couldn't help it and began to laugh. "Jesus!" It was nerves and fear, and he couldn't stop. "You're not serious."

"Don' you laugh at me!" the boy said angrily. Ned continued laughing. "I *mean* it!"

Ned finally stopped and wiped his eyes. "I'm sorry. I—I couldn't help it." He looked at the boy. "Of course I bought it." He indicated the room. "I bought everything in here."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132



"Doctor Lee, are you sure this is acupuncture?"

A DILLINGER DOSSIER

He was America's all-time greatest bankrobber. Here is his entry in a new encyclopedia of major U.S. criminals, whose author believes the astonishing Dillinger was never caught

by Jay Robert Nash

John Herbert Dillinger is America's classic bankrobber. No other criminal ever approached his exploits and reputation. Within 12 months Dillinger robbed more banks and stole more money than Jesse James did in the 16 years he was at large. It took the combined forces of five states and the FBI to pressure his operations to a halt and there exists today no real evidence that he was ever finally apprehended and killed.

Unlike the city gangsters of the '30s, Dillinger sprang from humble rural beginnings. School and work dominated his early life. He was not a "born" criminal in any sense; only a precocious child who could reasonably be considered as average as any man's off-spring.

Born in his father's Indianapolis home June 22, 1903, John Dillinger was delivered by a midwife. His mother Mollie died prematurely in 1907 following an apoplectic attack and an operation. Little Johnnie was left to the care of his 15-year-old sister Audrey and his father John Wilson Dillinger, who operated a grocery store on Bloyd Street and maintained several houses which he owned and rented.

In 1912, Dillinger's father remarried. His second wife was Elizabeth Fields of Mooresville, Ind. Evidence indicates that Audrey Dillinger spent more time with Johnnie than anyone else during this period. Elizabeth Dillinger gave birth to Hubert Dillinger in 1914. A half-sister, Doris, was born in 1916.

Dillinger's father was a stickler for discipline and sometimes locked the child in the house when he was unruly. But Johnnie was a quiet child for the most part, whose grades in Indianapolis' Washington Elementary School were above average. He was well-liked and at an early age proved to be extraordinarily athletic, excelling at baseball.

As a sixth-grader, Dillinger was hauled into juvenile court one day, charged with stealing coal from the Pennsylvania Railroad yards and selling it to neighbors. He was defiant in court. When the magistrate demanded he stop chewing a wad of gum, Dillinger complied, removing it from his mouth and sticking it to the bill of his cap. "Your mind is crippled!" the judge shouted. Johnnie only grinned.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

From the forthcoming book *Bloodletters and Badmen* by Jay Robert Nash, to be published by M. Evans & Company, Inc. Copyright © 1973 by Jay Robert Nash.

Today

At Last They Got Him.
Money Did It, as Usual.
Air Wisdom, and Nonsense.
New Coins for Austria.

By Arthur Brisbane

Copyright, 1934, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

It took fifteen Federal agents, all expert gunmen, to "get" Dillinger. And they got him by surprise, thanks to a woman's "tip that he was to be in a certain theatre," a tip supposed to have been well paid for. It was no "detective work." Dillinger was killed as he had killed others, without a chance of escape, like a trapped coyote, and now he knows, if he knows anything, that as a profession "crime does not pay."

Like other conspicuous bandits, Dillinger was rather stupid, and decidedly conceited, a small brain with a big opinion of himself.

He had the "asymmetrical" face of the typical criminal, one eye higher than the other, a face badly formed. His death was inevitable, once the National Government took an interest in him, and *offered large cash rewards.*

The reward system seems to produce results. There would always be somebody ready to sacrifice Dillinger's life for $5,000, just as he was ready to kill anybody for less than that.

Dillinger was "an Indiana farm boy," born right in this glorious country, not one of those "undesirable aliens" supposed to be responsible for all our woes.

He was jailed and should have been kept jailed, but a parole board let him out to "help his old father on the Indiana farm." Thirteen Dillinger murders followed that stupid parole.

The movie that Dillinger saw, appropriately, was "Manhattan Melodrama," showing New York gamblers and racketeers. As is usual with criminals, the dead man did not lack self-approval. Said he:

"I guess my only bad habit is robbing banks. I smoke very little and don't drink much."

Henceforth, as regards this world, his conduct will be even more nearly perfect.

'BABY FACE' NELSON NEXT ON U. S. LIST

WASHINGTON, July 23 (AP).—A slender little woman, dressed in summery pink, called today on J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, to extend congratulations on the death of John Dillinger, and a few minutes after she left, Hoover, black eyes snapping, named Lester M. Gillis as the man now most wanted by the department. Gillis is better known as George "Baby Face" Nelson.

Hoover's caller was Mrs. W. Carter Baum, widow of a special agent killed in the Wisconsin woods in April when Dillinger and his mobsmen blazed their way to freedom after being trapped at a country inn. Gillis was named by the Government as Baum's assassin.

Hoover said grimly:

"We're going to get that fellow. Now that Dillinger is dead we're going to concentrate on members of his mob that are still left and on 'Baby Face'

Ian Clark

JOHN

6 A. M. FINAL

IN TWO SECTIONS—SECTION ONE

No. 18,632—DAILY

15 Die

OUTLAW, WOM AS 15 U. S. AGE FIRE AT CHICAG

Bandit Falls, Riddled with
Into Ambuscade; Given
Taken to Hospital After

CHICAGO, July 22.—John most hunted and most feared ou tonight by 15 Department of men in front of a little Northsid

They took no chances. T ers—each with a deadly keen in his gun—waited until the of the theatre.

Then they let him have it riddled with lead, before he got

An unidentified woman, b ber of his gang, was wounded.

The chief of the Federal marksmen, Melvin H. Purvis, was with the dead-eye detail. He immediately identified their victim as the desperate Dillinger.

There was no mistake this time. The Federal men knew they had him. For two and half hours they lay in wait side the theatre.

They had been tipp that the outlaw was in the house—the Biograph a small house at Fullerton aven side.

AMB

DILLINGER SHOT TO DEATH

CHARACTER QUALITY AMERICA FIRST! ENTERPRISE

New York American

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

EXTRA

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He was turned back to the custody of his parents. After his graduation from Washington, Dillinger's father—some later said for reasons of getting John away from corruptive city influences—sold his houses and store and bought a modest farm outside Mooresville, Indiana. Here, everything changed for John Dillinger. He refused to help his father farm and vowed never to return to school. Instead, he took a job in Indianapolis as an apprentice machinist at the Reliance Specialty Company, commuting each day from Mooresville on his prize possession, a motorbike. He did attempt to return to school, to please his stepmother, but quickly dropped out of his first semester at Mooresville High.

When his father asked him to help work the farm, John merely shrugged and went back to his machinist job. "My people have been farmers for generations," Dillinger's father commented years later. "I liked the land. John never did. Said it was too slow . . . I guess the city kind of got a hold on him. . . ."

Dillinger dated Frances Thornton, his uncle Everett's stepdaughter. The affair bloomed into love and Dillinger asked his uncle for Frances' hand. Everett refused, the two were too young. The uncle wanted Frances to marry a prosperous boy from Greencastle, Indiana.

Embittered by his rejection, Dillinger returned to Indianapolis where he was seen by neighbors patronizing prostitutes. He contracted gonorrhea. On the night of July 21, 1923, he impulsively stole a car from the parking lot of the Friends Church in Mooresville. Hours later, Dillinger abandoned the auto in Indianapolis. Fearing arrest, he enlisted in the U.S. Navy (unknown to Dillinger, the owner refused to press charges). He gave his real name and a false St Louis, Mo., address.

Fireman third class Dillinger was assigned to the battleship *U.S.S. Utah* (which would be destroyed at Pearl Harbor in 1941), but went AWOL several times and was thrown in the brig. While the ship was anchored off Boston, Dillinger, on December 4, 1923, permanently jumped ship. The Navy listed him as a deserter and posted a $50 reward for his capture.

Back in Indiana, Dillinger met and courted 16-year-old Beryl Ethel Hovious of Martinsville. The young couple married in the spring of 1924 and moved in with Beryl's parents. There wasn't much to it. Dillinger spent more time playing baseball and shooting pool than he spent with his wife.

After drinking several beers with Edgar Singleton, 31, a former convict and umpire for the Martinsville baseball team (in which Dillinger was a remarkably good second baseman), a robbery plan was concocted. Singleton excitedly told Dillinger that 65-year-old Frank Morgan, a grocer in Mooresville, carried his week's receipts home late on Saturday nights. It would be terribly easy to waylay him and steal the money.

Dillinger agreed. On the night of September 6, 1924, the two men jumped Morgan in front of the Mooresville Christian Church at 10:30 p.m. as the grocer was making his way home. One of them (it was never determined which) hit Morgan with a large bolt wrapped in a rag, opening his skull. He got up and was hit again. One of the robbers brandished a pistol but the intrepid Morgan knocked it away with his hand and a shot was accidentally fired. The two men, thoroughly frightened, ran.

Morgan's head wound required 11 stitches. He told Deputy Sheriff John Hayworth he couldn't identify his attacker, but the lawman, through information supplied by Mooresville youths, believed John Dillinger was behind the crime and took him in for questioning. When Dillinger's father arrived at the jail, John tearfully admitted the hold-up. The prosecutor promised the elder Dillinger that his son would receive a lenient sentence if he threw himself on the mercy of the court.

It was Dillinger's bad luck to have been brought before Judge Joseph W. Williams, the severest jurist in the county. Williams gave Dillinger concurrent sentences of two to 14 years and ten to 20 years on the two charges of conspiracy to commit a felony and assault with intent to rob. He also fined the youth $100 on each charge and disenfranchised him for 12 years.

At Indiana State Reformatory at Pendleton when he faced Warden A. F. Miles for the first time, Dillinger calmly stated: "I won't cause you any trouble except to escape."

Within weeks, Dillinger tried but was caught. Next he tried again when an escort was returning him to Pendleton, after he had been escorted to Singleton's trial as a witness. On the night of October 10, 1924 he was discovered missing from his cell. Guards located him under a pile of excelsior in the foundry. In November the same year, working with a makeshift saw, Dillinger broke out of his cell and into a corridor where he was caught. He tried again in 1925 and was captured.

About this time, Dillinger met the man who was to shape his criminal career, handsome Harry Pierpont, a young bankrobber first arrested for trying to kill a man in Terre Haute, Indiana in March, 1922. Pierpont, soft-spoken and considered quite a ladies' man, had knocked over a Kokomo, Ind. bank single-handed and, upon his capture, was sent to Pendleton.

There, Dillinger and Pierpont became close friends and were soon joined by another youthful bankrobber, Homer Van Meter, a crafty habitual criminal who played jester to Pendleton's high court of criminals. Pierpont and Van Meter, who disliked each other, earned Dillinger's admiration by being the toughest, most incorrigible convicts at Pendleton. They spent more time in solitary confinement than in their cells. When officials could no longer control them they were both shipped off to the state prison at Michigan City, Indiana to serve out their long sentences.

After Dillinger's wife divorced him in 1929, he came before the parole board. Indiana Governor Harry Leslie was sitting in on the meeting. He had seen Dillinger play baseball in the reformatory's yard once and remarked: "That kid ought to be playing major league baseball." Dillinger had heard of this and now used it as a ploy to obtain a transfer. He asked that he be sent to Michigan City.

"Why do you want to go to Michigan City?" he was asked. "Because they have a real team up there," John replied. Leslie quickly convinced the board that such a transfer might lead to "an occupation for him later". Dillinger was sent to the Big House on July 15, 1929 and happily fell in with Pierpont and Van Meter.

His old Pendleton classmates introduced him to John Hamilton, another bankrobber, who was apprehended after stealing a car in 1927. Doing a 25-year sentence, Hamilton, 34, began to teach Dillinger, as he had Pierpont, the ins and outs of robbing banks. He was an intelligent tough con who talked quietly.

Among Pierpont's elite bankrobbing alumni was Charles "Fat Charley" Makley who had been in and out of prison in the last 10 years, and who was doing 20 years for robbing a Hammond, Ind. bank. Ohio-born Makley was 44 and the clown of the group when Van Meter wasn't about. There was also Russell Lee Clark, a large big-boned bank robber with steely nerves and an introverted disposition. Clark had been sent up in 1927 and had led attempted prison breaks, riots, and had tried to kill his guards on several occasions.

These men, whose incredible thefts would astound the country, specially cultivated Dillinger as their future contact man on the outside; he would be up for parole before any of the others. It would be his job to rob a string of small-town banks from a list prepared by Pierpont and Hamilton and use funds from these robberies to finance a break from Michigan City.

Dillinger was paroled May 22, 1933 and immediately rushed to his father's Mooresville farm where his stepmother was seriously ill. He arrived an hour after Elizabeth Fields Dillinger died.

The following Sunday Dillinger attended the Friends' Church in Mooresville. Pastor Gertrude M. Reinier saw John sitting with his father in a front

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

BREAKTHROUGH! BREAKTHROUGH!

Humor by Henry Morgan

Well, friends, our intrepid leader has done it again! We now have proof positive that Nixon's effort to re-establish economic links with China has actually paid off. We have just received the first do-it-yourself model kit from the inscrutable East.

It's a girl.

Yes, old buddies, instead of starting from scratch, which is a very messy job, you can now put a girl together from the 250 color-coded parts that come in a nice box. The instructions are easy to follow and you don't need any tools. Anybody who can fold a paper airplane can have a peachy girl, in just two or three nights at the old kitchen table. Herewith, a rundown on the whole bit. The instruction book reads as follows:

1. *Prace* (place) *on froor which shall be not wettened part 23W. Being surely the manner of to gluing. Not to sroppy.*

23W is a left arm, as you can see in the diagram. It turns out that there really won't be room on the table after all. Okay, two or three nights on the kitchen floor should do it.

2. *No. 22, reft side of bosoms, spride notch B in srot.*

It would be well at this point to put the little nipple motors in pra—uh, in place. For those who like a lot of entertainment it is advisable to wire the crossover so that the "bosoms" can be wiggled. With a bit of experimentation they can be made to go both up and down and from side to side, like an electric toothbrush.

This would also be a good time to touch up the tips with a little rouge and put a drop of light machine oil in the cleavage. The armpit can be shaved after joining.

3. *Right arm samely.*

Well, the point here is to be sure you have checked the arms carefully. The right one is particularly important for members of the regular Army who like a good massage but who feel better if the girl salutes first, Adjust for British or American salute.

4. *Appry naver.*

Caution. When applying the navel, make sure it's completely free of lint. While the navel isn't absolutely necessary, it comes in handy sometimes. It can be filled with water, for example, so that you can wet your finger when reading in bed.

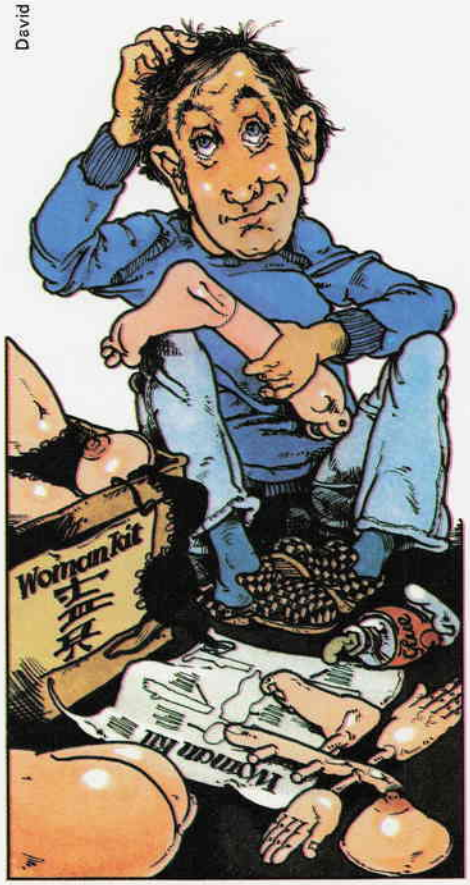
5. *Screw the neck.*

This shouldn't be read as "oh, screw it", but means that the neck has threads on the outside so that it can be turned into the space between the shoulders. For those who are in a hurry the neck may be omitted, but this means the girl will be able to face only forward. Probably just as well.

6. *Head screwing.*

A decision has to be made at this juncture. Should the mouth motor and voice box be put in? It is suggested that the mouth motor be installed but the voice box left out. The advantages are obvious.

David Frankland



7. *Appry head fixings.*

Care should be taken with the ears. They make excellent handles. There are four noses in the box and any one of them should prove satisfactory, except note that (3) can't smell. All the wigs are fireproof.

Eyebrows needn't match the hair, but they should match each other. Put in the dimples with the little stick.

If you are looking ahead, you will leave out the teeth. The eye and tongue motors fit in where the brain would go. (A brain comes with the kit but it doesn't work any better than the live ones, so the hell with it.)

8. *Reft reg.*

The fitting of the legs is simple, just be sure that the feet point forward. It doesn't matter too much if the left foot is on the right leg . . . in fact, it lends interest, but be sure they both face forward or the girl will never be able to get off her ass. It wouldn't hurt to count the toes, either, as this factory has some jokers working there. (Author's kit contained 14 toes.)

9. *Adjusting clotch.*

There have been some complaints. As is well known, little girl—little crotch, big girl—all crotch. If it seems to be the right size, the best way to get it in is with a tablespoon. The "V" should point downward. (If you're working on the floor, this means "toward the toes".)

If you're going to put hair on it you can cut a piece out of one of the spare wigs to match . . . or, if a more lifelike finish is desired, you can do the very very popular, real-life effect of mix-and-match.

10. *Backsides allangement.*

These are the two "watermelons" in the kit (the ones without the nipples). One goes on either side just below the waist. You will notice that when they are in the proper place, a small opening is observable down toward the bottom (toesward). Another part screws in here, which see below.

11. *Washer fixings.*

This is the part mentioned above. It's easy to recognize as it resembles a short piece of small-diameter, sort of choked up, hose. It screws in the open space beneath the watermelons. Warning! Don't screw in too tight!

After you are satisfied that you have used all the parts in the box, you may test the girl. It is better to start slowly with a few simple commands, such as "Sit" and "Feel my muscles." It's no good horsing around for the first few days until you are absolutely sure that everything fits, that everything bends and that the girl doesn't creak or make little popping or splitting sounds. Most adjustments can be made merely by pressing with the thumbs.

This girl should not be "tinkered" with. For example, it has been discovered that after a fairly short time, peculiar interior connections take place that result in the following: if you should unscrew the "washer", for example, the crotch falls off. Once you have everything in place, let it alone!

Suggestion: If you are feeling overcome by the whole world, sick and nervous, try putting the girl's voice box in for a few days. When you take it out you will feel like a new person.

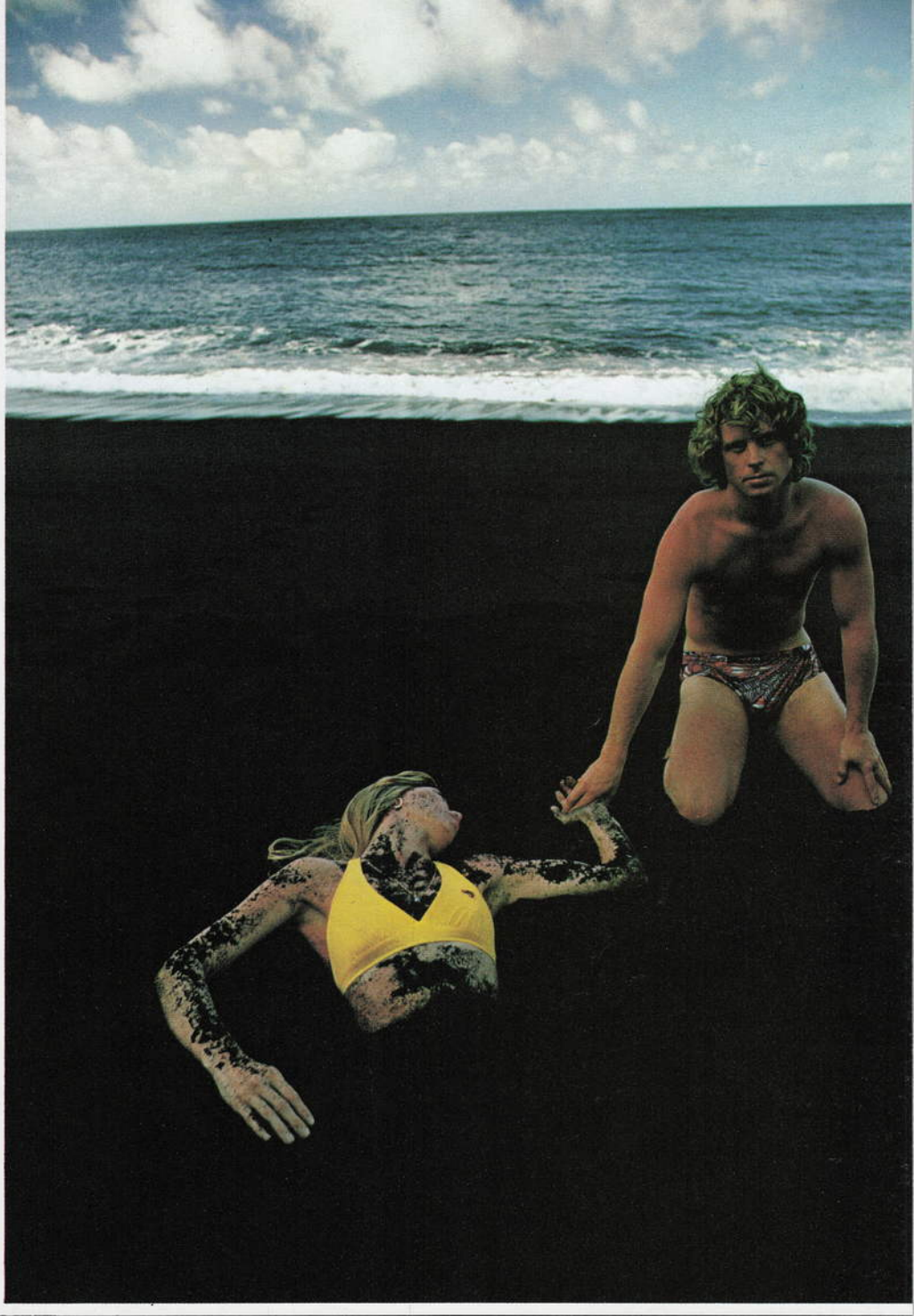
Don't throw out the box without removing the wardrobe that comes with the kit! You will find everything the girl needs . . . net stockings, leather belts, manacles . . . the lot. In the small, green box you will find an extra crotch.

If anything else is needed, just drop a line to Hoo Yu Fong, Lords of the Steaming Bush, Hai Dhong, China. They'll be grad to herp you.

Fashion by Ed Emmerling

LEI-ING IN THE SUN

where Hawaii's drive-in volcanoes lure worshippers in the season's newest sun wear & swim gear.



The movement toward freedom in men's wear has already gained good ground. In the front lines is swim wear, with radically new emphasis on bold prints, the colorful, the unabashedly sexy.

Dull old solid-color boxer shorts have given way to athletic-cut trunks and briefs. The new low-waisted, short-legged styles come in such fast-drying fabrics as nylon knit, tricot, nylon jersey and rayon satin. By comparison, the older garb is not only bulky but clinging and clammy when wet.

With luck, you can plunge into freer swim wear on the big Island of Hawaii. There the molten outpouring of Kilaulea and Mauna Loa (the United States' only active volcanoes) have destroyed forests but left tree molds, craters and dark, starkly beautiful lava flows of moonscape loveliness. And you can go just a short distance from them to lush valleys, black-sand beaches, the 420-foot Akaka Falls, fields of orchids and peaceful bays.

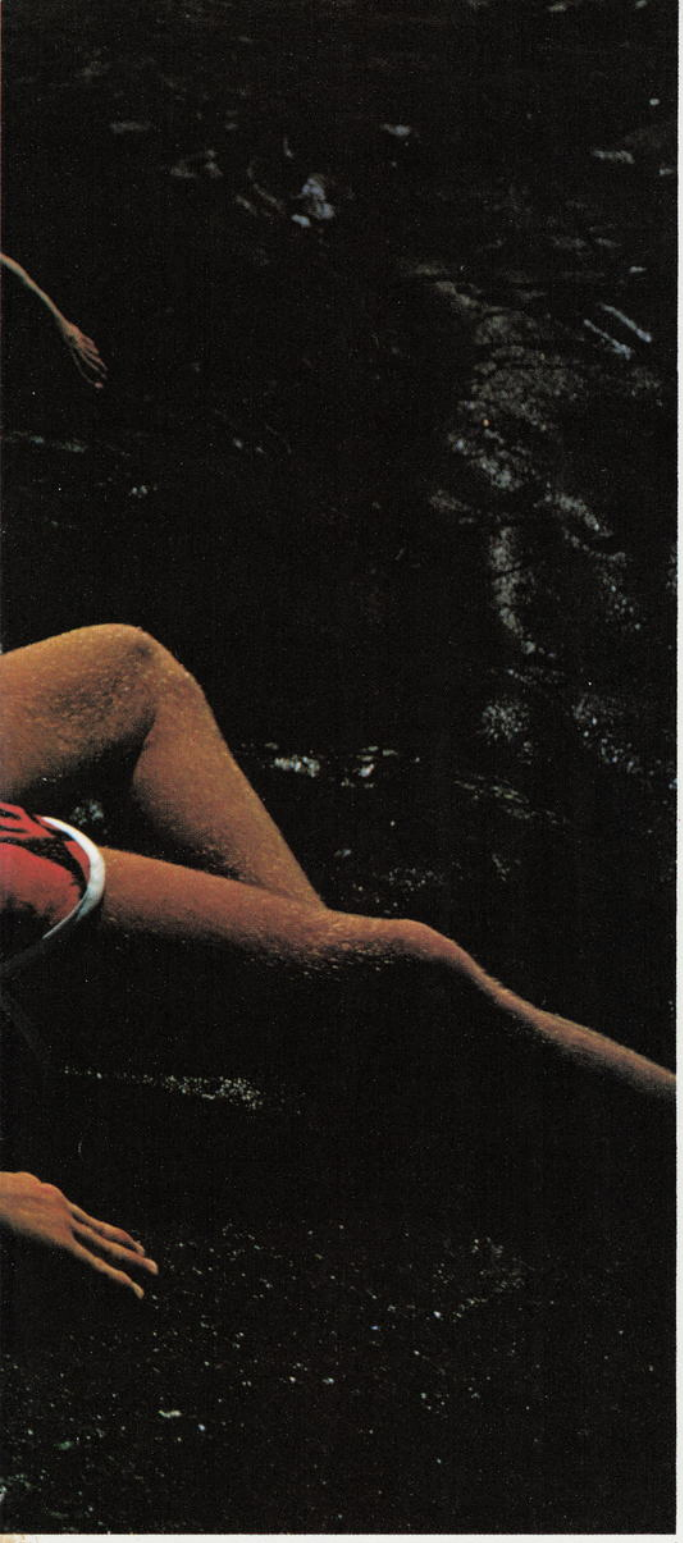
If you look forward to a summer in such splendor, think of Western Airlines' flights to take you there from California. They make it easy to go, with two flights daily from Los Angeles to Hilo and, of course, many more to Honolulu. And consider the Naniloa, a grand resort hotel in Hilo, the floral center and traditional gateway of the Big Island.

For the economy minded, Western offers quadruple occupancy for eight days and seven nights ($44 per person for lodging, and air fare as low as $206.06 round trip between Los Angeles and Hawaii). For luxury, Western provides double occupancy ($602 per person) at Hawaii's most luxurious resorts, with jaunts to Oahu and Maui thrown in.

This black-sand beach at Kihena was formed in 1955 by rift eruptions from nearby Kilauea. The nylon feather-motif bikini is by Catalina Men, $6. Her bathing suit by Sun Love.

For where to buy merchandise consult our Fashion Finder on page130

Photography by Ken Marcus



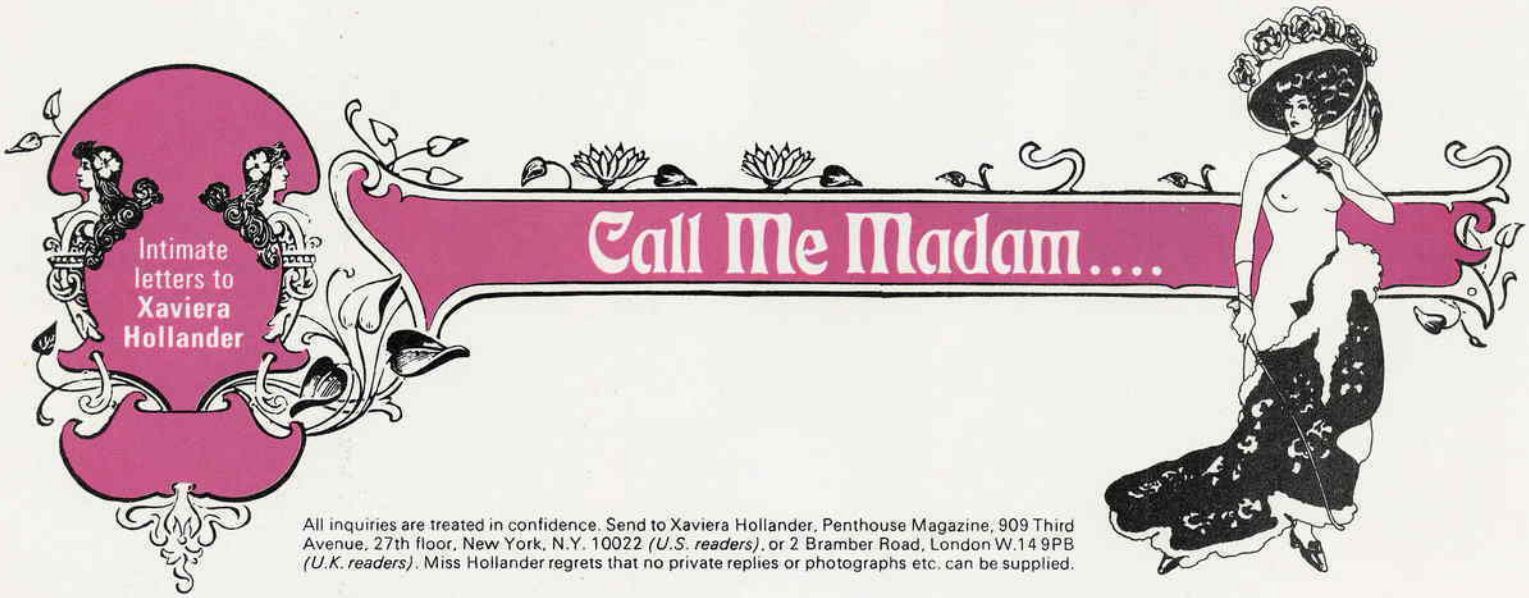
On a black-sand beach at Kimu, near Kalapana. His cotton seersucker swimsuit with strawberry motif by Sea Squire, $15. Her two-piece suit by India Emporium, New York.

The lava flow of October, 1972, in the Hawaiian Volcanoes National Park comes close to moonscape. His athletic-style Hawaiian-print trunks by Catalina Men, $8.50. The neckpiece by Dia Diadoto, New York. Her gold-lamé two-piece suit is from Kamali boutique, New York.

At Western Airlines' reservations desk, Los Angeles International Airport. His nylon check shirt, pleated shorts and red leather belt are all from Madonna boutique, New York. Her Mexican top and red pedal pushers from Kamali boutique, New York.

Eruptions from Kilauea crater (left) created this stark spot. Trunks in abstract flag-print (still a popular pattern) are all cotton, by Sea Squire, $13. His neck piece by Dia Diadoto, New York. Her Hawaiian-print sunsuit of black and white from Kamali boutique, New York.

A sparkling pause in the Hawaiian National Forest. His abstract-print bathing suit of nylon is by McGregor-Doniger, $8. Her striped suit from Kamali boutique, New York.



All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, 27th floor, New York, N.Y. 10022 *(U.S. readers)*, or 2 Bramber Road, London W.14 9PB *(U.K. readers)*. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies or photographs etc. can be supplied.

A TASTE FOR FORBIDDEN FRUIT

For the last few years I have been working as a call girl. I started when I was at college in order to supplement my scholarship, and though I have a regular daytime job with a large corporation I still entertain wealthy clients. My problem is that I have more orgasms with my clients than I do with my man. I told him and he thought that maybe I was getting tired from overworking, but I'm a strong girl (5ft 9ins and 44-29-40) and never get tired as long as I'm making money. I have been to analysis with no success—all the analysts suggest is that I should quit being a callgirl. My man says that I only enjoy making love when it is illegal. He may be right, because the only time I climaxed with him was when we screwed in a public park. How can I bring the thrill back to my private unpaid sex?—Creole.

You obviously love the taste of forbidden fruit. You enjoy making love to men and also like them to show appreciation for your services by giving you a reward. In France this is called *l'amour vénale* and many French prostitutes derive great pleasure from their customers. When a prostitute is selective about her customers there is no reason why she shouldn't reach orgasms with them. During my career I quite often came across gorgeous men who were great lovers, and enjoyed what started off as a business arrangement. It was an ideal combination of business and pleasure. Prostitutes are always blamed for being cold and mercenary, and accused of being nothing but a bunch of fakers. It's good to see that you don't belong to that category. I once saw a movie in which a guy married a beautiful lady who turned out to be "frigid". She remained cold and aloof no matter what her husband tried, but all their lovemaking was confined to the bedroom. Then one day they attended the opening of an art gallery. In the midst of all the expensive woodcarvings, paintings and crystal candelabra the wife suddenly came on heat and virtually raped her husband behind an oriental screen, enjoying the imminent danger of discovery from other wandering guests. She reached a fantastic orgasm, and from then on they used to make love in the oddest places—public parks and lavatories and on one occasion a restaurant, hidden under the tablecloth while an elderly couple enjoyed their meal above them. As you obviously like the spice of danger, experiment and find suitably risky spots yourself. As you also seem to enjoy being rewarded for your lovemaking, why not set up some kind of game with your man? He could pretend to be a visiting fireman or whatever looking for the services of a great hooker (you), and before you start screwing he could pay you. If this thought doesn't really turn him on, promise that he'll get his money back afterwards!

DOING WITHOUT A HELPING HAND

I am a bachelor, 31 years old. My problem is that I've always had satisfaction through masturbation. When I try intercourse with a girl I have no problem getting an erection, but I can never seem to ejaculate except by hand. This of course prolongs orgasm for the girls but leaves me unfulfilled. Do you have any suggestions? I am contemplating marriage, but I am afraid I will never be able to switch over to normal intercourse.—Roger.

When I was a callgirl young men were sometimes sent to me by their psychiatrists. Most of them were still virgins; they either had homosexual inclinations they wanted to fight or were simply too shy to find either male or female bedpartners. One had been raised in a strict Roman Catholic household and taught by his domineering mommy that sex was dirty and only good for making babies once he was married. He failed to climax inside me and was disillusioned, because he had been eagerly looking forward to his first coitus. After a few strokes he simply went soft. I fellated his penis erect again several times, but coitus always ended with the same result. This boy (who was 24) got so depressed he thought he would never be able to make it with a woman. He then confessed that he masturbated every night and sometimes during the day as well. I laughed at him when I heard this and told him that he had no problem whatsoever—all he had to do was to "stay off the beat for two weeks and then come back". Two weeks later he returned nervous and horny. He smiled shyly and said: "My psychiatrist tells me I won't be able to make it today, and it will probably take another four visits before I have an orgasm." I told him to tell his psychiatrist that he was talking bullshit, and the kid reached his first glorious orgasm at the third stroke. A second later he was on his feet and grabbing my hand, yelling: "I am a man, I made it! Congratulate me and to hell with my psychiatrist. Who needs him!" I told him to take it easy since it was the psychiatrist who had been kind enough to send me his patients. So, dear Roger quit amusing yourself by abusing yourself. Do yourself a favor and stay off the beat for a while; it should have the required effect.

BORROWING A NEIGHBOR'S WIFE

I am 25 and met my wife when we were both 15, so I've never had sexual relations with anyone else. Although I enjoy sex with my wife, I have the desire to sample elsewhere. We recently moved into a new home and found that our neighbors are a young couple much like ourselves. I would like to make it with the chick if the opportunity presents itself, and I think she has the same idea. Whenever she comes over to borrow anything she does so when only

I am at home. She is always wearing either a revealing blouse or a tight sweater with no bra or the smallest bikini, so I think that she wants more than a cup of sugar. My problem is, how do I find out for sure whether she's willing?—Hopeful.

How about suggesting a mutual husband-and-wife swapping to your wife? This will give both of you a chance to sample elsewhere. If this isn't possible and you still insist on having an affair with your sexy neighbor, remember the coarse old English saying: You don't shit where you eat. Your neighbor is obviously ready for you, but she lives a bit too close for comfort and you will end up living a life of guilt and lies if you insist on having an affair with her. If all you want is a little lighthearted variety, however, go ahead and flirt right back.

TWO'S HUMDRUM, THREE'S DESIRED

I am 30, and I've been married eight years. Due to a fear of some genital disease accidentally caused by my father I never had sex with a girl until the night before I was married. Now I have become oversexed. When we were first married we used to indulge in sex three or four times a day during the week and any time and all the time at the weekends. I didn't forget my wife's pleasure—the more she derived from our sex the more I got out of it. I can still take the same pace, but my wife can't. A few times she's shown that she could be a very sexual partner in bed, but usually she's content to play a very passive role. She maintains that her only erogenous zones are her lips and her clitoris, which leaves me at a loss, because I'd like to enjoy her whole body. She doesn't want me to play with her breasts because she says it irritates her. When I try to perform cunnilingus she begs me to go back in her, and the only way she can reach orgasm is by my hand or penis rubbing her clitoris outside her vagina. At one time she agreed (after a heated discussion) to a threesome with a girl I really desired. For about a week we had frequent threesomes, but she didn't really enjoy them so we stopped. I have tried to encourage variety in our sex, but she resists—she only wants it once a month. I even tried that, but I only managed just over a week, masturbating frequently, and I found myself pawing her in her sleep. I love my wife and want her always, but we're so far apart sexually. Should I give up and settle for a more placid sex life, or can you suggest something to help me?—D.K.

Your wife obviously has a mental problem. On the one hand she seems to enjoy clitoral stimulation, on the other she is turned off by cunnilingus. (Maybe you don't perform this the right way? Perhaps you're too rough and in-

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experienced?) Basically, she doesn't seem interested in the lovemaking scene anymore, and you've got to find out the reason for this. Why don't you both sit down one evening and let her put her cards open on the table and discuss exactly what she does and doesn't like? Since she seems so tolerant about your past three-way scene, suggest that *she* chooses the partner next time. If she's not interested in this, if sex really isn't her cup of tea any more, she must realize that your needs are being neglected. She ought to allow you at least one night off every week so that you can go out on the town without involving her at all. I'd also suggest that she ought perhaps to see a psychiatrist some day.

HE CAN'T STAND AND DELIVER

I enjoy fellating my husband, usually as a part of our foreplay but occasionally I get the urge to make him climax in my mouth. In spite of my efforts and his suggestions I haven't been able to manage this. Can you tell me how it's done?—N.D.

Your husband probably has a psychological hangup about coming in your mouth, perhaps because he's read somewhere that most women have an aversion to fellating their husbands and swallowing sperm. He's possibly afraid that once you taste his sperm you might find it bitter and thus get turned off the idea of fellatio for ever. I think he's a lucky man to have a considerate and sexy wife like you who obviously likes all aspects of lovemaking. If you explain to him that whatever happens you'll always enjoy going down on him you may enable him to let you have your wish. Good luck!

LURE OF THE INDIAN LOVE CALL

I'm a 19-year-old housewife who has been married for a year-and-a-half. We have a four-month-old (planned) child. I'd never had a sexual experience till I met my husband. I knew when I started that I was lousy in bed, but my husband has taught me a lot. Now that I have the potential to please him, he seems only concerned with himself. Sometimes he has fantasies of being dominated in a mild way and I gratify him willingly. But he never attempts to make me feel loved, for instance by attacking me sexually when I'm making breakfast. He says we'd only have a fight and that I can have sex whenever I ask for it. Somehow this doesn't seem much fun. I've never cheated my husband, but I've just started work at his firm and the foreman, who is a nice-looking 33-year-old Indian, really turns me on so much I could scream. I have no emotional feelings for him, just sexual attraction. The only thing that keeps my sex life enjoyable is that I imagine it's the foreman when we go to bed. My husband is worried about his back—he has a Vietnam injury with complications—and knows how frustrated I am about our sex life. I'm scared to death about the mess with his back, but I need lots of affection and don't seem to find it any more. Is there a solution?—All hung up.

Wait until the moment is ripe—preferably some Indian summer (!)—and then tell your husband to play ball the way you want it. If necessary do this forcefully and really threaten to hurt him if he does not do it your way. If not, tell your chief at home you are going to play a war dance with some other Indian on the reservation. However, give him the first crack, be honest and make your needs clear to him.

A BAD WORKMAN BLAMES HIS TOOL

I've had my fill of cheap streetwalkers who expend as little energy as the traffic will bear. The whorehouses you describe in your book sound a whole new and fantastic scene, but where does a guy start looking for a high-class establishment in the average American town? I can find plenty of lazy whores—what I want is some intelligent guidance for finding the best.—Duane.

Try and get away from all types of prostitute and conquer women under your own steam. Get your head together, be selective and exert yourself a little. A thick billfold has never been the criterion of a good lover. It's a lazy way out just to visit a whore, pay, screw her and then walk out as if you'd just been to wash your hands. In my opinion you seem to have a negative attitude to prostitutes and women in general. You may never be satisfied, since you seem to be the selfish type who will complain about any woman you end up in bed with. I bet it is your own unemotional approach towards women that is the problem, and not only the laziness of the hookers you visit.

SHE WANTS TO TRY IT BOTH WAYS

I'm a happily married female aged 25. I'm bisexual, and have desired sex with other females for a long time. My husband and I have even imagined a threesome and thought of trying out your daisy-chain idea. My problem? How do I make contact with another female without disgusting her or disgracing myself? Is there any way of knowing whether other women have desires like mine by the way they speak, dress, glance at me, etc?—Bonnie.

In every major city nowadays there are swinging groups of people who advertise by means of personal columns in underground papers and magazines. All you have to do is put in some ads with your request for another female to join you and your husband in a *ménage à trois* or answer any promising ads in-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

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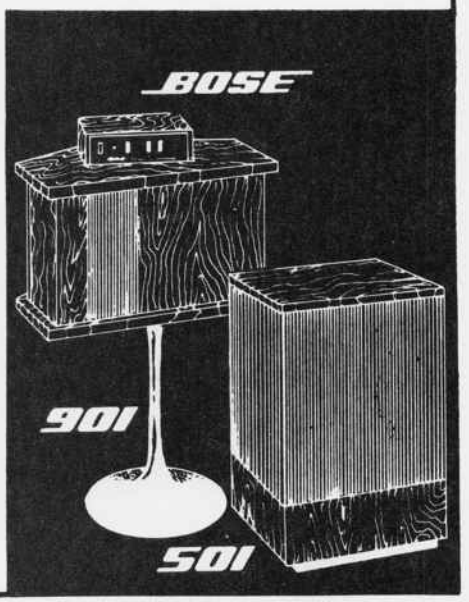


Pet of the Year Play-off

As the time draws near for the year's most pleasurable poll—the selection of the Penthouse Pet of the Year—what is now one of the world's largest magazine readerships will be perusing this seductive pictorial play-off in preparation for the final vote.

The Pet quintet on the following pages was selected in response to readers' letters over the past year. From these five hopefuls, you are invited to choose the new title holder. The Pet of the Year traditionally represents the ultimate in outgoing, contemporary femininity, so in making your final selection, consider not only the candidate's visual qualities but the interests and personality she reveals in the accompanying text.

To participate along with the editors of Penthouse, simply mail the name of your candidate to our New York or London office, marking your letter or postcard, "Pet of the Year." The outcome of your selection will be announced, along with an all-new pictorial reappraisal, in our Eighth Anniversary Issue next September.

Reigning Pet of the Year **Miss Tina McDowall** *(above), a wee, bonnie Scots lass who graduated from the London Penthouse Club to become Pet Promotions Director in our New York headquarters, prepares to turn her Pet of Pets crown over to one of this year's five finalists, pictured on the following pages.*

MARIAN MAYLAM

When something's cooking, it usually means that twenty-five-year-old Marian Maylam, A Penthouse Club Pet from Kent, England, is once more proving her indomitable domesticity by preparing her favorite Italian cuisine. Shaping up to the stove at a stirring 38-24-37, Marian believes that a girl must have all-around aptitude to merit a man's approval. A one-time resident of the U.S., where she became the most dedicated fan ever of the Baltimore Colts, Marian now divides her time between London and rural Kent. And her future? "I'm a man's woman. A man will decide my future."

BILLIE DEANE

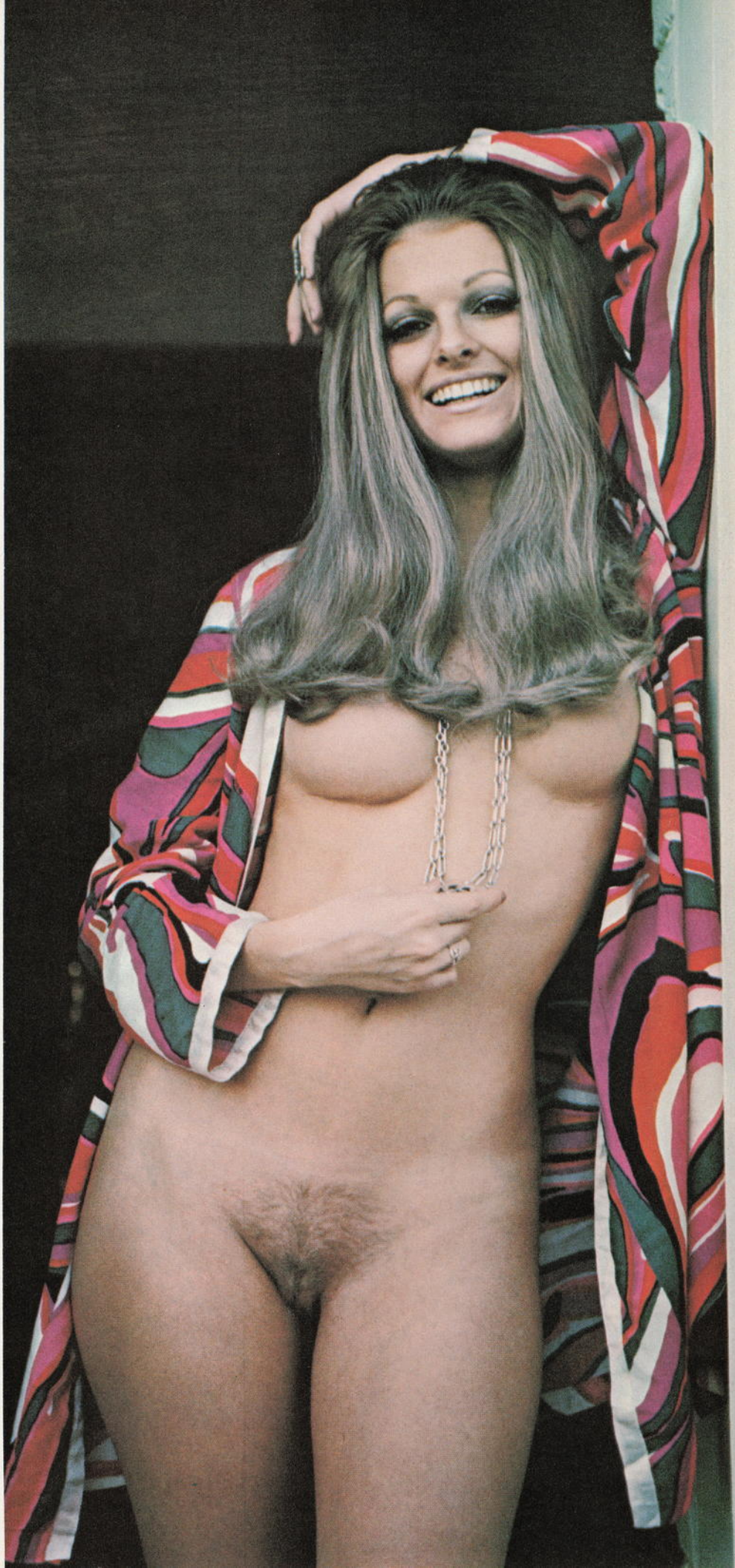
Aspiring actress Billie Deane, twenty, received widespread critical approval for her premiere appearance in Penthouse, and as a result has been chased for numerous up-and-coming stage and screen roles. Most appreciated by London Penthouse Club members, however, is her regular walk-on part as a cocktail Pet under her real name, Gillian Duxbury. Billie/Gillian, whose 39-25-37 is worth at least a thousand words of her favorite playwright, Shakespeare, has a secret ambition to play Portia's trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice* as a striptease. "I want to show that while men can acquit themselves with words, women can do the same thing with just their bodies. A woman always has a second line of defense."

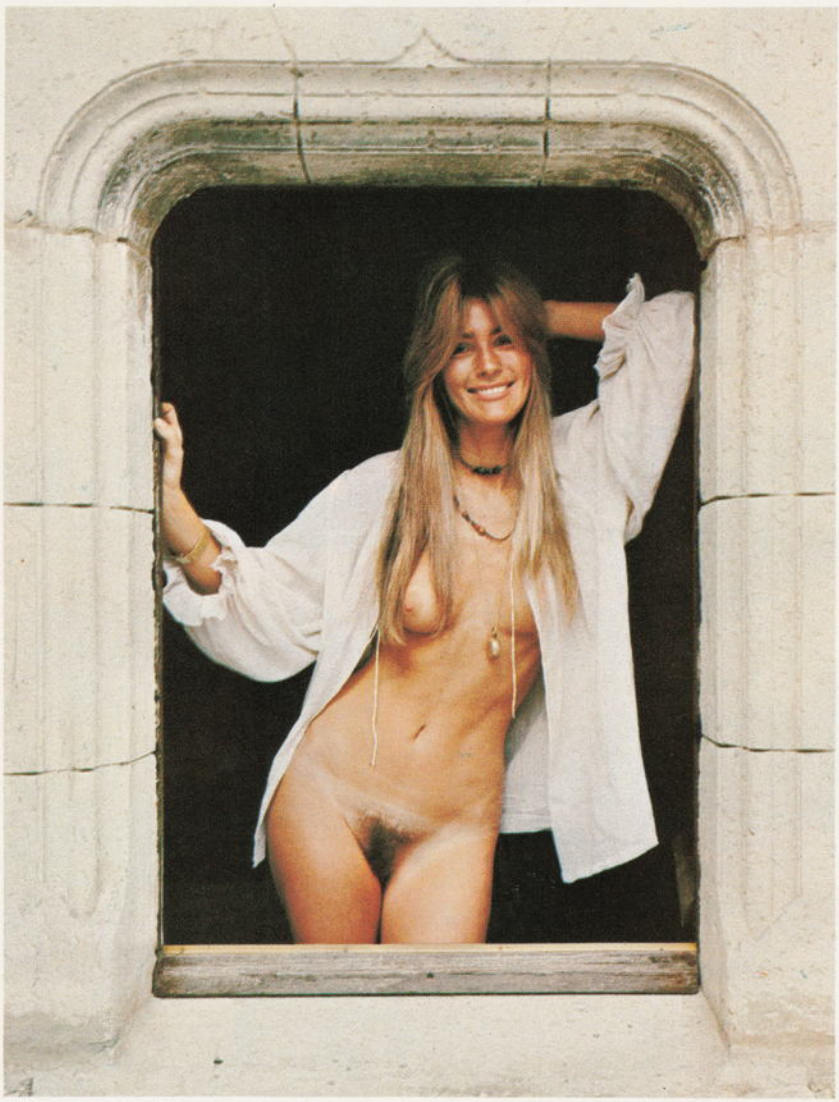
HELEN CAUNT

One of the most eye-catching Pets at the London Penthouse Club, twenty-one-year-old former singer Helen Caunt, keeps her 36-24-36 in conspicuous trim by regular horseback riding in England's rural Buckinghamshire. "Since the right kind of men seem to be able to master me easily, I think I *need* a creature like a horse to exercise a little mastery over myself." Does she dislike male domination? "Not at all. I enjoy being ordered around by men. Exploitation can only be called exploitation if you don't like it. Life without that special male security—in any way I can think of—would be completely intolerable." Helen's ambitions? "To sing alongside Elvis Presley at Las Vegas, and then to settle down with a strong-minded man, for good."

PATRICIA 'CHEROKEE' BARRETT

Although a nominal percent of Cherokee blood remains coursing in her notable veins, twenty-three-year-old Patricia Barrett is a strong believer in the moral principles of the North American Indians. "They were not at all casual about their sex," explains this Montana-born model. "They believed in marriage and in taking their responsibilities head-on" Cherokee's 36-22-35 form was molded by history: her great-great grandfather was a Forty-niner from England who found little gold in California but did discover a *great* great-great grandmother for Cherokee. "I don't think I've inherited any of that famous ancestral self-reliance though," she asserts. "I'm a quiet girl who enjoys being dominated."





LYNN PARTINGTON

In an age of burgeoning sexual freedom, twenty-four-year-old Lynn Partington, an elegant English actress from Cheshire, has a notable sense of moral restraint. Brought up in a convent in India, daughter of a British engineer, she returned to London in time for the outbreak of permissiveness. "I was shocked to the core," she admits. "I was nineteen then, and I stayed a virgin until I was twenty-one." Even till six months before her Penthouse centerspread appearance, her closest boyfriend hadn't seen her 35-21-35 statistics in the buff. "I was too shy," she says. But her morality is entirely her own, not a hand-me-down from her parents. "I made my own decision to be virtuous, and I believe it was the right decision. I may be old-fashioned, but take me or leave me, that's the way I'm always going to be."

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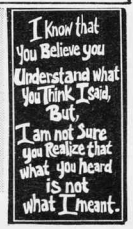
I Know that You Believe you Understand what You Think I said, But, I am not Sure you Realize that what you heard is not what I meant.

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Z-14 THE CLASSIC LAUREL AND HARDY. Giant 30" x 40" photo. **$1.50**

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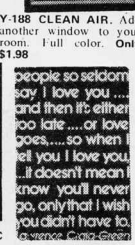
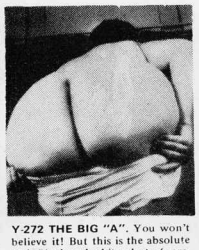

people so seldom say I love you .... and then it's either too late .... or love goes, ... so when I tell you I love you, ...it doesn't mean I know you'll never go, only that I wish you didn't have to.

Z-10 Lawrence Craig Green. Dayglow, 24" x 36". **$2.50**

Y-106 VA VA VOOM. Our former mystery poster now exposed! 23" x 29" photo (unretouched). **$1.98**



Y-272 THE BIG "A". You won't believe it! But this is the absolute end. Black and white photo (unretouched), size 23" x 29". **Staggering $1.50**

Z-30 WOMEN'S LIB! Introducing the co-ed bathroom. Fantastic full color photo, 23" x 29". **$1.98**

Y-155 LADY BARBARA. She is our choice for nude of the month. Full color 24" x 28". **$1.98**

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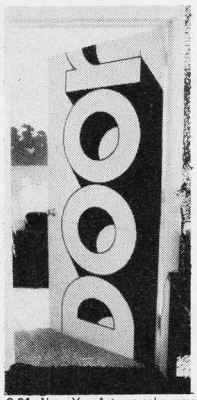

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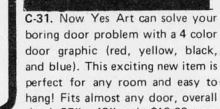

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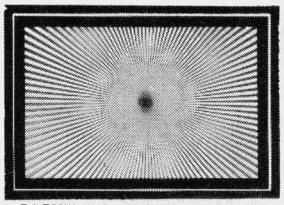

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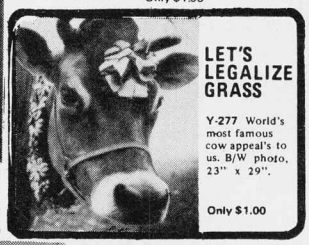

Y-277 World's most famous cow appeal's to us. B/W photo, 23" x 29". **Only $1.00**

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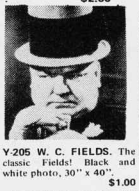

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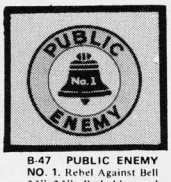

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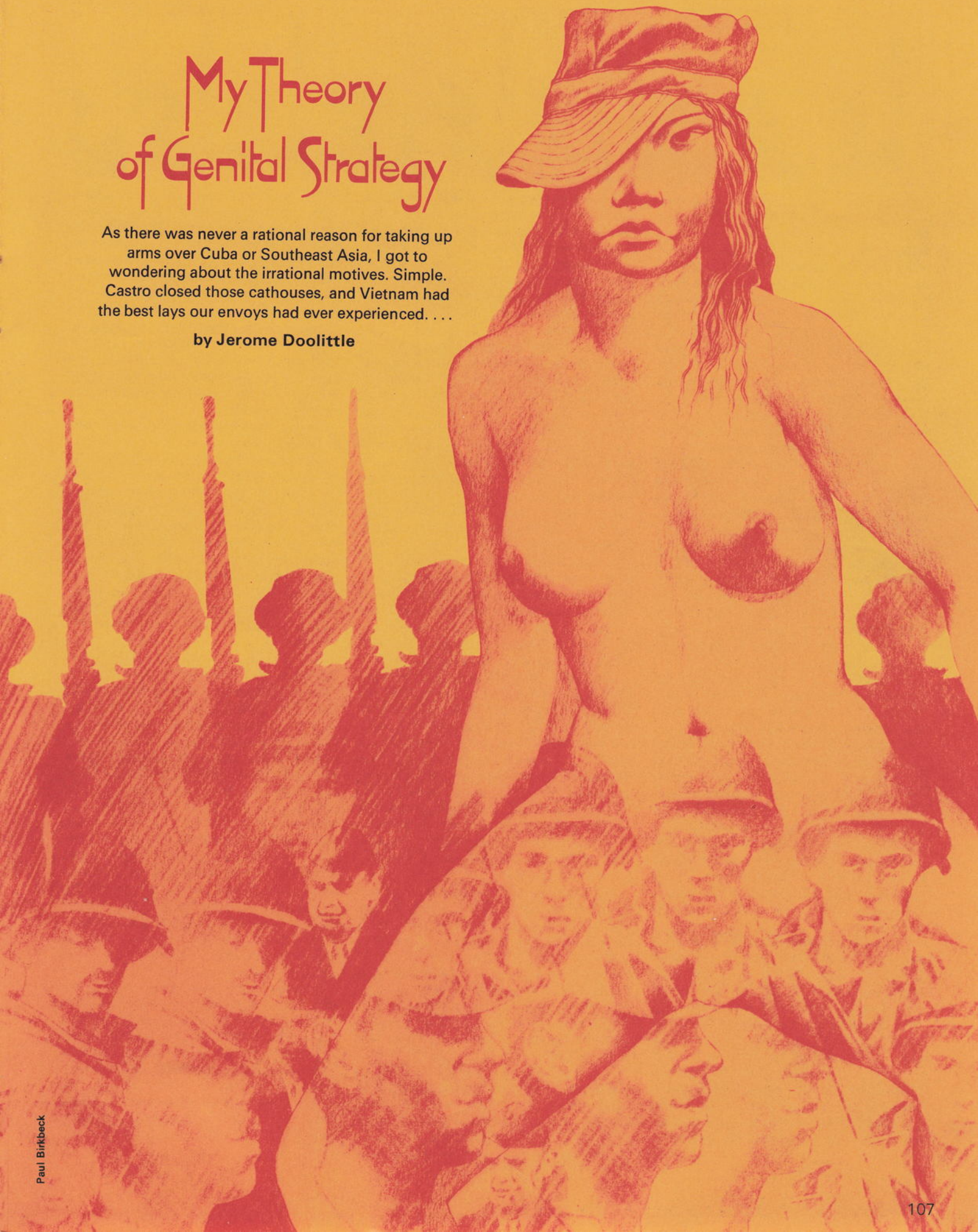
My Theory of Genital Strategy

As there was never a rational reason for taking up arms over Cuba or Southeast Asia, I got to wondering about the irrational motives. Simple. Castro closed those cathouses, and Vietnam had the best lays our envoys had ever experienced. . . .

by Jerome Doolittle



Paul Birkbeck

Thinking back on it, my first clue was given me by a U.S. Army colonel in 1957, a time when all that most Americans knew about Indochina came from their boyhood stamp collections. At a Washington party the colonel was being very witty, very amusing, about our efforts to train the South Vietnamese in the use of armor. We had put a group of their officers through tank training at Fort Knox, it seemed, and had sent them back home with a large force of American tanks to set up a similar training facility in Vietnam. The Vietnamese officers insisted on setting up their new armor academy in Saigon, though the Americans pointed out that the streets there were too narrow for tanks. "Those little bastards just wouldn't leave the bright lights," the colonel chuckled. The tanks themselves were parked untended in the countryside until, after a year, only a handful of them would still run.

This was pretty comical, all right, but it also struck me as pretty nutty. And so I asked the colonel a question. "Why do we care about the place, anyway?" I said. "What's the country like?"

"Beautiful," he said nostalgically. "Beautiful scenery. Beautiful duty. Plenty of housing and servants. And the women—absolutely beautiful."

Back in 1957, without knowing it, I had already been vouchsafed a glimpse of the true, the blushful nitty-gritty. We were in Southeast Asia to get laid.

On a recent tour of Southeast Asian capitals, every American official I talked to said the idea was utter and offensive nonsense. It was absurd to suppose that a great nation could get dragged into an agonizing overseas adventure by the penis. But how absurd is it?

Consider the most striking difference between Saigon and Hanoi, between London and Moscow, between Bangkok and Pyongyang, New York and Peking. On our side are go-go girls, skin flicks and massage parlors. On theirs are self-criticism sessions and girls—or one imagines them to be girls—inside shapeless, quilted pajamas. We are the Bonnie Prince Charlies, and they are the Roundheads. They stand for disciplined, repressed self-denial; we stand for the pleasure principle. This, and not the ideological one, is the key difference. Let a country be sufficiently hedonist, like Great Britain or Sweden, and we are ready to forgive such communist deviations as socialized medicine and nationalized industry. But let a puritanical regime try on that commie stuff, and we are ready to go to war.

Why is it that we never stepped in to block communism at a more logical point than Indochina? Prague or Budapest, say? Or Berlin or Austria or Latvia or Cairo or Ceylon? We have rattled our sabers in some of these places, sure. But we always stopped short of actual war. We even failed to go to war in the Congo, though all the paramilitary ingredients were there that so successfully brought you the Indochinese war. We had CIA, mercenary pilots, military advisors and supplies, surrender leaflets, the whole works. For a time we even had the same ambassador, G. McMurtrie Godley, who later became field marshal for our secret war in Laos.

But the key element was lacking in the Congo. Nobody ever got the best piece of ass in his life in Leopoldville.*

We only sought out actual, unprovoked war with the communists in Cuba and Southeast Asia. Scholars of orderly mental habits, such as myself, are not content to write these off as random choices of battlefield. Nor, as the best persons have always known, and as the rest of you are coming slowly to see, was there any logical, rational excuse for going to war in either place. We must search, then, for an illogical and irrational excuse—an emotional excuse, in short.

No problem with Cuba. We went in because the puritanical Fidel Castro shut down Havana, the most renowned of our national cathouses. Suddenly Superman didn't work there any more. He was out chopping sugarcane, and the lovely Cuban whores who used to cop his incredible joint were all in the militia now. As a *casus belli,* this makes much better sense than a Red Menace to Key West.

The night after my arrival, in 1968, in Vientiane, the administrative capital of Laos, a journalist friend took me to the famous White Rose Bar. The first sight to appear to my wondering eyes was one of my brand-new senior colleagues from the embassy. On his lap was a naked girl who was slapping him across the face softly, one-two, with her breasts. It was immediately plain that I had come a very long way from the diplomatic world of Casablanca, my previous assignment, where an uptight superior once accused me of pimping when I took a visiting Olympic swimmer to a discotheque. There, the unfortunate lad had fallen in with a French secretary who trapped him into sexual congress.

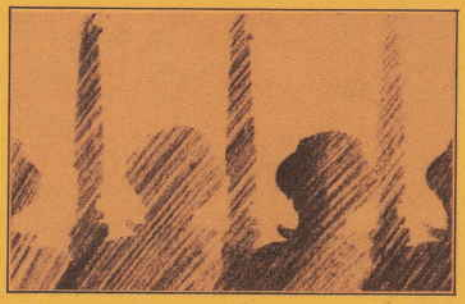
Here in Asia the ground rules seemed to be different.

So different, I have come to believe, as to have affected the very extent and duration of our military involvement. This is, of course, an utterly unprovable thesis. No American bureaucrat would ever admit, even in the quiet and emptiness of his own heart, that he was slanting his reports in such a way as to prolong his own agreeable sex life in Asia. But then we are all notoriously poor at understanding our own real motives.

To get at our bureaucracy's real motives, we have to examine its actions. These can be seen most clearly from Washington, where the *attitudes* of the bureaucracies are translated into actual *policies.* To a considerable extent, what comes out of Washington is what goes in, and top officials in Asia rely partly for their information on top officials of the host government—in which case it is almost certainly false. For the other part, they rely on middle-level Americans under them—what would be, in the military, the captain to lieutenant-colonel level. Nearly all the real work—the reporting, the drafting of cables, the evaluating and gathering of intelligence, the initiating of programs—is done on these middle levels. Most of this work is kept secret from the public and the press, which is why we can only judge what is being fed in at the bottom by what comes out at the top—what Washington ultimately does.

What Washington has done for more than 20 years (heavy U.S. aid to South Vietnam began in 1950, during the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration) has been to remain engaged in Southeast Asia by any possible means.

*An impossibly sweeping statement but, for white American bureaucrats, generally true.



> No American bureaucrat would admit that he was slanting his reports to prolong his own sex life in Asia.

Washington is still doing it, by holding onto new last-ditch positions in Thailand and on aircraft carriers off the coast of Vietnam, and by sending thousands of civilian advisers, once again, to Southeast Asia. What Washington has never done is to disengage, whether by free elections in the mid-1950s or by supporting a neutralist or coalition government at any time since. Nor has Washington ever arranged for us to be invited out by our allies, though this has always been an easy and face-saving thing to arrange.

All we would have had to do is tell any of our various clients to straighten up his government, or else. Since this would mean that the chief of state would have to jail most of his relatives, his closest associates, and himself, he would probably find it to be an offer he could definitely refuse. Faced with the hideous spectre of turning his government honest, he would order us to take ten giant steps backward, to Oakland Terminal.

Instead we seem to be staying on, and on, and on. We are pawns of fortune, we whimper—hostages to events outside our control. This is nonsense. The man who gets into fistfights all the time doesn't just happen to run across belligerent bullies every time he goes out; he likes to fight, that's all. As for us, we like to stay in Indochina.

Why would we like to do such a costly, peculiar sort of thing? Why, for instance, does Mike?

Mike is a pleasant unexceptional man with a pleasant unexceptional official job in Phnom Penh. He is 52, and not much to look at. Obviously, he was never much to look at. He has a plain pleasant wife and two plain pleasant teenage daughters. And he has a 20-year-old Vietnamese mistress who is not plain at all. She is spectacularly lovely.

Mike met her during his service in Saigon, while his family was waiting out his 18-month tour in Honolulu. At great expense and difficulty, he brought her with him to Cambodia when he was transferred. He keeps her hidden from his wife and American colleagues in a hotel, until he can find her a small house. He explains the cost of all this to his wife as poker losses during his evenings away from home.

"I know it's rotten, and unfair as hell to Hazel," he says. "My God, don't I know it! But how can I help myself? Look, suppose you're my age and you're no Gregory Peck, and suddenly you have this last chance to come alive. Maybe beautiful young girls are an old story to some rich movie producer my age, but not to me. You can't imagine what a girl like Linh means to me. I could never have got anyone like her in America, even when I was younger.

"I know she doesn't love me the way I love her. How could she? But she's fond of me, I think, over and above the money. I'm a realist; that's all I ask. It's a miracle to me that she'll let me touch her on any terms."

Mike is getting drunk now, a time for confidences. "You know the thing about Asian women," he says. "It's that damned squatting. They don't use chairs much in the villages, you know, so everybody squats flat on their heels. You've seen them. A roundeye can't do it, we're not supple enough. But an Asian woman has perfect balance in that position, and it doesn't tire her out. Hell, she's spent half her life like that.

"Well, you know the thing they do? I won't say Linh does it, but I won't say she doesn't, either. When you've got your morning hard-on, but you're too sleepy to do anything about it, they'll squat right down on it. Then they go up and down like a damned loom or shuttle or whatever it is. She'll be facing you, with her legs on either side of you, so that no part of you is touching except, you know. What it's like, it's like being jerked off by a pussy."

Mike retires into his memories for a moment, and then snaps back.

"In 14 months my tour here is up, and I'll try to extend either for here or somewhere in the area. But I doubt if they'll let me. I've been overseas nine years now, so I'm way overdue for a Washington tour. God knows what I'll do then. What she'll do."

What does Mike think about our Vietnam stand, in general? "It's funny," he says. "You get a different perspective in Saigon. Before I went there, I thought we were making a mistake. But once you're there, you realize what a responsibility we have to these people. Thousands of them have trusted us, taken our word, worked with us. What happens to them if we pull out?"

Had he made a great many Vietnamese friends, then, to be so concerned? Mike thinks about the question a moment, and is plainly a little surprised at the answer he comes up with. "Not really, no," he says. "A few of the men in the office I guess. Of course, it's hard to really get to know them, particularly when you don't speak the language . . ."

Not speaking the language, the position of most Americans in Asia, is an important part of it all. It means that girls must speak to you in whatever English they can manage, which is always poorer than yours. And that makes them seem reassuringly dumber than you are, far though this may be from the truth.

"One of the great sights in this town," says Gloria Emerson, a *New York Times* reporter who spent years in Saigon, "is to see the little girls in the consular office, helping their American fiancés fill out the paperwork to get married. Lieutenants and captains, for God's sake, and these little Vietnamese bargirls can figure out forms in English better than they can."

But it won't be until much later that the lieutenants realize that they've married above themselves; for the moment the illusion of superiority is easy to sustain. How can anyone be bright who says things like: "Why you all time chase other girl, Joe? You number ten butterfly-boy."

What is going on behind the lady's camouflage of semi-literacy, of course, is likely to be something else again. "I used to know this public safety advisor in the provinces," recalls Carl Strock, one of the tiny handful of journalists in Asia who speaks fluent Vietnamese. "He was a pussle-gutted good old boy from Oklahoma, somewhere in his fifties. He kept a Vietnamese girl about a third of his size, and somehow I got to be the confidant of both of them. He'd tell me how much she loved him, how much these little girls loved a big old American tool. Later on she'd tell

me what a sucker he was, and how much he disgusted her.

"She used to laugh about him to his face, talking with me and her girlfriends in Vietnamese. Once she went to him with a diamond ring some other American had given her. She knew it was appraised at something like $900, so she told him a girlfriend of hers was desperate for money and was offering her the ring for only $400. Would he buy it for her? The guy took the ring to an appraiser himself, and it turned out to be worth $900 just like she had said. He couldn't pass up a bargain like that, so he bought her own ring from her and gave it back to her. She sent the money to her mother."

A sad little story, perhaps, from one point of view. From another, it is a happy little story. The girl got the money, which the American could certainly spare. The man got not only the illusion of love, but the physical fact of it. Nor was it with some defeated Oklahoma barfly, with varicose veins and the smell of hamburger grease in her hair. It was with a girl who, at home, would have been as far out of his reach as Raquel Welch.

Is it likely that this man, in his reports to his superiors, would have suggested that there wasn't really much useful work for a public safety adviser to do in his province after all, and that the post might just as well be abolished? Not, as an earlier race of imperialists might once have said, bloody likely.

Or take a young foreign service officer in Thailand, President Nixon's new last-ditch position in Southeast Asia. "When Harley came here," a friend of his says, "he was—are you ready for this?—a virgin. No shit, an actual virgin. This guy was so fantastically uncool that he managed to get all the way through college and graduate school and a two-year tour in Venezuela without losing his cherry. But he went mad when he got to Bangkok. We took Harley to that first massage parlor and he never looked back. From being possibly the most uncool guy in the world, he became the coolest.

"Let me give you an example of how cool this guy got to be. Take your average guy, he catches crabs, what does he do? You and me, we go down to the drugstore and buy some DDT and lay it in there, right? Not Harley, man. Harley catches the crabs, and this is not shit, I've seen it myself, he goes to the massage parlor. He hires himself two or three little Thai popsies and they spend a couple hours groping through his underbrush with a *flashlight,* man, hunting down those crabs one by one. I'm sorry, but that's cool."

Does the hope of reliving many more such happy hours influence Harley's reporting on Thailand, his overview of Thailand's crucial importance to the Free World?

"Who can tell? He must figure we'll be in the area a while, though. He extended for a second tour here, and he wants to apply for Lao language training. He figures Laos is about like Thailand. Harley's a little afraid of going back to the States, is the thing. He knows he's cool now, but he's afraid maybe he's *only cool in Thailand.* You dig?"

Harley is not the only one who likes it just where he is. I learned during an orientation session for newly-arrived officers at our Laotian embassy in 1969 that Vientiane enjoyed the highest round-trip rate of any U.S. diplomatic mission in the world. This meant that more Americans than in any other country requested and got reassignment to Laos after their tours were up.

Those who wish to may imagine that this was due to the stimulating nature of the work, or, less idealistically, to the 25% hardship bonus paid. But the work must be just as stimulating in Guatemala or India. And the hardship bonus is also 25% in Upper Volta, among other places. Yet a friend of mine stationed in Ouagadougou (the capital of Upper Volta, you dummy) recently wrote me that he was looking forward to a tour of such world-renowned watering spots as Lagos, Cotonou, Lome and Accra. "If we had to stay in Ouaga all the time," he wrote, "we would go nuts."

The Americans who mainly go nuts in Southeast Asia are the wives. "The biggest single medical problem here," a State Department doctor in Laos once told me, "is the goddamn neurotic wives. Day after day after day. Sometimes you feel like telling them to get on the damned boat if they can't take the life here, and go home." The pressure of living in a society completely arranged around the comfort and well-being of the male sex can affect the American female in sad and curious ways. One pilot's wife, an enormously fat woman, came to Laos with her children some six months after her husband to find him living with a young Vietnamese girl. The husband installed his family in an attractive villa and paid over most of his salary to his wife. But he refused flatly to leave his mistress, a tiny creature of lacquered beauty. The wife now drifts pathetically around town picking up her own lacquered beauties—lesbian whores.

Another woman was the wife of a CIA employee in Vientiane, and as such her house was patrolled around the clock by Laotian guards hired by the embassy. One day she complained to an embassy security officer that the man on duty evenings had filched several cans of soft drinks from her. The security officer was more than normally interested in her story, because a few days earlier he had heard a far more bizarre complaint—this one about the American wife, and made by the guard.

The security officer happened to live next door to her, and set himself to watching her yard during the evenings from a partly-concealed window of his own house. Sure enough, several days later, the wife appeared on the rear steps of her house and began to make gestures at the guard outside. It was clear from her pantomime what she wanted him to do, and from his reactions that he was reluctant. After a time the guard gave in, though, and opened his trousers to masturbate while the American woman watched.

"A few days later she comes in to bitch about some more stuff missing," the security officer recalls. "A six-pack of ginger ale, I think it was. Some damned thing. Anyway, I let her finish and I say, 'Betty, look, maybe the kid figures he does a little something for you, you do a little something for him. Know what I mean?' So she gets all pissed off and says she doesn't know

> What we're fighting for is right out there. This time it's not for Mom's apple pie. It's for Mama-san's hairy pie.

what the hell I'm talking about. I say: 'Come on, Betty. Take a look at my back window some evening and ask yourself what I can see from it.' She turns white as a goddamn sheet and that's the last I hear from either of them."

Once, at an officers' club party on an American air base in Thailand, a colonel's wife was complaining loudly about the policy that kept most pilots' wives from accompanying them during their tours. "I know what you all do with these hard little Thai hookers up here," said the gentle thing, "and as a woman, goddamn it, I *resent* it." Several of the young pilots were squiring Thai girls, but no one said anything. Junior air force officers anxious to become senior air force officers do not contradict the colonel's lady.

But a young bachelor from the U.S. Embassy in Bangkok was under no such restraint. His opening came a few minutes later, when the lady was sounding off about something else, and said by way of illustration, "It's degrading, that's what it is. Like an Arab sending his fiancée to a doctor to see if she's a virgin before he'll accept her."

"Personally," murmured the embassy bachelor, "I never buy a virgin without having her checked first."

Actually the bachelor was lying. He did once buy a virgin, but didn't bother to have her checked. "I knew the guy I was dealing with, and I knew he was honest according to his lights. You hear about it all the time, you know—Chinese merchants buying little virgins from northeast Thailand. But I never knew any Americans who actually did it. Well, one day I was walking downtown and a pimp came up to me. I told him I wasn't interested, but how about if I bought him a beer? So we got to talking and we became friends.

"He was one of those guys who goes up to the northeast, where they're supposed to have the most beautiful girls, and buys them off their parents with the idea that he's going to marry them. Then he'd get them down to Bangkok and sell them to whorehouses. Nice fellow. Anyway, one day he told me he had this 14-year-old girl locked away somewhere and wouldn't I like to buy her? I said what would happen to her if I didn't, and he said he had a pretty good offer from a guy who ran a whorehouse on one of those little sort of gondolas in the klongs. Well, Jesus, do you know what those floating cathouses in the canals charge? Fifteen baht a crack. Seventy-five goddamned cents. You can imagine what kind of life that would be for her. So naturally, prick that I am, I convinced myself that I'd be doing her a favor. Maybe I even was.

"I paid him $250 for the use of her for a month, and I was curious to see how it would work out, how she would handle it and how he would. God knows what he told her, but she never made any effort to leave the house, and she didn't seem unhappy at all to be there. I took it easy until the third night, so she'd be used to me, and then I ran a test probe.

"She was a virgin, all right. I don't know if you're a cherry freak like me, but there's nothing to compare with it. You run it in little by little until you hit the hymen and then you stop. At the bottom of the hymen, there's always this little hole, you know. Well, the damned thing is elastic if you go carefully enough. You just get the tip of it in that little hole, and then kind of work it ahead real slowly, like one of those plumber's snakes. Finally, if you've done it right, the head gets all the way through and then her snatch just seems to suck the rest of it in. There's no feeling like it in the world.

"After the month was up? Well, the arrangement was that the pimp was supposed to take her back and sell her as used goods. But I was fond of the little thing—Kham was her name. Before the month was over, I gave her $200 and put her on a bus back home. I hope she got there. When the pimp came by to get her I told him she had run away a week ago. I don't think he believed me until I demanded 25% of my money back for the week she had supposedly been gone. Turning me down gave him something new to think about."

Consider the difference between the U.S. Air Force colonel's wife who considered the pre-testing of virgins so demeaning and another military wife, this time the wife of a colonel in the Royal Laotian Army. The colonel's wife and another Lao lady were sitting with an American and an Australian diplomat at a luncheon party in Vientiane. The American was chatting with the Australian about the difficulty of mastering the tones in the Lao language. "Banana, for example," he said. "You've got to be careful with that one. It's *mak khoi. Mak* is fruit, and *khoi* means banana. Except that if the tone is just a little different, *khoi* means something else entirely."

It means penis, as everyone knew but the Australian, who had no Lao. "Yes, *mak khoi,*" the colonel's wife said, with just that little crucial difference in tone. "I absolutely adore it, don't you, Malichanh? You know what I like the best? I love eating those *big long thick mak khoi.* Isn't that your favorite, too, Malichanh?" And the colonel's wife made the unmistakable motions of a gently-bred Laotian lady downing one of those succulent monsters.

Clued in by the international language of mime, the Australian laughed too. "Do you know?" he said after a minute. "Somehow, I'm going to miss this country."

At the very least since the time of Ulysses men have been leaving home to get laid. The grass not only looks greener on the other side; often it is. The theme runs through much of English colonial literature—Joseph Conrad, Somerset Maugham, George Orwell, even Rudyard Kipling. Leaving the fog girt homeland for the coral strand where dusky lovelies fling themselves in spreadeagled welcome to the ground out of the innocent joy of the thing. The truth of this imperial motive never escapes the lesser breeds who are being penetrated. The main complaint by the Vietnamese over our presence is that we are debauching their women.

The British in World War II used to say that the trouble with the Americans was that they were overpaid, overfed, oversexed and over here. In a remote corner of Guinea stands a remarkable statue to one of the great colonizers of history—a French administrator who threw himself into the task with such gusto that he fathered literally hundreds

of mulatto children in his area. On his death, the Guineans carved a large wooden statue of the man, complete with kepi and a giant phallus painted white and red. To this day, barren women come from miles around to garland the staff with flowers and pray at its base. There is something nice and honest about that Frenchman; it seems hardly likely, considering how busy he must have been, that he bothered with shabby rationalizations. The glories of French culture, the propagation of the faith (interesting phrase, that), the blessings of parliamentary government, he could have had time for none of these. I like to think that on his banner was emblazoned only a simple, frank *"Vive l'amour"*.

The best exposition of the genital view of history I ever heard was made in 1968 in Saigon, by an American foreign service officer since killed in a plane crash. He was a bright skeptical questioning sort of man, and as such was in constant hot water with his superiors. We were sitting on the terrace of the Continental Palace Hotel, watching the girls of Saigon go by. "There's what we're fighting for, right out there," Harry said. "This time it's not for Mom's apple pie; it's for Mama-san's hairy pie."

We chuckled. Old Harry!

"I'm quite serious," he went on. "The key event in our Vietnamese involvement occurred in February of 1965. It should be the pivotal date in any history of the war."

"Johnson's bombing of the north," somebody said.

"That was a symptom, not a cause. No, the really major thing that month was that American dependents were withdrawn from Vietnam. The wives went home. At that point we had something like 25,000 troops in the country. By that fall we had six times that many. Now we have close to half a million."

"Because the wives went home?"

"In a sense, yes. Look, there are two big forgotten elements in this war that are different from any other war we've ever fought. The first is the helicopter, which allows a general to fly right over an active battlefield and inflict his stupidity directly on the poor bastards down below. This means that field troops, for the first time in history, have no chance to nullify the incompetence of the brass.

"The second big element is that most of the bureaucratic structure supporting the war is out here in Saigon, instead of staying decently back in Washington where they belong. And each one of those military and civilian bureaucrats, since 1965, has been out here without his wife.

"Think about what that means. A third of all American marriages end in divorce anyway, so you can figure that a third of those guys are already divorced, or are thinking about it. Maybe another third, at a guess, are staying married for the kids' sake, or because it's less trouble, or because they can't afford a divorce. The other third, let's say, are happily married, but they're not out here at all. These are bureaucratic infighters, after all, and most of them probably managed to duck Vietnam assignments.

"So what's left in the mission, by and large, are unhappily married guys and a few bachelors. I can't even count the men I've known personally in the embassy whose marriages have broken up while they've been over here, or just before or just after. These are guys in their thirties or forties, the guys really doing the embassy's work. They're in their prime and by local standards they're all rich men. Suddenly they find themselves free of that nagging bitch back in Bethesda and out here right in the middle of the biggest honeypot in the world. What's going to be the general direction of their cables back to Washington? Stop the war, I want to get off?"

"Come on, Harry," said another foreign service officer. "You have to factor in other things, too. I could make just as strong a case that withdrawing dependents didn't mean anything like that. It merely meant that we had correctly assessed that the situation was about to get dangerous, and we didn't want the women and kids hurt."

"Sure you can make that case," Harry went on, "but only if you believe the bureaucracy knows what's going to happen in the future, and can then move with some rationality to accommodate itself to future developments. Everything in our Vietnamese experience has argued against both presumptions. Even I, a genius, don't know what the hell I'm going to be doing tomorrow or next week, and I don't think Johnson does either. Or Rusk or Rostow, or anybody else. I do know, though, that my subconscious desires, working along day after day below the surface, are going to affect the general direction of my life.

"Take an example. The first night I was here somebody took me out to the Vietnamese Air Force officers' club at Tan Son Nhut, the place where the girls jack you off under the table. Now, if somebody had asked me the next morning to draw up a justification for abolishing the job I had just been sent here to fill, I would have gone at the thing with something less than my normal enthusiasm. But if somebody had asked me to do the same thing the morning after I arrived in Saudi Arabia, I would have broken a leg in my scramble for the typewriter.

"Look at the psychological fact of it. You've got a thousand middle-level guys catching the AB&W bus in every morning from northern Virginia, and what they've mainly got on their mind is the wife in curlers saying, 'For Christ's sake, *this* time don't forget to pick up the kid's Triaminic syrup at Peoples Drug.' And you've got the same 1000 guys in Saigon, living a life that surpasses their wildest wet dreams. I'm sorry, but there's going to be a substantive difference in the way those guys look at our Southeast Asian involvement. Involvement itself gives you the clue. Did we ever talk about our World War II involvement, or the involvement of Gettysburg? An involvement is something you have with your secretary.

"If you doubt the effect nooky has had in Vietnam, all you have to do is look at the history out here. We never wanted to march north, which would end our involvement one way or another. We'd all go home, either economy class in Boeing 707s or at freight rates, in body bags. We've never wanted to negotiate a neutralist settlement or a coalition or a withdrawal, either. Naturally not. We'd all go home that way, too.

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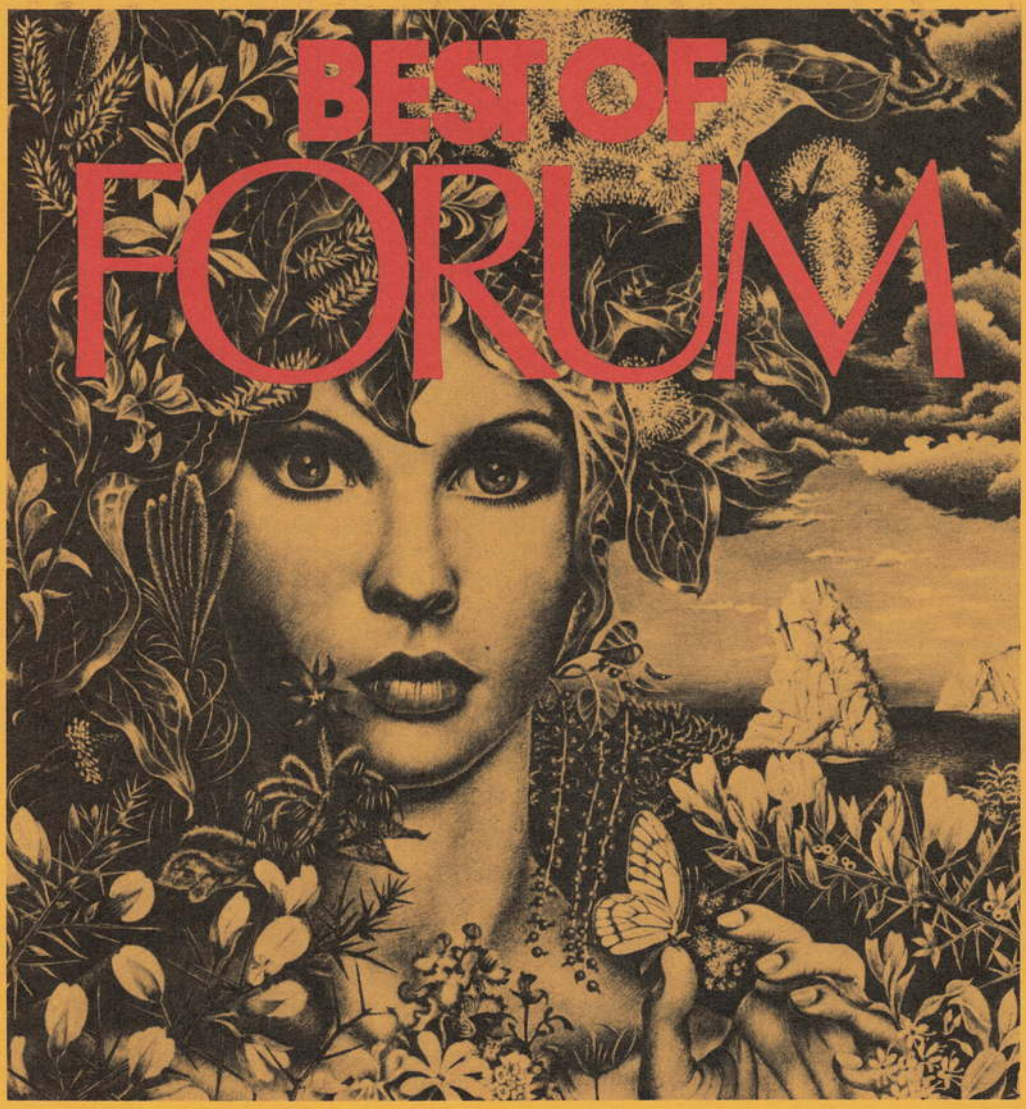

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"Regardless of what we *think* we're doing out here, what we're *really* doing is pursuing policies that keep the war alive. Whenever we're in the slightest danger of winning, we pull out troops or deploy the ones we have foolishly. Whenever we're in danger of losing, we throw in more troops. Psychiatrists know how to read these things. In most human behavior, the result achieved is the one the patient was really after all the time. The great threat to our bureaucratic subconscious out here is peace, no matter how it comes."

"Hasn't a lot of this," the other foreign service officer said, "been the result of simple bureaucratic bungling?"

"You can bungle in a lot of different directions," Harry said. "We've chosen to bungle in the direction of seeing light at the end of Vietnamese tunnels. But we never saw light, for example, at the end of Hungarian tunnels. That's because the average 40-year-old American bureaucrat would be scared to death of the Gabor sisters, whereas he's not a bit scared of Suzie Wong. Suzie Wong doesn't look at all like the girls who used to turn him down for dates in high school.

"Look, a statistically incredible number of guys out here have managed to spend their whole careers in Asia. All over Asia, guys are even now dreaming of the day when we re-open relations with Cambodia, so they can be first in line. There are already waiting lists. Do you suppose guys are lined up waiting to get back into Cairo?

"What do you think the attraction is over here? The climate? It stinks. The cultural life? How many Americans catch the Chinese opera in Cholon? The money? You can get that same 25% differential in plenty of those African pestholes. You suppose it's the encephalitis, the leeches, the cerebral malaria? Maybe it's the amoebic dysentrey or the poisonous snakes or the liver flukes? Maybe it's leprosy?

"Or maybe it's what the Marines found greeting them when they hit the beaches of Vietnam in March of '65—the month after all the American wives went home. Remember that scene? All those hard-chargers, M-16s at port arms, roaring off the landing craft to kill Cong. But all they found on the beach was little Vietnamese lovelies, greeting them with flowers.

"Those little girls instinctively understood the basic nature of our commitment here, even if we don't."

"Which is?" asked his embassy colleague.

"Which is, 'Get 'em by the balls, and their hearts and minds will follow.'"

Call Me Madam

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

serted by other people. Apart from ads, your female intuition should tell you if another female you've met is sensitive to your ideas or not. Start talking about sexy topics, mention any books about sex that you've read recently and nonchalantly ask her for her opinion on lesbianism, nudity, groups, etc. You can often judge a woman's feelings towards you and/or your husband by the way she answers your looks with her eyes.

A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MAN

Recently I found myself in contact with a woman who had been my first and greatest love. We are both fairly happily married, but we discovered that we still loved each other and began an affair. To my dismay I found that in spite of my partner's desirability, eagerness and enthusiasm I was frequently impotent. When I did achieve an erection the sex was superb, but all too frequently I had to satisfy her by other means than coitus. When with my wife my problem disappeared. I was quite capable—perhaps even more so than usual. I know this problem must be psychological and not physical, but how do I overcome it? Can you help?—B.H.

This quite often happens to men. They anticipate the occasion so eagerly and build it up so much in their mind that when they actually get into bed with their girl their hard-on disappears completely. They are too concerned to make the big score; only when they get used to their girl and can relax in her company does this problem vanish. In your case, it seems that you've outgrown your childhood love affair. Though mutual feelings of love are still rooted between you ("Old love does not rust", they say in Holland), perhaps it would be advisable to keep your friendship on a platonic basis. You seem to have made the right move in marrying the woman who is your wife. The fact that sex with her is even better now shows that she must fit you like a snug pair of gloves. You know what makes her tick and obviously know how to satisfy her, so why break up two marriages if you are happier at home than ever before? You can't sit on two chairs very much longer.

ONE NIGHT WAS ENOUGH FOR HER

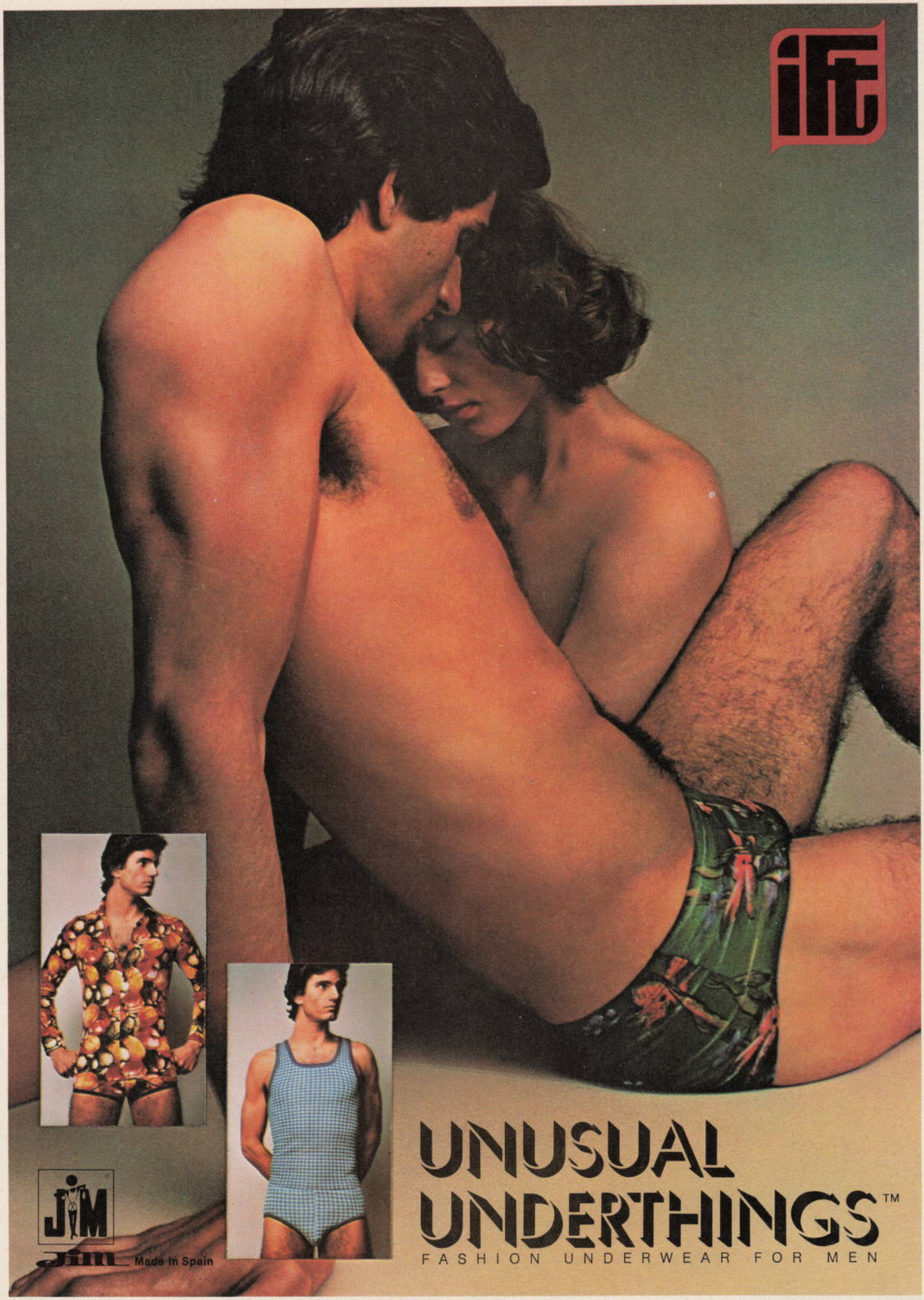
I have been acquainted with this rather aloof married woman for quite a while. Finally, after a series of meetings carefully arranged by me, and consisting of much touching and plenty of verbal foreplay, she consented to come to bed with me. It was fantastic! I can't describe how good she was, and from her actions she enjoyed herself as well. Now, however, she won't let me screw her again, though we are still good friends. I can't imagine what has caused her to change her mind. Even though I promise her the utmost discretion she still says no. What can I do to change her mind again? I'm going slightly mad.—Bob.

It is entirely her own decision whether she wants to sleep with you again or not. Remember, one swallow (no pun intended) doesn't necessarily make a summer. Stop thinking with the head of your cock and start thinking with the one between your shoulders. She might not want to sleep with you again because she's afraid of falling in love with you and causing a lot of complications for her own marriage. She might also consider you simply as a ship that passed in the night. Do you think she's got guilt feelings about sleeping with you? I suggest that you discuss all these possibilities with her so that whatever relationship you have together in the future it will at least be an honest one.

DON'T LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

I'm 17 and I'm wild about a girl whom I've known for four years. We have become very close—sometimes she calls me her son. She's engaged, but while her fiancé was in Vietnam she hinted to me that she'd like me to screw her. For instance, once she opened a box of birth control pills in front of me and than said: "I wish something exciting would happen to me!" I didn't do anything at the time because I wanted to be absolutely sure she wanted me before I made a move. Her fiancé is back now, but I still want to get her into bed with me. How can I go about this?—K.L.

Your situation reminds me of the movie *Summer of '42*. The young boy in the film also gets involved with an older girl whose fiancé is away. The difference is that in the film the fiancé never returns. In your case you are just a johnny-come-lately. When this girl produced the box of birth control pills, *that* is when you should have made your move. The place and the time were right then; now it is too late. Since she calls you "son" at times she seems to have an affection for you that is more motherly than anything else. She might have been just teasing you when she flirted with you. Don't you think it is a bit late to approach her now that her fiancé is back from Vietnam? He has gone through hell, and deserves a loving and faithful fiancée. I think you had better leave adult games to the grown-ups. Consider her as just a good friend to whom you can take your problems. Find a girl your own age.



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Climbing the popularity polls and winning rallies with ease, the Subaru from Japan is a little car with big performance.

by Mike Parish

Photographs by Douglas Mesney

A couple of years ago few people in this country could pronounce the name Subaru, much less tell you what the car looked like. But now, many people, particularly on the rally circuits, are getting more than familiar with this tough new competitor from Japan. Last year Subaru—pronounced Soo-ba-roo, with all syllables equally stressed—moved up from 18th to 13th place in popularity among imports, ahead of well known makes like Porsche, Saab and Renault.

The car is made in Japan by Fuji Heavy Industries and its name comes from a flash of celestial inspiration on the part of the company's automotive division. They named it after the cluster of seven stars known in English as the Pleiades. It's an appropriate name because this car is a star. Contending with icy Michigan roads and logging trails, the Subaru won first and second place in its class (the only two cars to finish) in the *Press on Regardless* rally. It also proved its capabilities in warmer climates by taking first, second and third places in the sultry *Las 24 Horas de Puerto Rico* rally, a 750 mile endurance test over some of the rockiest roads in the world, with sand traps thrown in for good measure.

With front-wheel drive and radial tires, powered by a 1,400 cc four-cylinder aluminium-alloy horizontally-opposed water-cooled engine, dubbed the *Quadrozontal* by Subaru engineers, this car can tackle desert sand and mountain snow alike and not be held back. And with rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, independent torsion-bar suspension behind and MacPherson struts in front the Subaru is responsive in all driving conditions.

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HEROIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

established both in Bangkok and, more importantly, in Laos. They were staffed by expert underworld chemists flown in from Hongkong.

To learn about these developments at first hand, McCoy crossed the Thai border into Laos at Vientiane. There he picked up an interpreter, Phin Manivong, and an Australian guide and photographer, John Everingham. They bought sets of the cheap and durable black cotton pajamas that are the ordinary clothing of peasants and mountain tribesmen in the region, loaded their packs with sleeping bags, a change of socks, a few cans of C-rations for emergency use, and first-aid supplies, and started north. They hiked, hitched, or paid their fare on the rattling local buses that occasionally passed their way.

"The black pajamas make you a curiosity," McCoy said, "and since we were traveling on foot or any way we could, it was obvious that we weren't American intelligence agents or clandestine warfare specialists." Unarmed, the three went north on the old French highway 13 that runs to Luang Prabang. Eighty miles from Vientiane, entering the opium-growing uplands, they left the highway and hiked along a track through the mountains another 10 miles to the village of Long Pot, which nestles in a sheltered valley below 5,000-foot peaks. This was part of the dominion of General Vang Pao, commander of the C.I.A.-sponsored "secret army" of Meo tribesmen that for 10 years had been almost the only force holding back the North Vietnamese-supported Pathet Lao insurgents.

In peacetime the Meos' chief occupation had been growing opium to supply the Saigon and Bangkok markets. Part of the price that Vang Pao extracted from the C.I.A. in return for his support was the cooperation of the intelligence agency in getting the valuable crop to market. Since Pathet Lao troops prowled the valleys, the only safe and practicable way of doing this was aboard the helicopters and light planes of Air America, the C.I.A.-sponsored airline that operated all over Southeast Asia. But as McCoy was to find out, the opium was now being refined into heroin before leaving Laos, in seven factories set up by Vang Pao almost under the protective guns of the Long Tieng combat base.

From there it was flown into Vietnam and Bangkok aboard Vietnamese and Laotian military aircraft. In his scores of interviews, McCoy also learned, it seems correctly, that just one of these factories had an annual production of 3.6 tons of heroin, more than a third of the estimated annual consumption for the entire United States.

Long Pot proved to be a microcosm of the suffering of Laos that has gone on for years with almost no notice in the United States. It was a primitive community of about 300 persons, divided into 47 households. Its head man told McCoy, through his interpreter, that it produced about 15 kilos—a kilo is 2.2 pounds—in a good year, and that it was sold to Vang Pao's purchasing agents for $40 to $60 a kilo. They arrived, McCoy was told, in helicopters piloted by Americans. Since the cultivation of the opium took all the villagers' time, they were also supplied with rice, their staple food, by the Americans.

"All through the 1960s", McCoy told me, "Long Pot was a loyal Meo village. But when the fighting intensified between Vang Pao and the Pathet Lao, more and more young men were conscripted. In 1970, the head man told us, 60 were taken. They suffered heavy casualties. The next year, when the head man knew that he would have to provide more manpower, he decided not to do it. He told the villagers to hide in the hills when the troops arrived. But Vang Pao and the C.I.A. struck back hard; they stopped the rice drops. The word came down that they would be resumed only when the villagers agreed to move to refugee villages more tightly under Vang Pao's control."

At about the same time, McCoy went on, Pathet Lao patrols began to penetrate the countryside near Long Pot, putting the villagers in double jeopardy. The most serious danger was that the presence of the insurgents would lead to air strikes against them that would destroy the village.

"It was incredible, the tension in Long Pot," McCoy recalled. "The first night we were there, as soon as we sat down for dinner, it was obvious that the village was hungry. There wasn't any meat and only chopped vine leaves instead of proper vegetables to go with the rice, and there wasn't much of that. Meo officers with M-16s were all over the place. They began questioning us, looking suspicious and hostile, wanting to know what we were doing there. It was only between 1 and 2 a.m. that the head man would have a serious discussion with us Before he would talk he got up and walked around the outside of his hut to make sure no one was listening. Even then he spoke only in a whisper. That's when he explained how the opium traffic worked, about the helicopters flying in, and about the losses the young men from the village were taking. He told us the village was being starved out, and he wanted publicity, even though he realized it was dangerous for him personally."

Next morning McCoy, Everingham and their interpreter set out in a monsoon rainstorm at dawn through rough country to another village three miles away that had been bombed recently, they had been told, by the Laotian air force. The Long Pot headman sent a bodyguard of five men with them. The party had gone about halfway when they suddenly came under fire from an ambush position in the hills overlooking their path. "There were a couple of mortar rounds, then automatic rifle fire," said McCoy. "It's a funny feeling, being under fire for the first time. I didn't know whether we were going to get out of there alive. After a couple of hours we decided we didn't have any choice but to go back to Long Pot."

After talking to the head man again, McCoy came to the conclusion that it hadn't been the communists shooting at his party, but a detachment of Vang Pao's troops who didn't want them to get to the other village. "I don't think they were trying to kill us," McCoy told me with a modest laugh. "They could have done that easily enough, I think, if they had wanted to, but, of course, I didn't know it at the time." By then, he had the facts he had come to Southeast Asia to get.

He and his companions returned to Vientiane, where he told the press of the plight of Long Pot. The press accounts were printed all over the world, and within a few weeks, the pressure of public opinion forced the C.I.A. to resume its rice deliveries. (It was not to last. In January, 1972, the Pathet Lao infiltrated the area around the village. The inhabitants were forced to flee, and then it was burned to the ground in a napalm

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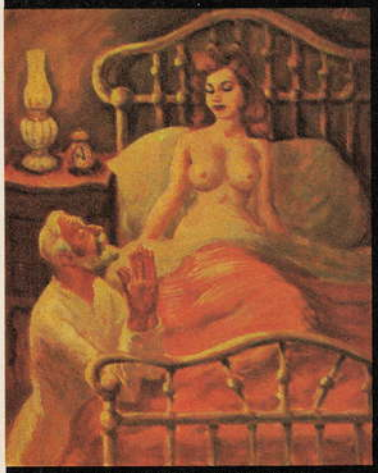

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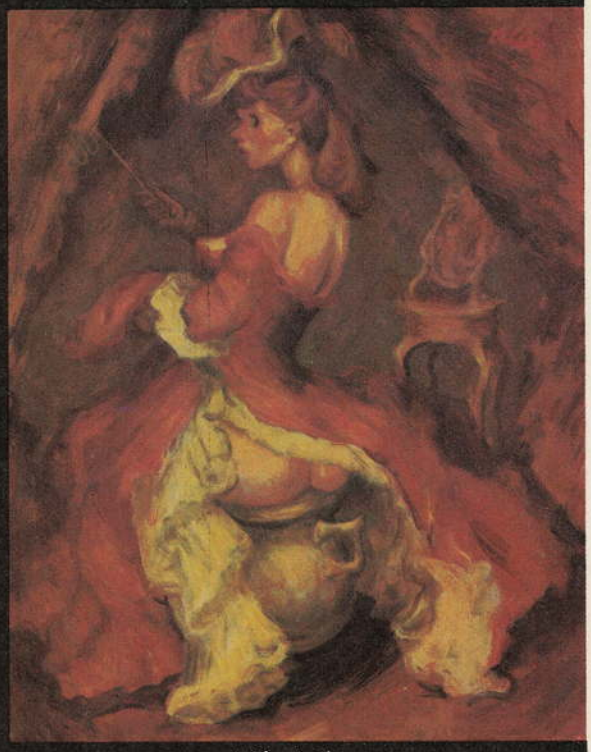

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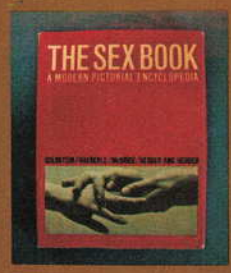

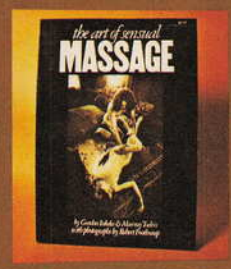

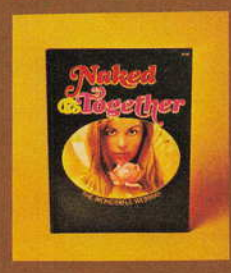

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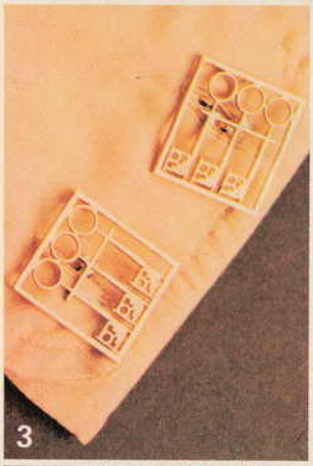
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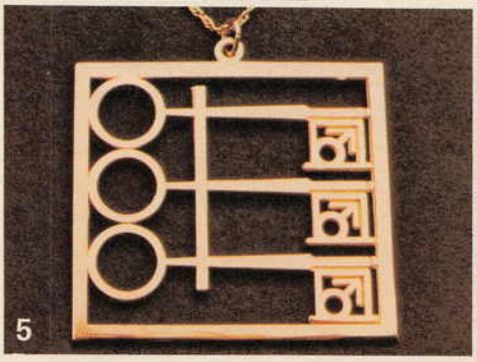
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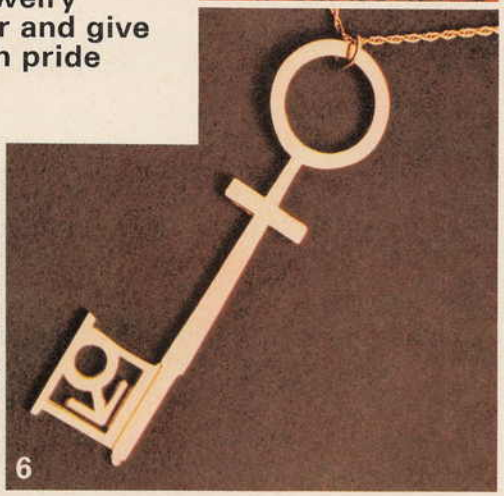
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HOOKED ON HEROIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

air attack.)

For the rest of 1971 and into the spring of 1972 McCoy worked 18 hours a day turning his notes into the book he wanted to write, demonstrating that the C.I.A., as a byproduct of American policy in Southeast Asia, had played a major role in the explosion of narcotics addiction both among American troops in Vietnam and in the cities of the United States.

By June, 1972, while McCoy's manuscript was not yet set in type, the book trade was buzzing about it. Not surprisingly, the C.I.A. heard about it, and on June 1, a senior intelligence official, Cord Meyer Jr., arrived at Harper & Row's New York offices. The book, he warned, might well be inaccurate, libelous and "damaging to the interests of the country".

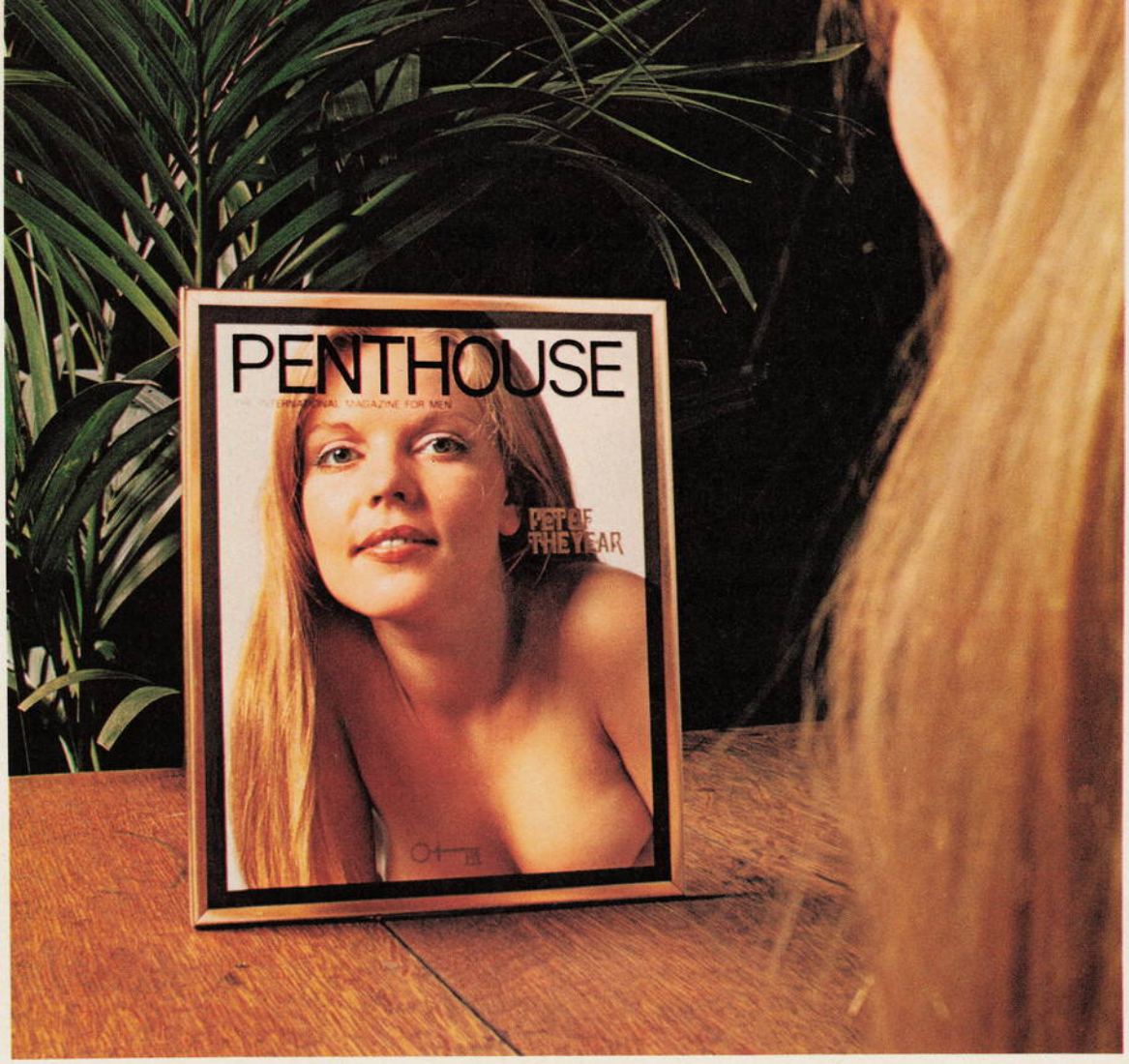
On July 5, Lawrence R. Houston, the C.I.A.'s general counsel, finally came to the point. The agency wanted to see the manuscript before publication to point out any inaccuracies it might contain. Over McCoy's bitter protests, the publisher agreed. The C.I.A. soon delivered a 1,500-word critique, but by general agreement at the firm this failed to cast any serious doubt on McCoy's overall thesis. No changes were made and indeed the publication date was moved up from September to August.

However, civil libertarians were disturbed by the agency's intervention, and McCoy was disappointed and angry at what he saw as his publisher's failure to vigorously defend their, and his, constitutional rights under the First Amendment. A few weeks after his book's publication he reviewed the affair in a long article in the influential *New York Review of Books*. At one point, he recalled, Harper & Row had told him that unless he agreed to the C.I.A. review it would not publish the book.

"I would have withdrawn the book myself," McCoy told me, "but it would have meant having to find another publisher and very likely being faced with the same problem all over again."

So with reluctance, McCoy finally agreed to the C.I.A. review, but in a letter to the publisher, one of several published with the article, he said he would permit no deletions from his manuscript. "Having sacrificed principle," he wrote, "I do not feel that Harper & Row can expect me to sacrifice substantive portions of my book as well."

Is there any improvement in the narcotics situation in Southeast Asia since the book appeared? "Assuming that the Thieu government stays in power," he said, "the ceasefire in Vietnam will probably lead to an increase in narcotics smuggling, to make up for the loss of big American appropriations. The only thing I can say is that the Bureau of Narcotics in Washington seems a little more conscious of the problem. It finally admitted last fall that at least 30% of the heroin being used in this country was coming from Southeast Asia, which was rapidly growing as a source. Before then the official estimate had been 5%. I don't think they can ignore it anymore, and I guess that's progress of a sort."



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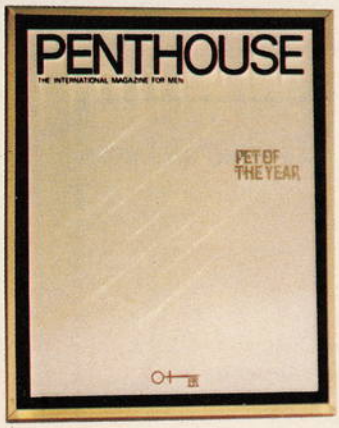

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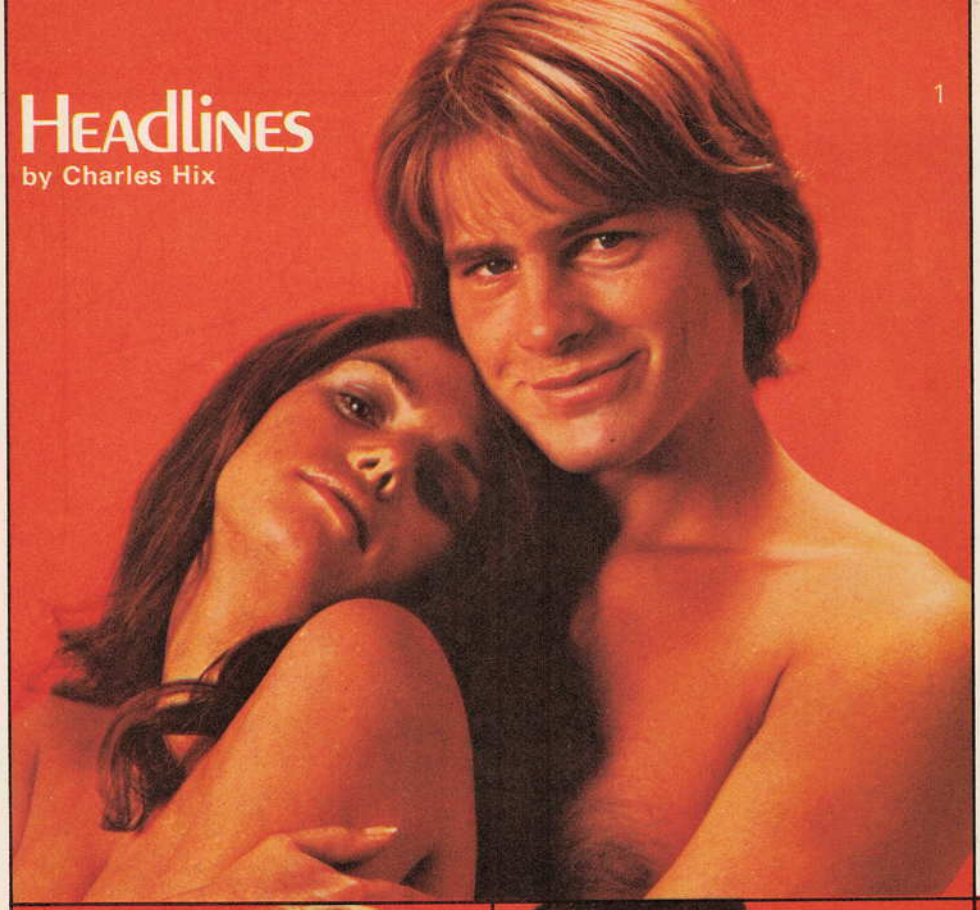
HEADLINES

by Charles Hix



1. The model's (Keith's) own hair.

2. Sandy blond "Val" wig of modacrylic fiber, hand-tied in front, machine-made in back, available from Parucca Di Roma, New York, $50.00. For another $5.00 you can have it styled.

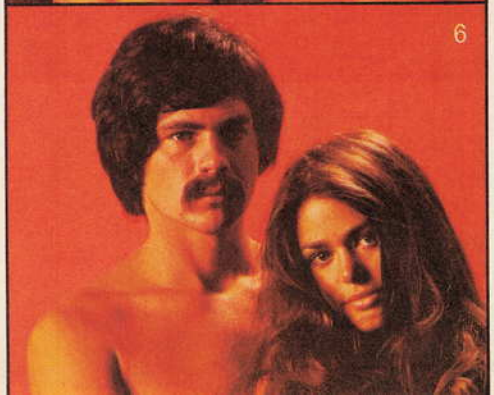
3. Brown afro-style wig, machine-made of Dynel modacrylic fiber with flesh-colored part, called "The Jones Boy", at $50.00 plus $5.00 for styling, also from Parucca Di Roma. Human hair, custom-design mustache, from the same firm, at $10.00.

4. Short wavy brown hand-tied wig made from Monsanto's modacrylic fiber, available in two adjustable sizes with adjustable sideburns. Available from Leon Buchheit, New York, at $150.00 including styling.

5. Short curly salt and pepper wig, full stretch hand-tied Kanekalon fibers with skin part, from Barris & Zervoulei, New York, at $65.00 including styling. Human hair mustache also from Barris & Zervoulei at $10.00.

6. Long dark brown, first quality natural European hair wig, machine-made with hand-tied part and finish, custom designed to your specifications. This wig also comes from Barris & Zervoulei and costs $150.00 including styling. The mustache of human hair is made by the same company and can be bought for $10.00.

Photographs by George Hester



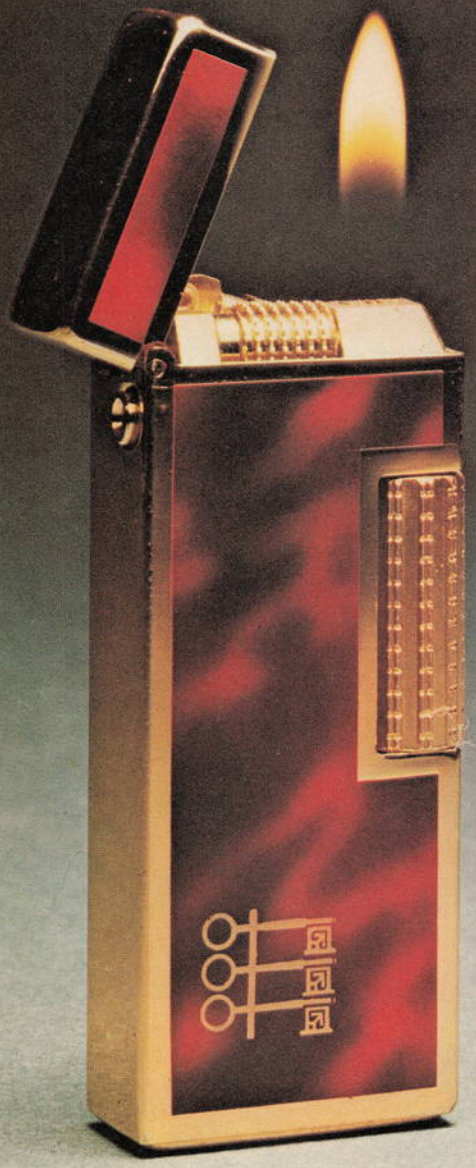
Although there's a marked tendency to stick the tongue firmly and noticeably in the cheek at the first mention of men's wigs, there are some recent developments that have gone a long way towards replacing the cynical smirk with a good-humored grin. The foremost of these is that companies are now taking wigs for men seriously in that more and more firms are now marketing them ready-to wear, semi-custom or completely custom made. In other words, although men's wigs continue to raise a smile, they are no longer a taboo subject in this country.

So, what is a man's wig? First there's the difference between a wig and a toupee, or hairpiece. With a wig the base covers the entire scalp area and none of the wearer's hair is left exposed. With a hairpiece—be it a threequarter piece in long layered styling or a partial piece to disguise balding—the base covers only the bald area and the hair itself is made to blend with the wearer's existing hair. So what else makes up a man's wig? Most important is that men's wigs are conceived and manufactured for men. They are not, as was the case until recently, women's wigs that have been cut down. Hairlines and growth vary between the sexes, and a woman's wig just doesn't look or feel natural when worn by a man. And this is the crucial difference. A woman wants her wig to look *beautiful*. A man wants his to look *natural*.

Another serious subject is sex . . . or more precisely, sex with wigs. Will she know? Well, that depends where her hands are and if she's a hair freak given to pulling it's quite possible that she may yank the wig off unless you've taken extra precautions to secure it firmly in place. Most stretch wigs for men are held in place by the built-in stretch cap, but certain wig outlets will attach the necessary paraphernalia for more secure anchoring if you ask them.

Should a man tell a woman he's wearing a wig? If a chick digs a guy enough to bed down with him it shouldn't really matter, and you can always start the conversation with: "Look, I'm wearing a wig". And if it does come off during the heights of passion, instead of having the proverbial cigarette afterwards, you could lie back and discuss your wig.

you're fired



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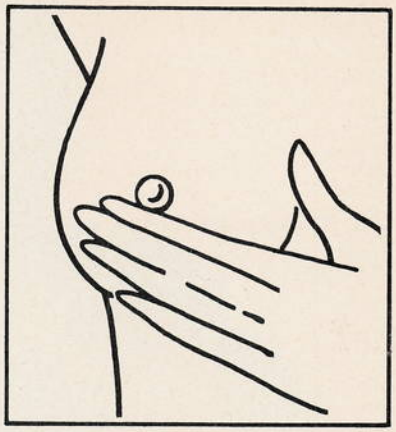

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Don't be afraid.

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AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

> One day my son, who is seven, looks at a book of sex positions and say, 'Look, I have an erection.' I think it was fantastic

Nothing more. You need to give to a child the opportunity to grow and to be himself. I don't like the father saying, "This is *my* child." Why do we have an ego? It is necessary to have an ego—it's like an egg. The eggshell must be strong to make a good bird. The ego must be very strong in a child in order later that same ego will make emptiness.

Valerie: If they don't agree with what we do, we make a meeting and they say exactly what they don't agree. One day, I reacted very nervous and I hit Axel. He went to Alejandro and said I was being unfair. At the meeting we decided that he should hit me.

Jodorowsky: I decided. Also they can hit their father. Not just their mother. I am not a chauvinist male.

Valerie: Axel is very interested in the sexual situation.

Jodorowsky: He have seven years. He started very early at five years. One of the books he likes best is *Sexual Positions.* A couple of young persons making all the positions of love. One day he look at this book and say, "Look, I have an erection." I think it was fantastic. He have a curiosity about sex, I give him the material he need to know what is sex. One day I am making love with Valerie and Axel look through the door. I realize he was looking. I do nothing and suddenly we say, "OK, Axel, why are you looking? What you will know?" We say for him to come inside the room and we show him all the positions. We did this, we did this, we did this. What's the mystery? We are naked all the time. There are no problems. When they have an erection, they have an erection. They aren't ashamed to have erection. I make some jokes with Brontis about masturbation. And we laugh. Because he knows nothing is a sin. There are no mysteries, there are no sins. And then I sometimes tell Brontis and Axel to go out of the room because I will make love to Valerie. Then they go away. They understand. I don't say a lie. "Go to bed, etc." Reality is reality.

Penthouse: Do you see more of the children when you are here in New York, not shooting a film?

Jodorowsky: I work here from 10 o'clock in the morning to eight o'clock in the evening. They are waiting for me and we spend every day together from eight o'clock until one o'clock in the morning. I come to New York and I always bring my wife, my three children, my cat, and I drag all my books, hundreds and hundreds of books. I travel with all these people, all these things. I travel like a gypsy.

Penthouse: Wait. You once said you destroyed all your books. Were you speaking figuratively?

Jodorowsky: Yes, I spoke figuratively. It's an old Japanese and Buddhist tradition. When you have enlightenment you destroy the 10,000 books. But you don't destroy them, physically. People may say to you, what can you find in a book? I say, what can you find in a flower? It is impossible to find nothing in a flower. And to me, books are flowers. I find an enormous pleasure in reading. Maybe I don't need books to live. But also I don't need flowers to live.

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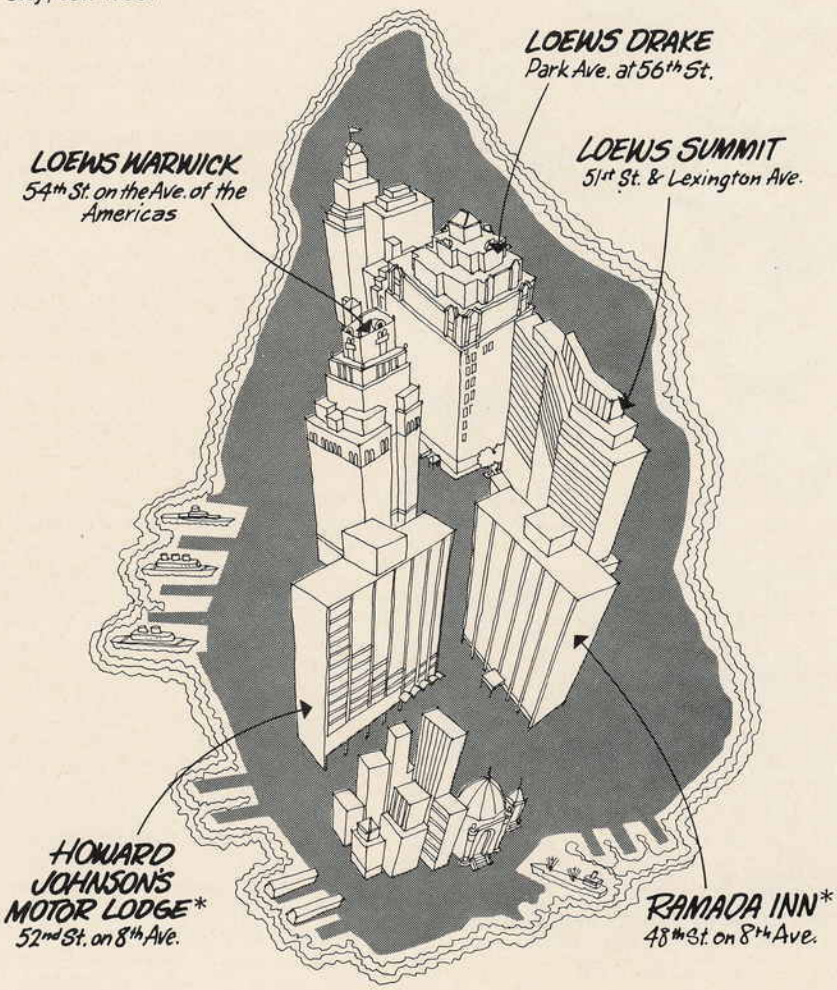
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Penthouse: Were you exposed to sex at a young age?

Jodorowsky: Yes, I lived in a little town and when the sailors came to town there were prostitutes all over. I live a very sexual childhood. We started to masturbate ourselves at four or five years. All together. By seven or nine years they make love with the little prostitutes. One day a little friend, eight years old, came with a bucket and there was a male sex inside. He was friend of the daughter of one of the prostitutes. The prostitutes had killed a sailor and cut off his sex and he showed us. It was very strange. We went to a cemetery and made a little grave and we buried the sex. Also, one day we found a great stone, an enormous stone, floating in the sea. This stone came floating in to the beach.

Penthouse: A floating stone?

Jodorowsky: Yes and we could not move this stone. No one believed us. I was followed by a bee, a golden bee. For three years, every day, the golden bee follow me.

Penthouse: You said once that the other kids persecuted you because you were the only white person.

Jodorowsky: They persecuted me for two things. I was white and my sex had the form of a mushroom. We masturbated together and the sex of the other boys was pointed.

Penthouse: You were circumcised?

Jodorowsky: Circumcised? I don't know. Anyway, it was like a mushroom and they didn't like me. I had no friends. I could not go with them to the prostitutes. I never smoke marijuana with them. I never violated the cats.

Penthouse: The *what*?

Jodorowsky: The cats. They used to violate cats and some female dogs. I never could do this. Also they like to drink dog milk. They kill the little dogs and then six of my friends drink the mother's milk. They got drunk. That was my childhood.

Penthouse: In the book *El Topo* you talked about making love in the sand and how the sand gets into your sex and it's terrible.

Jodorowsky: Yes?

Penthouse: Well, why do it?

Jodorowsky: Because you must make love every place. In a different place, love is different. I was searching for a new place.

Penthouse: Let's get back to the ego. Are Americans hung up on the ego? Will the public schools ever teach meditation, yoga, the empty mind?

Jodorowsky: I think yes. It will happen because one day the young person will be old. He will be a master one day and will propose this. Now I am speaking about enlightenment, about levels, about centers, and chakras. For example, when I speak about chakras, it is poetic. You must create these centers in the body because they are abstract. In reality I have no flowers in my body. I must invent this, make poetry. The level of this exercise is visualization. In visualization you put in your head a letter. Then you become the letter with all your body. And if your complete mind is a letter then tomorrow you can be a tiger, a man, an angel. You can be plastic. This is why I like so much the plastic man of the "Fantastic Four" in *Marvel Comics*. What's his name? He is married to the Invisible Girl. Plastic man and Invisible Woman can be great pornography. Plastic man fucking the girl and then he make his penis very, very, very thin and put inside her vein, and the penis can go, and go, and go from her vein to her heart. He can ejaculate in the center of his woman's heart. Fantastic! Fantastic!

Penthouse: You are a magnetic man. You attract disciples. Is it necessary to achieve? Does it matter if you drop out?

Jodorowsky: In order to be something, you must do something. On this planet, you must win your bread with the sweat of your brow. What is bread? Bread is the complete man. You will have work in something. Anything. Making shoes. Making pictures. Making wonderful shit sculptures. If you are young, you will find a way. You must find something to do. *You* have found something to do, you are making an interview. Maybe you can make fantastic interviews. If you discover something to do and you do it well, you are helping yourself, you are helping humanity, you are realizing yourself. But doing nothing—it is impossible to do nothing unless you rest in a bed and you rest very well and don't move for 20 years.

Penthouse: Are the people around you so in awe of you that they neglect to challenge you, even when you make conflicting statements?

Jodorowsky: I don't care. I am not trying to prove anything. I am trying to have a beautiful moment when a person comes to me. I want the person to have a beautiful moment. A peaceful moment. To learn something. To do something. But I am not trying to prove any kind of doctrines. I think the meaning of two persons together is the meaning of the tea ceremony. There are two persons, a person who has a house and the visitor. The person who has the house offers the most beautiful house . . . in his way. If he has a poor house, it is very clean, very beautiful. He makes the tea the best he can. He shows a painting, the best he have. The visitor take tea with the most great pleasure, and look at the picture with great pleasure. And love the house. And when they are together, they forget the world. They feel they are an eternity. They drink the tea. They aren't prisoners. They say goodbye. They go to another house. The experience is finished. No? It is a beautiful moment and nothing more.

Penthouse: It has been said that meditation can be a copout to enable you to avoid thinking about your problems.

Jodorowsky: I have no problems. Nobody has any problems.

Penthouse: Even if they think they do?

Jodorowsky: Wait a moment. All the universe is an enormous solution. If somebody tells me he has a problem, I try to *show* him he has no problem. I don't try to *tell* him he has no problem. I am not a guru. I am not a master. I am a moviemaker and nothing more. But if someone comes with a problem, I try to show him.

Penthouse: So he can use you as his magic?

Jodorowsky: Yes. A person who is creative never thinks of using anything. Everything is using him. I am very happy because everything is using me. And everything is using you. The complete galaxy is using you. For something. I don't know what. I don't know, but maybe the trees are used by the planet to take the sun and make a kind of cookie. And then you eat these sun cookies. You call them fruits. You are eating the sun. You are used as a radio.

Penthouse: A receiving set?

Jodorowsky: Yes.

Penthouse: That is very poetic, but through all the storm and stress of making your movie you never had a problem?

Jodorowsky: I don't have any problems. I can have difficulties. It can be very hard to finish a picture or do anything. I can be ill. But it is not a problem. They are normal things, part of the great solution. I think illness has a magic meaning. You need this illness to complete something in the future. You must not fight against this illness. You must take it like a friend and understand why you are ill.

Penthouse: How can you do this?

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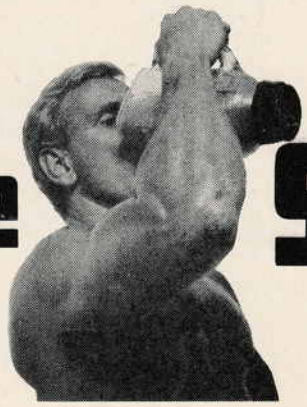

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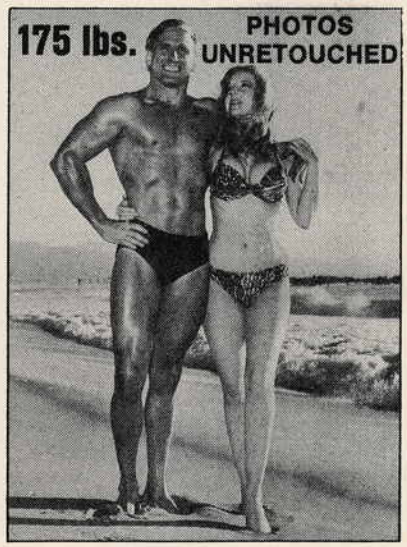

"Tuberculosis, emphysema, chronic bronchial asthma, collapsed lungs, two lung operations, cirrhosis of the liver, narcolepsy, alcoholic, drug addict, a life in and out of the hospital, psychiatric patient, three packs of cigarettes a day, no SEX desire, unloved—only dogs as companions."

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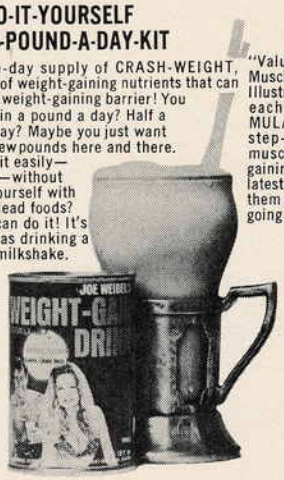

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Jodorowsky: When you have an illness, you must work in order to finish with the illness. In this moment you are separated from society and your ego. You need to concentrate and to create an anti-corps against the bacteria. When the illness is finished, after the time of concentration, you have more soul. You give to life a wonderful meaning. You taste health, like a fantastic water. You know you had a problem, but you finished it. Illness is a symptom of weakness. When society is weak, illness is born. It is very good for society. And this is the meaning of every war. Society needs to come to the messiah, to be enlightened and to have a collective soul. If society does not work in this way, war comes to demonstrate this symptom of weakness. In order to finish with war, society must be enlightened. I suffer so much. All my life. With all kinds of problems. I was full of problems. Till the day I listen to the words of Marcel Duchamp. "There are no solutions because there are no problems." I then understand. To understand the world as a problem is only a human activity. But the universe is an enormous solution.

Penthouse: In the *El Topo* book, you said the goal of all human action is enlightenment. Now you say this is not the goal.

Jodorowsky: Now is not the time to search enlightenment. Now is time to open my mouth. If a poem comes, I say the poem. If a burp comes, I make a burp. I was a searching for enlightenment like a fool. The master, the guru says: "You must have enlightenment, you're sleeping." And suddenly I finish with all the masters. Why to have masters like this?

Penthouse: What was it that made you understand this?

Jodorowsky: You have a master, you suffer. You suffer so much and you don't understand. No? And you want to have I don't know what... a honeymoon? But suddenly you realize there is no honeymoon. *You* have the enlightenment! You *have*! You *have*! The enlightenment from the master is not yours. The master must teach you to learn of yourself. He can help you but your life is yours. There are no other possibilities.

Penthouse: Then no one need acknowledge a master?

Jodorowsky: Our masters are the animals and the children. The children are so fantastic. And what they do? They play. Well, we must play. Fantastic games. The game of enlightenment. The games to speak to God. The games to go all over the universe can be so fantastic. The astral travel can be a very beautiful game. Reincarnation—what a game!!! Reincarnate any kind of thing. Fantastic! The game to die. The game to be married. The game to have children. The game to be ill. The game to have a cancer. The game to kill a person in war. All games. All our movement is a dream.

Penthouse: How do we acquire the attitude to permit us to view life as a series of games?

Jodorowsky: Start with your body. Be comfortable. The solution is to have the courage to see your ego; really like he is. And to say—Maya, Maya (illusion, illusion)—and put away all your problems. But you must know your problems in order to put away your problems. Break the conditioned reflex. Kill the past, change your name, modify your movements. Clean your mind. Clean your heart. Clean your sex. Make an order in your sex, your heart, your mind. Be a new guy. Change all your habits. I think every one of us has in his unconscious the idea of his own perfection. This body is not my body because I didn't do this body. I received this body. I received my life. I didn't do my life. My life is not really my life. It is a gift. And this body comes with universal wisdom. The key to all the symbols is the human body. It has everything. Our unconscious is infinitely wise. He knows our perfection. We can be perfect. We can be the complete man. I think in this civilization we are not what we are. We are under all our possibilities. Under. But we are learning, like children. I am very optimistic. But this society gives you a false feeling of your body.

Penthouse: How does society give you a false feeling?

Jodorowsky: Look at yourself when you are face to face with a friend or a woman, or your father and you will feel your body different in each case. You feel your body in different ways in accordance with circumstances. In Africa, you can be naked in the village. Or a Hopi child sucking or fucking his mother for sexual power. Every society has its conceptions of the body. "The body is yours". Even if you don't construct it. But never does society give you the conception that your body is a machine, a temporal space ship, to help you to make the travel from the finite to the infinite. Nobody teaches you that you don't have an individual body. I think this—we have a *social* body. If there is illness in the world, I am ill. If there is murder in the world, I am the murderer. If there is a value in the world, I have that value. The Jews are waiting for a Messiah—a God-man who will bring justice to the world. But the real Messiah is a day—the day when all humanity will have wisdom. It will be the day of the collective body and the unique soul.

Penthouse: So you must lose the self-conceptions imposed by society. But how?

Jodorowsky: It starts when you are a child. Because they teach you how to eat. Even if they teach you how to eat freely, they still give you self-conceptions. Those searching for enlightenment in the younger generation are good persons but they have enormous egos. Your family, your school, even your country gives conceptions to you. And then your head give you a conception of you. And then comes a moment, the right moment, you must destroy your self-conceptions because they are mind conceptions. You are not really like this. You must search for a way. Each person needs *some* kind of training—meditation. But meditation is so difficult.

Penthouse: What about the use of drugs and alcohol?

Jodorowsky: I never drink, I don't take drugs. I am not against anything human beings do to reach their completeness. Drugs can help some experience. But I am against taking drugs to have fun. This kills your health.

Penthouse: Is marijuana worse than alcohol?

Jodorowsky: The world changes from alcohol to marijuana. That is good. Marijuana is better than alcohol. Magic is better than reading. I don't know what you read in the U.S. Love stories? War stories? Idiocies. Magic goes with marijuana. It really prepares the person to have *real*, new magic. The real solution is man without any kind of dependencies. The real conquest of the complete man. Now we are children playing games.

Penthouse: Wait. A little while ago you said we *should* play games.

Jodorowsky: Yes, we play games now. But soon we must learn to dance. The music of the solar system is a dance. Life is not a game, it's a dance. The world was made for dancing.

Penthouse: You spoke of playing games like children . . . the game of cancer, the game of war . . .

Jodorowsky: Yes. Playing games *now*. But we must *learn* to dance. My three-year-old son, Teo, I see him in bed. He is sleeping. He is in a

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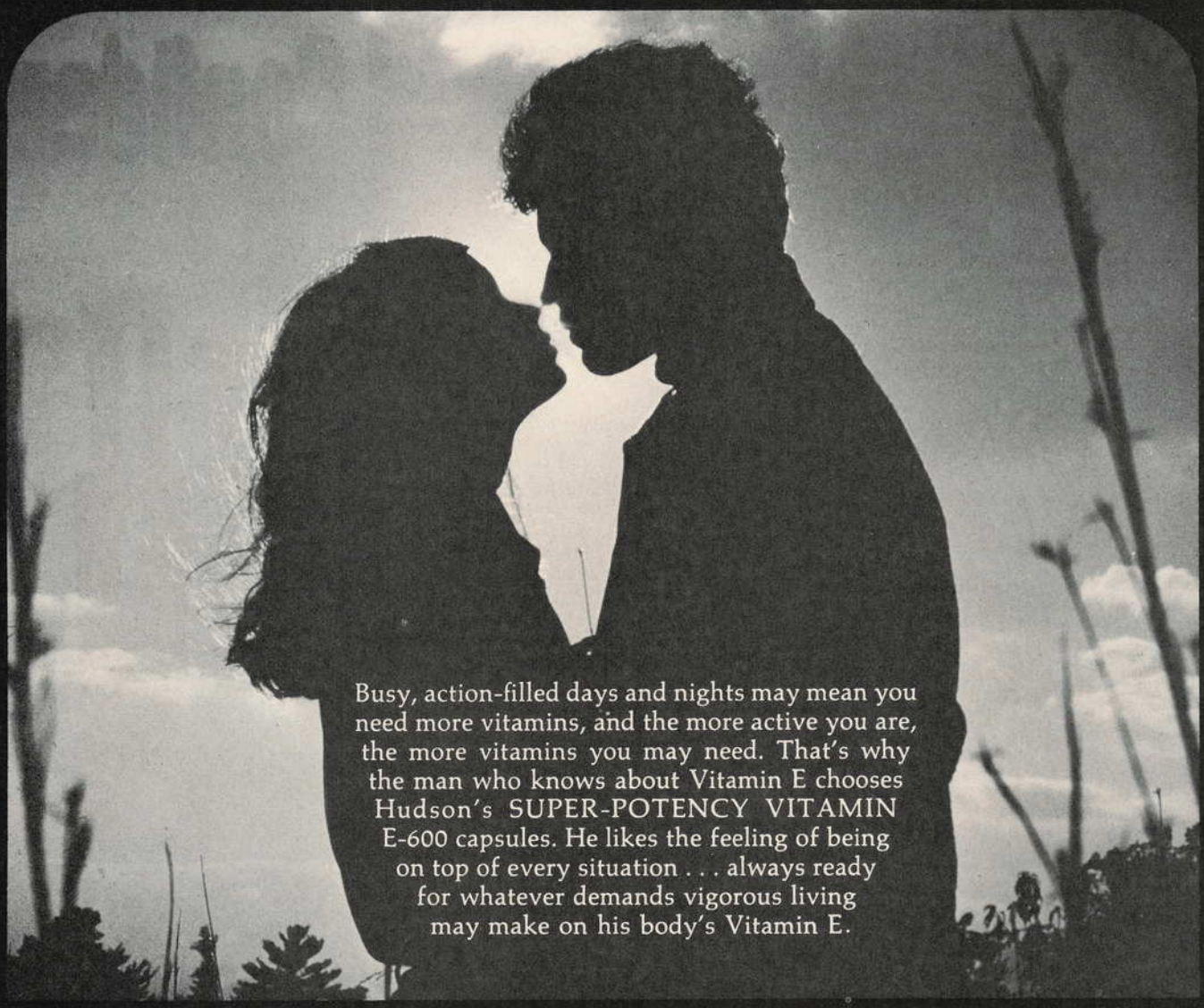
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complicated position of meditation. A natural Buddha position. The child knows what we forget. He was not playing. No games. He was dancing.

Penthouse: This is like talking to Marshall McLuhan. Have you ever met McLuhan?

Jodorowsky: No, but I would like to. Would you like to know some other people I'd like to meet?

Penthouse: Yes.

Jodorowsky: I want to meet R. D. Laing and Buckminster Fuller and the poet Ginsberg and Betty Middler.

Penthouse: Who?

Jodorowsky: Betty Middler. She is a fantastic singer I see in New York. Also Alan Watts and Carlos Castaneda. You know Castaneda? Fantastic! His stories of Don Juan?

Penthouse: One reviewer said he liked Castaneda but he would not be convinced there really was a Don Juan until he saw him on a television talk show.

Jodorowsky: But it does not matter whether Don Juan exists or not. I think we must read the books like fantastic poetry. Read the books like novels. I think Don Juan, in a few years, will be classic literature.

Penthouse: Could we get back to marijuana, again. What about young people, 12 or 13 years old. Should they use it?

Jodorowsky: In the Jewish religion at 13 one is a man. Why does our society think a man of 13 is a little kid? Because to the establishment it is dangerous to give the voting rights to 13-year-olds. The state tries to retard the growth of all its citizens. Man has levels. For his first seven years, man must develop his body and feelings. If not, he is retarded. From seven to age 14 he must develop his mind. If not, he is mentally retarded. And for the rest of his life, he must make his soul. Gurdjieff said clearly, "We come into the world with the seed of our soul. But we must make it." The growth of the soul is a real instinct in man. If society does not give man a possibility to realize this instinct, man is bored. If a man is bored, he will take drugs. At 13 it is very normal to take pot because a kid starts to be bored. I am never against the symptom but always the illness. To smoke pot is a symptom. We must stop thinking of marijuana as a problem and start to think of the development of the soul.

Penthouse: Most of the people around you appear to be rather awed by you. Do you ever long for a gadfly? Your own Alejandro Jodorowsky?

Jodorowsky: But I have! I have. I have fantastic conversations with creative people. With you I am having a fantastic conversation. I am having a wonderful time. A great show. A completely human being here for my own amusement. What a gift. No? Putting our voice there in the little machine. Fantastic. The voice. What an incredible thing. Do you realize what the voice is? It is the most subtle thing in the universe. What you speak comes directly from your nervous system. Your brain. It is the result of all your body. All your body goes to your voice. We are all enlightened, we are the most beautiful beings in the galaxy. Now we will be something because we are fantastic, we will create fantastic works. We will not re-create this world made by suffering people. All society was made by people who were suffering because they were not free. They had religion, political parties, morals. All these bool-sheets. We can make such beautiful cities. A city can be a holy and fantastic thing.

Penthouse: Thank you, Mr Jodorowsky.

Masai Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

"So how come you ain't got no money?" the boy asked suspiciously. He jabbed toward the television set with the knife. "How come this motherin' set's busted?"

"Because I can't make any money." Ned slowly walked over and leaned on his drawing table. "You're so goddam nosey I'll tell you again: I can't make a cent!"

"You bought all this crap," the boy said behind him and moved closer. "I think you puttin' me on, man."

Ned whirled. "Look—" He saw the picture on the sweatshirt and stopped. "Good God!" he gasped. "What is that?"

The boy half turned it away from view. "None o' your business."

Ned still couldn't believe it. "That's the most gruesome thing I've ever seen."

This seemed to make the boy bolder and he turned back and let Ned get a good look at it. "It's a picture, man." He seemed very proud of it.

"But the idea, the . . ." Ned didn't know how to say it. "What's it stand for?"

"What it look like?" the boy challenged.

Ned stared and quietly said, "The murder of Christ." He looked up from the picture to the boy's hidden eyes. "Is that what it is?"

"You dig good, Jim," the boy said cockily. "We murder Christ."

"But why?" Ned asked. "What are you, a Black Muslim or something?"

The boy allowed himself a very mature, yet self-conscious grin of pleasure. "Shitman, thass over. This here's the *real* thing."

"Voodoo?" Ned asked, his mind sorting through vaguely remembered rites and incantations and blood signs.

"Masa', man," the boy said and drew himself up to his full height.

"Massa'?"

"None o' your goddam business!" the boy said, suddenly annoyed. "You jus' give me somethin', an' I'll get my ass outta here 'fore I has to start doin' some cuttin'!"

"Take whatever you want," Ned sighed with resignation.

The boy looked around. "What is there, man? Hand it over."

"What do you want?" Ned felt drained. He went back to his drawing table and held up a sketch. "How about a nice drawing of one of our astronauts in outer space?" Before the boy could answer, Ned dropped the sketch and picked up some twisted tubes of paint. "Or how about some dried-up paints? He grabbed some brushes and pencils. "Or some useless brushes and broken pencils?"

"Somethin' that's *worth* somethin', man!"

Ned didn't hear. "Or a drawing lamp that won't bend any more," he said and gave the elbow lamp a vicious wrench. He strode quickly over to the end table next to the sofa-bed. "Or some plated cufflinks my mother gave me fifteen years ago when I graduated from junior high school." He flipped them over and the boy tried to catch them in mid air. He missed and they fell on the floor and rolled against a wall. Ned was on the move, angry, rifling his own possessions. "How about my lighter—" he saw it was gone. "Ahhh, you already have it. Well . . ." he stopped and considered the room and went to

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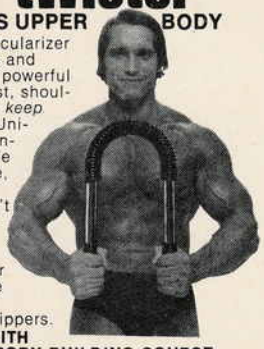

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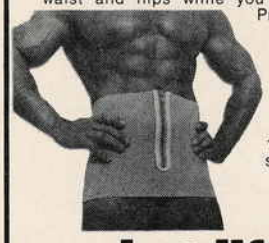

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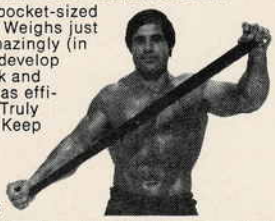

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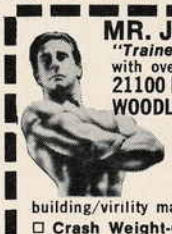

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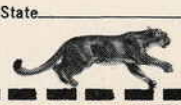

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the closet and threw open the door. "How about some jackets? I hear you guys always load up on clothes and things, even fill a couple of suitcases and pretend you're just an innocent little tenant going on vacation." He reached in and hauled down a battered suitcase. "You pick what you want and I'll throw it in here, all right?"

"What's with you, man?" the boy said uncertainly.

Ned turned angrily. "You're robbing me, aren't you? Well, do it right, God damn it! Do it right!" He flung the suitcase on the floor and kicked it open. "Okay, start picking!"

"I—"

"Listen," Ned interrupted savagely, "massa' man, or whatever the hell you think you are, if you're going to rob me, do it right and do it fast. I'm scared shitless and that's making me mad. Now come over here and pick out what you want and then go away. Go the hell away from me and pawn this useless garbage and I hope to sweet Christ I never see you or that agonizing T-shirt of yours again!"

Shocked, almost frightened, the boy touched the picture on his chest. "It's a sweatshirt, man. T-shirt is short sleeve."

Ned caught himself and, as if suddenly seeing the boy's eyes on him, relaxed and smiled. "Sweatshirt," he conceded weakly. He leaned against the closet and indicated the things inside. "Do you *really* want any of this junk?"

"Why not, man?" the boy said tentatively. "Junk to you, but you get more in no time."

"Sure, sure," Ned said, his smile becoming a rueful grin. "In no time." He pointed to several suits. "I've had those three suits for five years. I bought them while I was working for an advertising agency. Two years ago I decided I wanted to go on my own. I quit, and took my three precious suits and my drawing board, and I got set to make a million dollars."

The boy's mouth fell open. "A million dol—You lyin' to me, Jim."

"I was lying to myself, sonny."

"A million dollars!" the boy repeated.

"Nothing! That's what I made: dead nothing."

"You work, don't you?"

Ned sighed. "Working and making money aren't the same thing."

The boy looked around the room. "But, man, you got *all* this."

"They're just things," Ned said, "and after a while they break down and stop functioning and start getting in the way." He poked the suitcase with his bare toe. "But I can't throw them out. I grow fond of them, because I think they're the only constant things around me, the only friends who have stuck by me." He looked up. "I suppose that sounds stupid?"

"Goddam right, man."

"Well," Ned said, hurt, "haven't you ever been alone?"

"Sure, man. All the time. What's so motherfuckin' special 'bout that?"

Ned stared for a moment and then shook his head. "Nothing," he said. "Nothing." He started to close the closet.

"Hey, hey there, baby," the boy stopped him. "What you doin' there?"

"Closing the door."

"You think you done talked me outta takin' that stuff?" He gave a short giggle. "All that jivin' me up an' down? Shitman, what you think I'm at?"

Ned wearily shrugged. "I thought you realized it's worthless."

"You say it's worthless, yeah!" the boy said. "But that's to you! To me, man, I can sell it, an' make me some bread. Shitman, you bought it, you buy it again sometime."

"Sure, kid. Sure," Ned said, opened the closet, and began to dump things into the suitcase.

"You gonna hit it big, man," the boy said smoothly, full of confidence for Ned. "At least iffen the blackshit don' hit the whitefan."

"What else besides the suits?"

"—Guys like you, they always make it. But not any more, dig? Now, it's gonna change, an' whitey's gonna get burned."

Ned pushed the suitcase over to the sofa-bed, got down, and began putting shoes into it. "You want the shoes? Leave me a pair, okay?"

The boy was over him in a flash, knife pushing him down to the floor. "You not even listenin'!"

"To what?" Ned whispered in terror.

"I been talkin'. Me—" he indicated the impaled Christ, "—Masa' man's been talkin', an motherfuckin' whiteman better lissen 'fore I cuts your ear off."

"What do you *want*!" Ned almost screamed.

"Masa' man's gonna cut your fuckin' nuts off!" the boy said in a hiss.

"Here! Take it all!" Ned dumped the last shoes into the suitcase and began hysterically pulling things off the end table and down from the bookshelves. "Go on, take it!"

"You *know* what this means?" the boy demanded, jabbing the picture on his chest.

Ned stopped, unable to speak.

"Masa'!" the boy announced. "Africa! They goes out an' cuts a lion an' then they's men!"

And Ned finally understood. ". . . Masai . . ."

"See, man," the boy interrupted, "you dig. You dig good."

"Am I your lion?" Ned asked. "Is that why you broke in here?"

"Right."

"To kill me?"

"Jus' keep fillin' it," the boy said and indicated the suitcase.

Ned looked down at it. "A suitcase full of junk is going to make you a *man*?"

"I swear, whitey," the boy said and came closer than he had ever been. "I'll stick this in you iffen you don't shut the fuck up!"

"Don't do anything, please," Ned said, swallowing, his mouth dry.

"You really scared shitless now, man," the boy said quietly.

"Yes." Ned tried to swallow once more. "But it's the truth."

"What is?"

"What I said: my junk, me, your sweatshirt . . ."

"You better not say it, man," the boy warned and slowly waved his knife back and forth.

"If you're going to be a man," Ned made himself say, "you better listen. Cleaning me out of five years of useless knicknacks isn't killing a lion. Even me—" he glanced down at himself, the towel hanging loosely around his midsection, "—I'm not a lion."

"Thass for me to say," the boy said and took a step closer. "I bust in, didn't I?"

"That wasn't too hard."

"Yeah? Well, you was in here an' thass part of it: bustin' in, alone, when they's home."

"I was taking a shower," Ned said. "I couldn't hear a thing."

"I'm gonna *cut* you, man," the boy said and the side of the knife brushed against Ned's throat.

"I'm tired, sonny," Ned said, no longer afraid. "I'm bone weary tired. And I don't know what you want. And you don't, either. You don't care who I am, and I don't care who you are."

"You better start carin'!" the boy said.

"You've got a knife," Ned said, "and that

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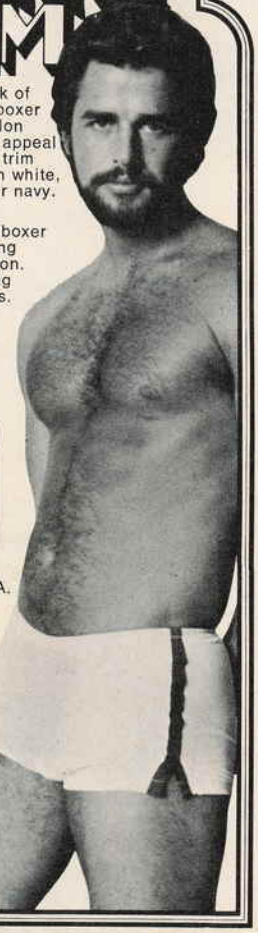

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scares me. It scares me to death. But that's all there is. I'll give you anything you want, but there's nothing to give you. Maybe someday . . ." he grinned weakly. "Maybe I'll be a big success and sell lots of drawings and be hired by all sorts of people to illustrate my guts out, but not now. Not here. Not like this. Maybe you better come back in a few years."

"You makin' some funny jokes there, man," the boy said uneasily.

"How old're you?"

"None o' your fuckin' business!"

"I'm 28. I left school almost eight years ago and I've lived alone since then, and I want to be an illustrator; not a painter, an illustrator. What do you want to be?"

"Free."

"What?"

"Free, man."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I'm gonna be free, man," the boy said, "so whitey don' push me 'round no more. Like you, Jim. Gonna make you sit up an' take notice."

"With a knife?"

"Man ain' 'fraid, he ain' gonna take no notice."

"That's not true," Ned said.

"Yeah?" the boy said. "Well, I know it is. I knows, see? I takes this knife, man, an' you *notices* me. You scared an' you *sees* me."

"I see you without the knife," Ned said sincerely.

"Fuck you, man," the boy said coldly. "Fuck you."

"And how long can you keep holding the knife on me?" Ned asked.

"Longer'n you think."

Ned looked at the boy for a moment. "I guess you're right."

"I know's I'm right," the boy said, and kicked at the suitcase. "Now, c'mon, get this stuff closed. I'm gonna split."

"You really want it?"

"You sure got guts, man," the boy said with grudging respect. "I swear . . . jivin' me up an' down all *over* the place, an' all the time keepin' an eye on your threads."

"This is all I have," Ned said looking down at the suitcase. "I wasn't lying. It's everything I own. Take the TV set. Somebody can fix it, or buy it without knowing it's busted."

"Oh, you *cool*, Jim," the boy said with tense joy. "Shee-it, you cool."

"—but this clothing is *it* for me. And I have to make some money. And I will."

"You gonna be rich!" the boy said, moving in place with excitement. "A million dollars!"

"Listen," Ned said quickly, "take the TV set. It's still got a month on the policy anyway; it's insured."

"What's that mean?" the boy asked and stopped his nervous movement.

"It's insured. They'll give me some money for it."

"Just like that?"

"I'll report it was stolen," Ned explained eagerly.

"You mean," the boy said slowly, "I leave the vines so you can make a million dollars, an' takes the TV, an' you gonna get *money*?"

"Well, yes," Ned admitted. "I guess that's what it is."

"—An' you wants me to come back in a few years when you's a big *big* man?"

"That was just a figure of speech," Ned said uncomfortably.

"You said it, man," the boy said. "A few years, you said, you be a big man."

"Maybe I will be," Ned said and moved awkwardly from one foot to the other.

"So you want Masa' man to leave the vines, make his contribyushun to your million dollars . . ."

"If you like . . ." Ned said off-handedly, apologetically.

"—An' take the TV," the boy picked it up, "an' you gets some bread to take some white chick out an' ball your nuts off."

"That's not quite what I had in mind," Ned said, his grin fading.

"You don't go ballin'?" the boy asked matter-of-factly.

"That's not what I'd do with the money."

"I would," the boy said proudly.

"I guess so."

"I'd blow the whole thing," the boy said, as if talking to himself, yet watching Ned's every move, "no matter how much; pick me up on some gold, grab my fox, an' jump on her bones!"

"Well," Ned said, slightly embarrassed, "each to his own needs."

"Dig, man," the boy said in agreement. He raised the television set above his head and crashed it to the floor. There was a sucking pop of imploding glass and pieces scattered out in all directions.

"What the hell did you do that for?" Ned found himself shouting.

"I may be helpin' you be a bigass millionaire-man," the boy said, "but I ain't gonna *give* you no money. An' if *I* can't have it, *you* can't have it."

"But why?" Ned looked down at the shattered set. "I don't understand at all."

"Maybe you is gonna be a big big man," the boy said carefully. "I aims to find out. I'm gonna come back."

"What?" Ned said and felt himself stiffen.

"In a few years."

"Oh," Ned said and immediately relaxed. "Sure. Sure."

"I be back, whitey," the boy said and raised his knife and pointed it straight at Ned's naked chest. "You see. If things then like they is now, I be back. Sooner, Jim. I be back sooner." He backed to the open window, the knife on Ned. "You take them suits an' make your pretty pictures an' be a bigass millionaire, an' then one day you look around, an' man, you *know* if I coming back or not." He hopped up onto the window sill. "*You know*," he repeated, and was gone.

For several moments Ned stood there. He wanted, very much, to call the boy back and talk to him some more. But there was nothing more to say.

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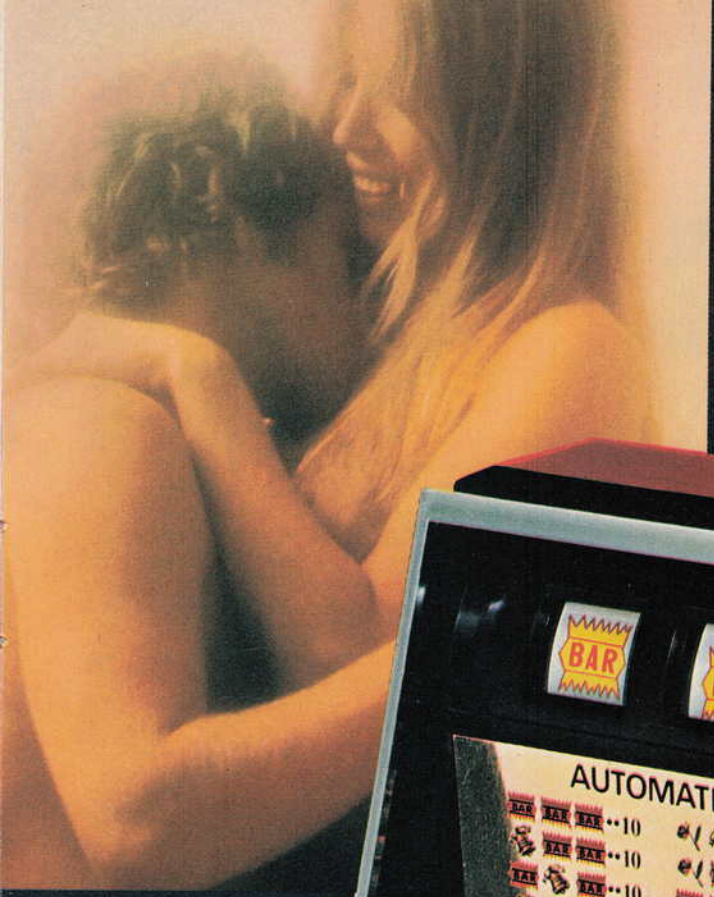

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DILLINGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

pew and immediately launched into a sermon on the Prodigal Son. "Throughout the sermon", Mrs Reinier later recalled, "young John sat there beside his father crying..Afterward he came to me and said. 'You will never know how much good that sermon has done me.'"

Two weeks later, after recruiting an Indianapolis thug named William Shaw, Dillinger began robbing small stores and companies. Using Pierpont's list, Dillinger, Shaw, and Paul "Lefty" Parker robbed the bank at New Carlisle, Indiana, getting $10,110. (Pierpont's list was somewhat obsolete; many "ripe" banks had already failed during the Depression and Dillinger was met by empty buildings and locked doors.)

Driving in a stolen Chevrolet to Shaw's home with Harry Copeland, another ex-convict from Michigan City, Dillinger spotted Shaw and Lefty Parker with their hands in the air and a swarm of police about them. Quickly, Dillinger put the car in reverse and gunned it backward out the alley. Shaw watched him escape. "He drove faster than some people drive forwards," he remembered.

With Copeland as his only aide, Dillinger next struck the small Commercial Bank at Daleville, Ind. on July 17, 1933. It was a one-room red brick affair with a five-foot railing separating the vault and customer areas. Cashier Margaret Good was the only person in the bank when Dillinger sauntered in wearing his straw boater and a neat blue suit. He pulled out a gun and said to Miss Good: "This is a stick-up, honey." With an agile movement, Dillinger leaped over the railing and entered the vault. Copeland left the getaway car parked in front of the bank and walked inside. He, too, flourished a pistol, lining up customers against a wall as they came into the bank.

Dillinger quickly scooped up $3,500 and then ordered everyone inside the vault. The two bandits casually walked to their car and drove slowly out of town. Miss Good opened the vault door from inside and moments later, trembling, told local police that Dillinger was the most courteous of bankrobbers. "I think he knew I was a kid and was sorry to scare me. He didn't want to scare me any worse than he had to."

Dillinger's identity as the daring, leaping bankrobber was cemented by witnesses, and police throughout Indiana were suddenly searching for him. He was by then in another state, Ohio, seeing a new girlfriend, Mary Longnaker, who lived in Dayton. Dillinger took Mary to the World's Fair in Chicago where he humorously photographed a policeman and then impudently asked if he would snap a picture of him and Mary.

On August 4, 1933, Copeland, Dillinger, and another unknown man robbed the National Bank of Montpelier, Indiana. Dillinger was elated to find $10,110 in the bank's small safe and remarked: "This is a good haul." He then spotted the bank president's .45-caliber automatic in a drawer. "And this is a good gun," he added and took that, too.

The next target was the Citizens National Bank in Bluffton, O. But the take was thin:only $2,100.

Again, Dillinger and Copeland went searching for a "soft" bank. They settled on the large Massachusetts Avenue State Bank in downtown Indianapolis.

Using Hilton Crouch, a professional racetrack driver, as a get-away wheelman, Dillinger and Copeland entered the bank and John immediately vaulted over a high railing and ransacked the tellers' cages. Copeland held a machinegun on at least 10 customers.

Dillinger took everything in sight including $500 in half dollars, dumping the coins into a white sack. "Hurry up, will you," Copeland said as he nervously glanced out the bank window. Minutes later the two robbers ran from the bank and Crouch raced the green DeSoto down the street.

With his major share of the $24,800 taken on the Indianapolis raid, Dillinger moved to Chicago where he heavily bribed a foreman of a thread-making company to doctor one of the thread barrels being sent to the shirt shop at Michigan City, Indiana prison. Several guns were placed inside the barrel. It was resealed, and according to a prearranged Pierpont plan, a red "X" was marked on its top in crayon.

This was Dillinger's second attempt to free Pierpont and the others. In early September, 1933, Dillinger had crept up to the Michigan City prison wall under the cover of darkness and tossed three loaded guns wrapped in newspapers over the 30-foot barrier into the athletic field where Pierpont was expected to find them. Other inmates, however, discovered the guns and turned them over to Warden H. D. Claudy.

While the thread barrel was being shipped to Michigan City, Dillinger drove to Dayton once more to see Mary Longnaker. Dayton police detective Russell K. Pfauhl had been tipped that Dillinger had been seeing a Dayton woman. The tip came from the Pinkerton Detective Agency which had been at work investigating several bank robberies committed by the Indiana bandit. The warden of Michigan City told Pfauhl that Mary Longnaker was James Jenkins' sister. Jenkins was part of the Dillinger-Pierpont clique in Michigan City.

Pfauhl and his partner, Charles E. Gross, staked out Mary's plush rooming house on West First Street in Dayton. At 1:30a.m., Pfauhl and Gross went in to arrest Dillinger after receiving a call from Lucille Stricker, Mary's landlady, who told them Dillinger was in the house.

Dillinger was back in custody. Four days later, as he waited to be indicted for the Bluffton Bank robbery in the Lima, O. jail, his friends came crashing out of Michigan City Prison, wielding the pistols he had smuggled in to them.

The break was massive; 10 men in all went out through the gates, stealing two cars parked in front of the administration building. Those escaping were Harry Pierpont, Charles Makley, Russell Clark, John Hamilton, Edward Shouse, Joseph Fox, Joseph Burns, Jim "Oklahoma Jack" Clark (no relation to Russell), Mary Longnaker's brother James Jenkins, and Walter Dietrich.

One carload drove wildly through northern Indiana and near the hamlet of Bean Blossom, a door accidentally flew open and Jenkins fell out. The gang, thinking vigilantes were in the area, sped on, leaving Jenkins to fend for himself. He walked up the road about a mile and ran into three farmers who were part of the vigilante force. When Jenkins excitedly pulled out his pistol, the farmers blew him to bits with their shotguns.

Before Dillinger's capture he had left funds with Mary Kinder, a gang contact. Using this money, Pierpont outfitted his men with new clothes, a new car and an arsenal of weapons. To make sure they had enough traveling money,

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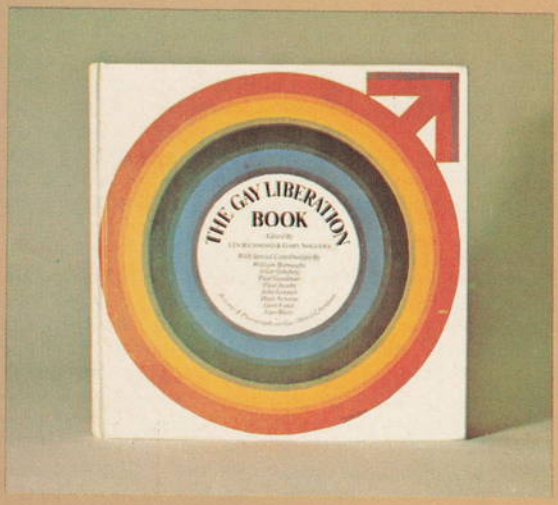

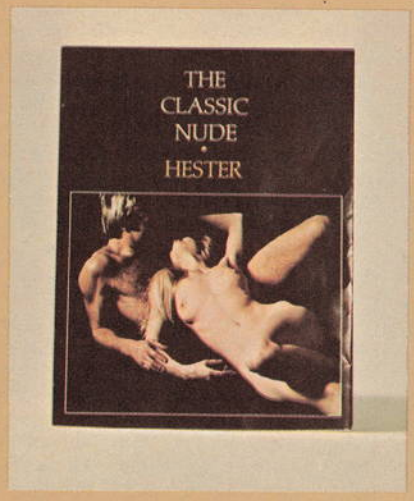

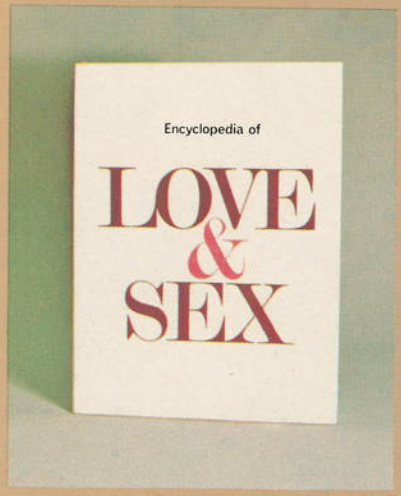

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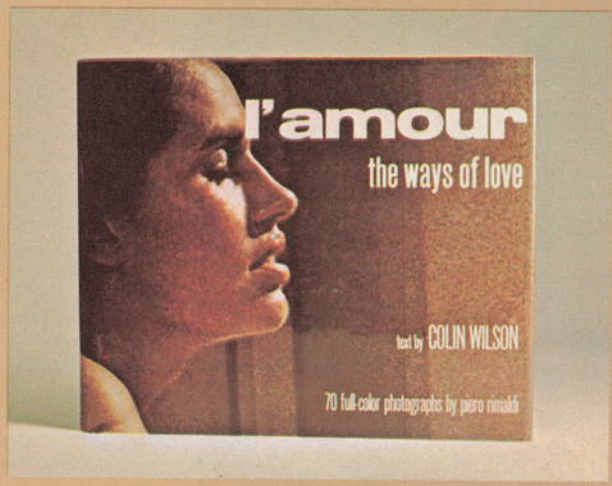

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Pierpont led a raid against the First National Bank of St. Mary's, O., and left with $14,000.

For days, Dillinger had been telling his cell mate, Art Miller, in the Lima jail that his men would deliver him. On October 12, 1933, armed with pistols, Pierpont, Makley, and Clark entered the jail office. Sheriff Jess Sarber, his wife Lucy, and Deputy Wilbur Sharp were reading newspapers after their dinner of pork chops and mashed potatoes. Sarber looked up and spoke pleasantly to the visitors. "What can I do for you?"

"We're officers from Michigan City," Pierpont said. "We want to talk to the prisoner John Dillinger."

"I guess that will be all right," Sarber said. "But first let me see your credentials." Pierpont drew out a pistol from beneath his expensive suit and aimed it at Sarber. "Here's our credentials."

Pierpont fired two shots. Both hit the sheriff, one in the stomach, the other in the hip. He sank to the floor. Stunned, Lucy Sarber and Wilbur Sharp stared in wonder.

"Give us the keys to the cells," Pierpont demanded. Sarber tried to rise on his elbow. Makley dashed forward and brought his gun butt down on the sheriff's head, opening it to the bone. He hit him a second time.

"I'll get the keys," Lucy Sarber screamed. "Don't hurt him any more." At the first shots, Dillinger put down the cards in his hand. Art Miller, the other player, had also heard the firing. "John," he said, "your gang has come for you."

Pierpont, grinning, was there in a minute, opening the cell door and handing Dillinger a gun. The two men rushed out into the jail office.

Dillinger knelt down to inspect the damage done to the sherrif. Sarber, who had been kind to the Indiana bandit, blinked in agony.

"You have to do this?" Dillinger asked without looking at Pierpont.

Suddenly, Sarber moaned his last: "Oh, men, why did you do this to me?" He then inched his face about slightly to look at his weeping wife and said, "Mother, I believe I'm going to have to leave you." Sarber died moments later.

The Terror Gang, as the press first dubbed Dillinger and the others, headed for Indianapolis where Mary Kinder, who had taken up with Harry Pierpont, and Evelyn "Billie" Frechette, a part Menominee Indian girl Dillinger had met in Chicago, were waiting. There the gang made plans to equip themselves for a string of bank raids.

They hit the police arsenal at Peru, Indiana eight days after Dillinger's escape from Lima. Machineguns, bullet-proof vests, shotguns, rifles, super .38-caliber police specials, and bags full of ammunition were taken.

The Peru operation emphasized a new approach in robbery. Dillinger and Pierpont posed as tourists, asking policeman Ambrose Clark what preparations the local lawmen had made in the event the Dillinger gang roared into town. Proudly Clark and a desk sergeant showed the "tourists" their arsenal and just as proudly Pierpont and Dillinger pulled pistols and relieved them of their guns and equipment, running out to their car with armloads of rifles and machineguns wrapped in blankets. Mary Kinder, who sat in the back seat as a lookout, gaped at the amount of guns filling up the auto. "My God," she said to Dillinger. "What are you going to start—a young army?"

There was no real leader of the second and most important Dillinger gang. Pierpont was the most daring and nerveless of the group but his impulsiveness oft-times outweighed his considerable intelligence. Hamilton was the old pro. Whenever any bank job was discussed, he could offer the soundest advice based on experience. Makley and Clark, for the most part, listened.

Pierpont appreciated and more or less encouraged Dillinger's role as leader. He once kidded the indiana bandit about his name, telling him that it was euphonic and memorable, and it could be employed as a tool to properly unnerve robbery victims. (The name Dillinger, with French-German origins, was actually pronounced with a hard "g," but the press and the public uttered the name with a soft ending which somehow reminded everyone of the pistol, Derringer.)

Chicago became the base of operations for the gang. They lived in twos and threes in several North Side apartments, changing addresses every two or three weeks. None of the members drank hard liquor, only an occasional beer. Their women did drink liquor but the gangsters frowned on it. Dillinger never bought liquor for his girl Billie Frechette. "She's an Indian," he told Pierpont. "It's not good for her . . . or for us . . . if she drinks."

While preparing their first major bank robbery together, Dillinger, Pierpont, and Hamilton sat about a dining-room table with detailed maps and timetables. While in prison, they had learned from Walter Dietrich (he, Jim Clark, and Joseph Fox were apprehended shortly after the Michigan City break) an amazing formula for robbing banks.

Dietrich had once been a member of a gang headed up by a Prussian ex-officer, named "Baron" Herman K. Lamm (whether or not the term "taking it on the lam" stems from his name is unknown) who used to case a bank, visiting it several times while posing as a newsman or investor, pinpointing its alarm system, position of guards and the location of safes, vaults and tellers' cages. Then he would draw an actual floor plan of the bank and sometimes the interior of the bank would be created in a vacant warehouse or country barn where his gang members would rehearse their roles. The vital part of the plan was Lamm's stopwatch. He figured the exact time the bandits would have to work safely inside the bank before customers or lawmen could interfere. He insisted that his men leave the bank when the allotted time was up, whether or not they had all the money in the bank.

But Lamm's third stage of robbing a bank, the carefully planned getaway with all back roads carefully marked and all street lights (if any) timed to the second, went wrong. He was shot dead and Walter Dietrich was then sent to Michigan City with Clark for life.

Dillinger's gang drove up to the Central National Bank in Greencastle, Indiana at 2:45 p.m. on October 23, 1933. Clark sat behind the wheel of a Studebaker touring car while Pierpont, Dillinger and Makley went inside. Hamilton stood by the bank's entrance as the "tiger," whose job it was to spot anyone acting suspiciously in the street. Makley stood near the door with a stopwatch. Dillinger and Pierpont knew the bank's interior intimately. They had both acted as "Jugmarkers"—casing the bank days before as newsmen—and could have found the vault and important tellers' cages blindfold.

Dillinger, still the showoff, leaped over a small railing and went rapidly through the cages, scooping money into a sack while Pierpont and Makley held guns on employees. "Keep your hands at your sides and don't move," Pierpont said. "We're not advertising."

Makley called out: "It's five minutes." Dillinger stopped filling his sack—he had just about everything anyway—and abruptly turned about, hopped back over the railing. The bandit spotted a farmer standing at one of the teller's cages. His hands were stiff at his side. In front of him on the counter was a small stack of bills.

Dillinger glanced at the money. "That your money or the bank's?" he asked.

"Mine," the farmer said.

"Keep it. We only want the bank's." (This act was later wrongly attributed to Bonnie and Clyde.)

The men quietly left the bank without ever firing a weapon. Taking dirt roads and following precoded maps, the gang drove leisurely out of the county, avoiding every roadblock set up by state and local police. When they opened the sack in the car, the bandits found they had taken $75,346 in cash and negotiable securities. It was Dillinger's biggest strike.

The gang moved to Milwaukee and made plans to rob the bank in Racine, Wisconsin.

Days later, November 20, 1933, a well-dressed, nonchalant Harry Pierpont walked into the American Bank & Trust Company in Racine just before closing time. Bookkeeper Mrs Henry Patzke watched, puzzled, as Pierpont unraveled a huge Red Cross poster in the lobby and pasted it in the middle of the bank's large picture window. Mrs Patzke shrugged and went back to work.

Then Makley, followed by Dillinger and Hamilton, entered. "Stick 'em up," Makley said to head teller Harold Graham. "Go to the next window, please," Graham said, thinking the stout man was joking. "I said stick 'em up," Makley repeated. Graham made a sudden movement and Makley fired, sending a bullet into the teller's elbow and hip. Graham fell and hit the alarm button. The alarm, which did not sound in the bank, went off at Racine Police Headquarters.

Dillinger, Hamilton and Pierpont fairly ran down the aisle behind the cages, gathering up money. "Everybody flat on their stomachs", Pierpont shouted.

Two local policemen, Wilbur Hansen and Cyril Boyard, drove slowly toward the bank after being notified that an alarm had gone off. They were in no hurry. The alarm had gone off accidentally several times before when careless tellers had triggered the button.

When Boyard and Hansen did amble into the bank, Pierpont disarmed them. Hansen took his time surrendering his machinegun and Makley shot him. The women in the bank began screaming. Dillinger came out of the vault. "I've got all of it," he said. An off-duty policeman then walked into the bank. Dillinger poked him with his pistol. "Come on in and join us," he said.

A large crowd had assembled outside when the first shot was fired. Dillinger and the others pushed several women out the front door in front of them as hostages. Policemen were firing at them from across the street, the shots sent high to avoid hitting bystanders. Dillinger and the others turned around and scurried out a back entrance where Clark was waiting in a large Buick. The gang piled into the car, taking the bank's president and Mrs Patzke with them as hostages. After several minutes of racing along premarked back roads, the two terrified hostages were let out.

Before pulling away, Dillinger looked at Mrs Patzke and grinned. "Maybe we ought to take you along. Can you cook?"

"After a fashion," Mrs Patzke said.

"Some other time."

The take from the American Bank & Trust Company was less than the gang expected—$27,789—but it would have to do. The outlaws decided to winter in Florida and headed for Daytona Beach, where they rented several cottages on the water's edge. They played cards, listened to the radio, fished, and ate steak and potatoes cooked by Mary Kinder and Billie Frechette.

From Daytona Beach, they motored in separate cars to Tucson, Ariz. Between the time the gang left Daytona Beach and the time they arrived in Tucson, the First National Bank of East Chicago, Ind., was robbed of $20,736 on January 15, 1934. A policeman, Patrick O'Malley, attempted to stop two unidentified bandits and was machinegunned to death. The crime was attributed to Dillinger and Hamilton, but Dillinger always denied being there. Mary Kinder to this day denies he ever left the gang to pull this robbery. So did Billie Frechette when interviewed in 1968 before her death of cancer.

Tucson turned out to be a mistake. Clark and Makley were apprehended there first after a fire broke out in their hotel. They paid firemen hundreds of dollars to rescue two of their suitcases. One of the firemen became suspicious when he noticed one of the suitcases was extremely heavy. Opening it, he found a machinegun and several pistols. Pierpont, Dillinger, Billie, and Mary Kinder were soon rounded up and, after being identified, sent back East. Dillinger was extradited to Indiana to stand trial for the East Chicago robbery. Clark, Makley, and Pierpont were sent to Ohio to stand trial for the killing of Sheriff Sarber.

Dillinger was lodged in the Crown Point, Ind.

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jail, which was termed "escape-proof". Dozens of vigilantes roamed the grounds. Somehow, the bandit got hold of a razor and, using the top of a washboard, carved a crude looking pistol which he darkened with bootblack.

The pistol looked real enough to attendant Sam Cahoon and Deputy Sheriff Ernest Blunk when Dillinger flashed it on them on the morning of March 3, 1934. "I don't want to kill anyone," the bandit said, letting himself out into a corridor. "Now you do as I tell you." In minutes, Dillinger had rounded up a dozen guards, made his way down a flight of stairs and, with Herbert Youngblood, a Negro prisoner awaiting trial for murder, escaped in Sheriff Lillian Holley's car, taking Blunk and a mechanic, Ed Saager, along as hostages. He drove on back roads until he crossed into rural Illinois. There he let Blunk and Saager out, giving them $4 for food and carfare. "I'd give you guys more but that's all I can spare."

He drove away. The two men heard him singing, "I'm heading for the last roundup."

Chicago seemed to be the most likely place to hunt the bandit, but Dillinger had moved to St. Paul, Minn. Billie Frechette, who had been freed with Mary Kinder after the Tucson arrests, joined him there. Dillinger quickly went to work building a new gang.

Michigan City Prison parolee Homer Van Meter, who had been robbing banks in Michigan and Kentucky, became his right-hand man. Van Meter brought in Eddie Green and Tommy Carroll. John Hamilton, who had gone to Chicago from Daytona Beach, showed up. One more man was needed. A Chicago gangster who had worked with the Capone and Bugs Moran mobs was recruited. He was Lester Gillis, better known as Baby Face Nelson, an insane killer who had been a bootlegger in California and had robbed banks Midwest.

Van Meter and Nelson argued constantly and Dillinger had to step between them more than once before their guns went off. Dillinger didn't like the situation but knew he had to move fast to obtain a large amount of cash and Nelson was important to that end. Dillinger had been planning a permanent escape for some time.

The new Dilinger gang struck the Security National Bank & Trust Company in Sioux Falls, S.D. on March 6, 1934, only three days after the spectacular escape from Crown Point which had made Dillinger's name a byword in almost every American home. The robbery went along without incident until Nelson spotted an off-duty policeman getting out of a car. He jumped on a desk and fired several shots through the bank window, wounding Hale Keith. "I got one of them! I got one of them!" he squealed.

Tommy Carroll stood in the middle of the street gripping a machinegun. By the time Dillinger and the others came out of the bank, Carroll had lined up Sioux Fall's entire police force, including the chief. Thousands of spectators milled around the bank, bemused. The good citizens thought the robbery was part of a film being made. A Hollywood producer, Homer Van Meter, had been in town a day previous telling everyone that he intended to make a gangster film there.

The gang poured into a large Packard with $49,000 in a white sack and raced out of town. After several miles, Dillinger ordered the car halted. He got out and, with Hamilton, sprinkled roofing nails all over the road for several yards. "That ought to slow them up," he said. Once again the gang escaped.

Eddie Green was sent out as a jugmarker and soon discovered a plum in Mason City, Iowa, the First National Bank. Green discovered that

the bank's vault contained more than $240,000. On March 13, 1934, the gang entered the bank. Nelson stayed with the getaway car. One complication after another set in from the start. When the bank president, Willis Bagley, saw Van Meter approaching him with a gun he thought "a crazy man was loose." He ran into his office and locked the door. Van Meter, knowing Bagley had the key to the vault, fired several shots through the door but then gave up and began helping Hamilton and Dillinger clear out the cages.

A guard in a specially-equipped seven-foot steel cage above the main lobby then fired a tear-gas shell at Eddie Green. It hit Green in the back, almost knocking him down. He swung his machinegun around and sprayed the cage. Some of the bullets went through a tiny slot and hit guard Tom Walters.

A female customer, minus one shoe, ran from the bank and down an alleyway where she bumped into a short man wearing a cap. "Get to work and notify somebody," she screamed. "The bank is being held up!" "Lady, you're telling me?" Baby Face Nelson said, and waved her back with his machinegun.

Meanwhile John Hamilton faced a dilemma. Inside the bank, cashier Harry Fisher stood on the other side of a locked, barred door from Hamilton. The vault was to Fisher's back. Since Hamilton could not open the door, he ordered Fisher to pass the money through the bars of the door to him. Fisher wisely began handing him stacks of one dollar bills.

Dillinger was in the street outside, guarding prisoners. An elderly police man, John Shipley, could see him from his thirdfloor office. Firing an old pistol, Shipley winged Dillinger in the arm. The outlaw whirled about and let loose a burst from his machinegun. His bullets spattered off the face of the bank building. Shipley was unhurt having ducked back into the office.

"Tell them it's time to leave," Dillinger yelled to Van Meter who rushed into the bank.

Hamilton was frantically waving his pistol at cashier Fisher. The bandit could see stacks and stacks of currency just inside the vault where Fisher stood. Then to Fisher: "Gimme the big bills!" Fisher kept handing him one dollar bills.

"We're going now!" Van Meter almost screamed. Hamilton's sack contained only $20,000 in small bills. There was still about $200,000 in full view behind the bars in the vault.

The moment Hamilton ran from the bank, Shipley, back at his window, fired another round and wounded the outlaw in the shoulder. He and Dillinger rounded a corner and ran to a large Buick in which the rest of the gang waited. Twenty hostages were on the running boards, fenders, and back bumper, holding on to the back window frame where the glass had been removed.

One hostage was on the ground, bleeding from a leg wound. Dillinger looked at Nelson, who was nearby holding a gun. "Did you have to do that?" Nelson shrugged. The car took off slowly, sagging under the weight of the six gangsters and 20 hostages. The police did not pursue closely; it was hopeless. Only the hostages would get killed in a running gunfight.

Taking back roads and moving at 25 miles an hour, the Buick let off its last reluctant passenger two hours later. The gang then headed for St. Paul. The raid netted the outlaws a little over $52,000.

FBI agents, however, had a tip that a Carl Hellman was living in a rooming house somewhere in St. Paul with a woman they thought to be Billie Frechette. Hellman answered Dillinger's description.

While they worked to pinpoint Dillinger's hideout, the outlaw rested, recuperating from his wound and writing letters to his family in Indiana. In one letter to his sister Audrey, Dillinger revealed his self-confidence, boasting easily about his escape from Crown Point:

"Dear Sis:

I thought I would write a few lines and let you know I am still perculating. Don't worry about me honey, for that won't help any, and besides I am having a lot of fun. I am sending Emmett [Audrey's husband, Emmett Hancock] my wooden gun and I want him to allways keep it. I see that Deputy Blunk says I had a real forty five thats just a lot of hooey to cover up because they don't like to admit that I locked eight deputys and a dozen trustys up with my wooden gun before I got my hands on the two machineguns and you should have seen their faces. Ha! Ha! Ha! Don't part with my wooden gun for any price. For when you feel blue all you have to do is look at the gun and laugh your blues away. Ha! Ha! I will be around to see all of you when the roads are better, it is so hot around Indiana now that I would have trouble getting through so I am sending my wife Billie [Dillinger had not married Billie Frechette]. She will have a hundred dollars for you and a hundred dollars for Norman [another Dillinger relative]. I'll give you enough money for a new car the next time I come around. I told Bud [his half-brother Hubert] I would get him one and I want to get Dad one. Now honey if any of you need any thing I wont forgive you if you don't let me know. I got shot a week ago but I am all right now just a little sore. I bane one tough sweed. Ha! Ha! Well honey I guess I'll close for the time give my love to all and I hope I can see you soon. Lots of love from Johnnie."

Not only was it impossible for Dillinger to go to his family in Indiana but he realized that his friends—Pierpont, Clark, and Makley—were doomed. There was no way to reach them either.

Pierpont's trial in Lima, O. for the murder of Jess Sarber was clear-cut. Witnesses testified seeing him shoot the sheriff. He was found guilty and sentenced to die in the electric chair. Makley too, was found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. Russell Clark was sentenced to life imprisonment.

But Dillinger had his own troubles. Agents R. L. Nalls and R. C. Coulter finally discovered that Dillinger and Billie were living in the Lincoln Court Apartments in St. Paul. They went in after their man on the night of March 31, 1934. Billie answered their knock and explained that her husband, Carl Hellman, was asleep and she was not dressed. They insisted they talk with Carl. Billie told them to wait, relocked the door and ran into the bedroom, telling Dillinger that policemen were outside. He got dressed hurriedly and grabbed a machinegun.

Waiting on the other side of the door, the FBI agents were startled to see a man coming up the stairs. "Who are you?" Coulter asked the young man.

Homer Van Meter smiled disarmingly. "I'm a soap salesman."

"Yeah?" Coulter said, eyeing him. "Where are your samples?"

"In my car. Come downstairs and I'll prove my identity to you."

Coulter followed Van Meter down the stairs. At the first floor Van Meter whirled about, displaying an ugly-looking pistol. "You asked for it, so I'll give it to you!"

Coulter ran for the front door and raced down

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the stairs. The outlaw was so nonplussed that he did not fire. Remembering the other lawman upstairs, Van Meter himself ran out to the street, jumped on a horse-drawn delivery wagon, donned the driver's cap and whipped the horses down the street, a unique getaway for a modern bandit.

Agent Cummings, who had gone downstairs to investigate, left the way clear for Dillinger and Billie to escape via a flight of back stairs. The outlaw sprayed the hallway with his machine-gun just to be sure. Cummings followed him out and shot him in the leg from the back door but Dillinger managed to get into his Hudson Terraplane and backed it out of the alleyway at high speed.

Eddie Green found another doctor to treat John's leg wound. The gang then decided to leave St. Paul. It was getting too hot. Pat Reilly, a fringe member of the gang, told Dillinger about a quiet resort he knew of in Wisconsin called Little Bohemia. It wouldn't officially open until May. They could all go there and rest up without being disturbed. Who would look for them at a remote fishing resort?

Melvin Purvis, head of the FBI office in Chicago, got a tip from a resort owner in Rhinelander, Wis, that Dillinger was staying at Little Bohemia. Within hours he moved dozens of his agents from Chicago and St. Paul to the Wisconsin Woodlands. The group converged on the lodge on the night of April 22, 1934.

When Purvis led his men against the front of the lodge, three customers emerged and climbed into a parked car. As the car's engine started, Purvis called out for the men to stop, but they failed to hear the warning. A shower of bullets followed and Eugene Boiseneau, a CCC worker, was killed on the spot, his two companions wounded.

Hearing the gunfire, Dillinger, Van Meter, Carroll, and Hamilton raced out the back, running along the shore in the moonlight. Baby Face Nelson, in a cabin nearby with his wife Helen, emerged and fired some random shots at Purvis and then disappeared into the woods.

The FBI pounded the lodge all night thinking the gangsters were still inside. By morning, their only captives were the gang's girls who had been hiding in the basement. Dillinger, Hamilton, and Van Meter stole a car and drove out of the trap to St. Paul. Nelson, after killing an FBI agent at another resort, stole a car and headed for Chicago. Tommy Caroll stole yet another car and drove to Michigan.

The FBI fiasco put Purvis and J. Edgar Hoover on the spot. The raid did nothing but cause the death of an innocent man, an FBI agent, and the destruction of a fishing lodge.

Hoover placed a shoot-to-kill order out on Dillinger and a $10,000 reward. Another $10,000 was offered by five states where Dillinger had robbed banks.

In the next two months half a dozen men who looked like Dillinger were arrested or almost shot. The bandit appeared briefly at his father's farm for a Sunday chicken dinner in May. At that time, the outlaw told the elderly Dillinger that he was going on a long trip and that he wouldn't have "to worry" about him anymore.

When the Merchants National Bank of South Bend, Ind. was robbed on June 30, 1934, the FBI and local police insisted that Dillinger had done the job. His companions in the robbery were identified by police as Baby Face Nelson and Pretty Boy Floyd. But all evidence suggests that Dillinger, Nelson, and Floyd did *not* commit this robbery. Nelson was already on his way to California, unnerved by the Little Bohemia raid and seeking isolation. Floyd was in Ohio at the time. And Dillinger was on the road to Minnesota to make certain contacts in preparation for a trip West.

In July, 1934, Detective Sergeant Martin Zarkovich of the East Chicago, Ind. Police Dept. told the FBI he could, through his long-time friend and whorehouse madam, Anna Sage, deliver Dillinger. There was however, one condition. Dillinger had to be killed, not taken alive.

Purvis agreed. Anna Sage would set up Dillinger, Zarkovich stated, but the FBI had to promise to stop deportation proceedings against her. Purvis promised. On the night of July 27, 1934, Anna Sage, the much publicized "Lady in Red", led a young man named "James Lawrence" into the FBI trap outside the Biograph Theater. He was shot to death (by Zarkovich) as he left the theater.

The FBI called in the press and announced to the world that John Dillinger was dead. Yet an autopsy of the dead man (which was missing for three decades) performed by Dr. J. J. Kearns, the Cook County coroner's chief pathologist, found that Lawrence's eyes were brown. Dillinger's eyes were blue. The dead man possessed a rheumatic heart condition chronic since childhood, Dillinger did not. (It would have been impossible for Dillinger to play baseball, join the Navy or perform his athletic bank-robbing feats with such a condition.) Lawrence also lacked all of Dillinger's scars, wounds and birthmarks. His face was not altered through plastic surgery as explained by the FBI (to compensate for his obvious facial differences with that of Dillinger's).

The fingerprint card offered by the FBI alleging that Dillinger's and the dead man's fingerprints were one and the same was obviously "planted" in the Cook County morgue days before the killing. The FBI was simply duped into believing the dead man was Dillinger and then had to cover up their error after the shooting.

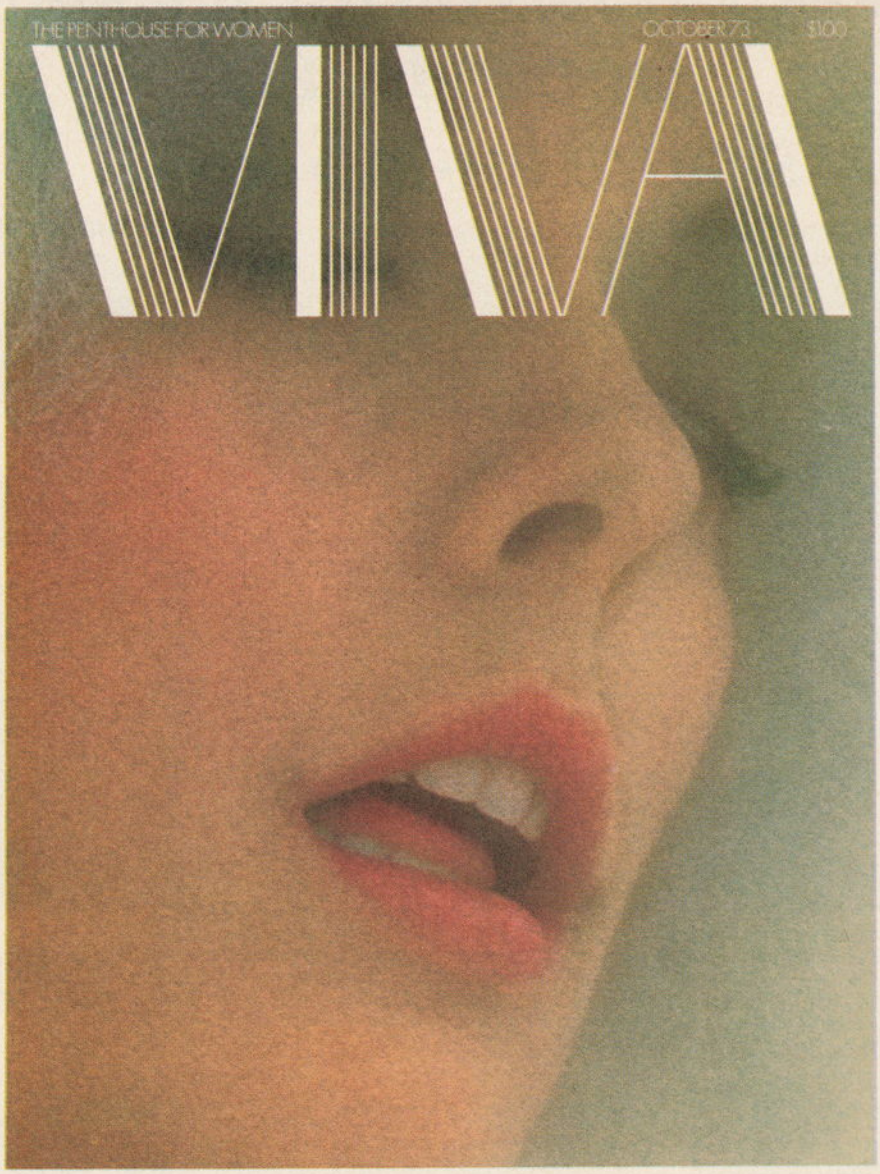
Who then was Jimmy Lawrence? From what this writer has been able to determine he was a small-time hoodlum who came from Wisconsin to Chicago about 1930. He was seen in the neighborhood of the Biograph for at least two years, long before John Dillinger, inmate 13225 of the Michigan City Prison, was ever paroled.

That he was involved in an underworld scheme to provide Dillinger with a permanent escape there is no doubt. John Herbert Dillinger, a pragmatic but spectacular escape artist, eluded the law in the end.

The last Dillinger gang went to pieces in late 1934. Tommy Carroll was killed by policemen in Waterloo, Iowa, June 5, 1934. Eddie Green was shot in the back by FBI officials April 3, 1934. Homer Van Meter was gunned down in an alleyway, betrayed byfriends, in St. Paul, August 23, 1934. Baby Face Nelson, in a wild shoot-out with two FBI men (both killed by him) was shot to death near Barrington, Ill., November 27, 1934. John Hamilton's body was never found; reports have it that after receiving a fatal wound in a fight with police, his body was buried in an isolated quarry outside Aurora, Ill. in April, 1934. Russell Clark was paroled in 1970 and died of cancer months later.

In September, 1934, Pierpont and Makley tried to duplicate Dillinger's Crown Point ruse. They carved pistols from cakes of soap and attempted to escape death row in the Ohio State Penitentiary in Columbus. Makley was shot to death and Pierpont wounded.

The following month Handsome Harry Pierpont sat down almost jubilantly in the electric chair. Through a wide smile he said: "Today I am the only man who knows the 'who's and how's' and as my end comes very shortly, I'll take this litle story with me."



A NEW MAGAZINE FROM PENTHOUSE FOR WOMEN

EDITED BY MEN WHO REALLY LOVE WOMEN
FOR WOMEN
WHO REALLY LOVE MEN!

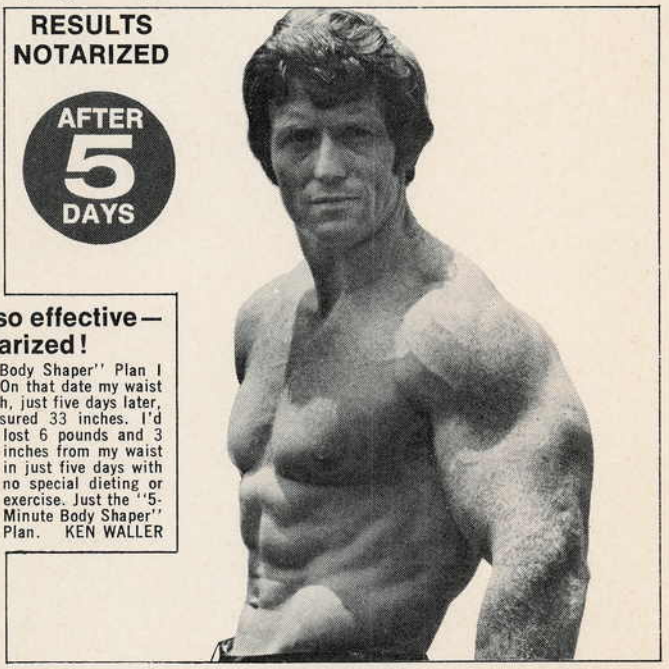
THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANOTHER MAGAZINE LIKE IT...ON SALE MID-SEPTEMBER

Ken Waller writes to tell us that...

CASE #136
(in a continuing series)

"I lost 3 inches off my waistline, 6 pounds...and shaped up-in 5 days!"

"I did it with one 5-minute exercise, twice daily, lying on my back—WITHOUT DIETING!"



The first body shaper so effective—results have been notarized!

Before I started on the "5-Minute Body Shaper" Plan I weighed-in at 220 on November 1st. On that date my waist measured 36 inches. On November 5th, just five days later, I weighted 214 and my waist measured 33 inches. I'd lost 6 pounds and 3 inches from my waist in just five days with no special dieting or exercise. Just the "5-Minute Body Shaper" Plan. KEN WALLER

OFFICIAL SEAL
ROBERT W. ALESHIRE
NOTARY PUBLIC — CALIFORNIA
PRINCIPAL OFFICE IN
LOS ANGELES COUNTY
My Commission Expires Dec. 15, 1974

Nov. 1st.
Weight 220
Waist 36"

"I'm usually in good shape, being a physical fitness buff, but when I moved from St. Louis to Los Angeles, I neglected my eating and fitness habits. I gained weight and softened up. I had no time to go to the gym, so I tried the '5-Minute Body Shaper' Plan. I was amazed at how fast I firmed, trimmed, tightened up my waist and got rid of extra body fat. It sure beats jogging and gym workouts for people who have little time to shape up! Thanks for your well thought out plan! Good luck with it!"

Nov. 5th
Weight 214 (lost 6 lbs.)
Waist 33" (lost 3 inches)

HERE'S WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

"Doctors have always known, exercise done while lying on the back, virtually eliminates strain while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market." RICHARD TYLER, Chiropractor

"Beats jogging and working out in gyms — and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days." JIM HANLEY, famous athletic coach

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 32 lbs. of excess weight using it." PIERRE GRAVEL, President, Canadian Council of Chiropractic Research

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5-Minute Body Shaper" plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE. **That's all you do!** This one 5-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waistline and Hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look) — as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning stored calories and releasing excess water — while re-shaping your bustline, hipline, firming up your legs and arms — YOUR TOTAL FIGURE!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts.... or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 8 ounces and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space—anytime. Even while watching television.

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14-day period, you can expect to lose up to 4 inches from your waistline and up to 10 pounds from your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. It also shapes you up — from head to toes. For a "5-Minute Exerciser — it sure does a lot."

Patent Pending. © Copyright Joe Weider, 1973

*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (September, 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree... there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

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DISCOVER A NEW JOY IN YOUR BODY — *GIVE IT SEX APPEAL*

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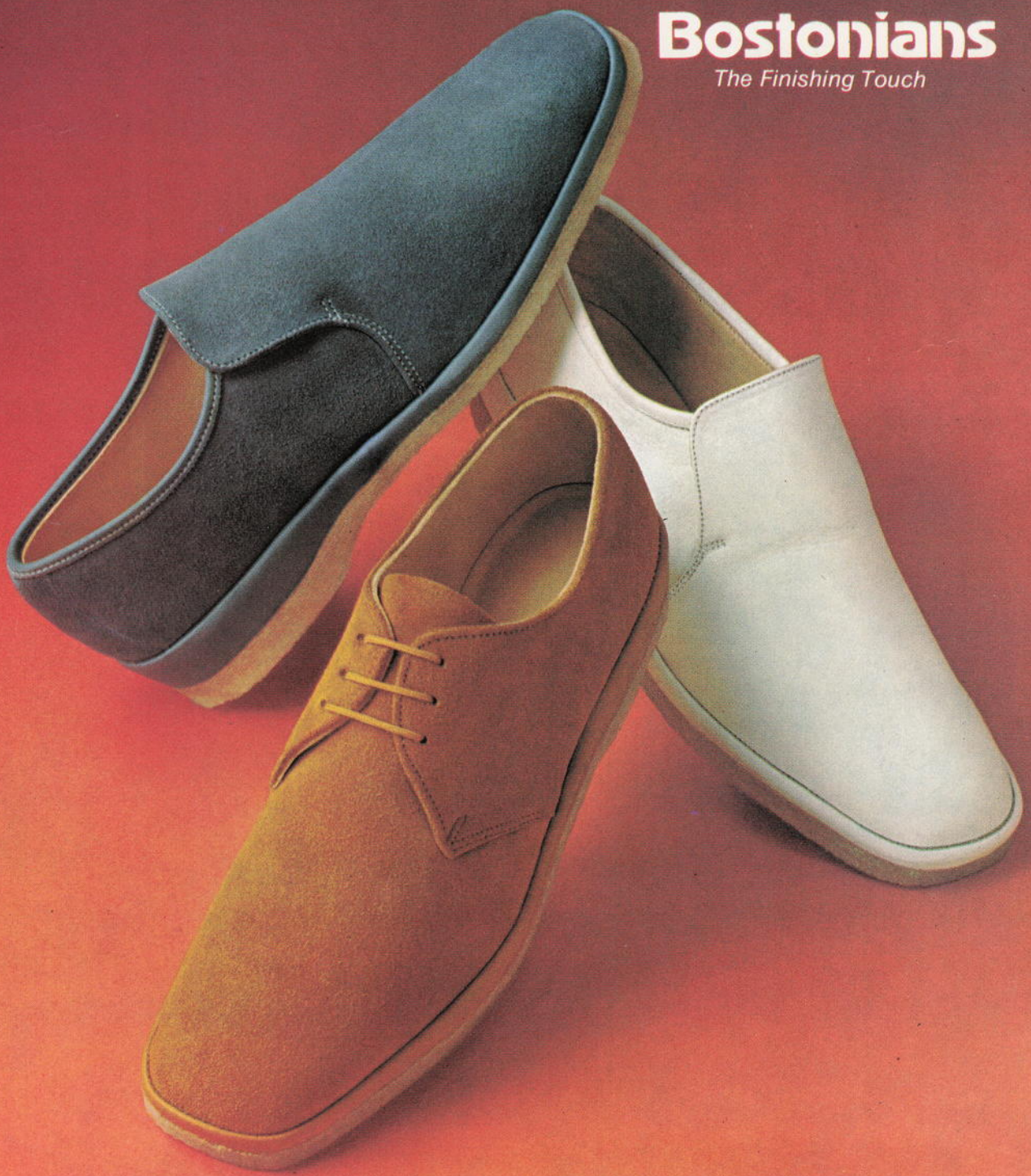

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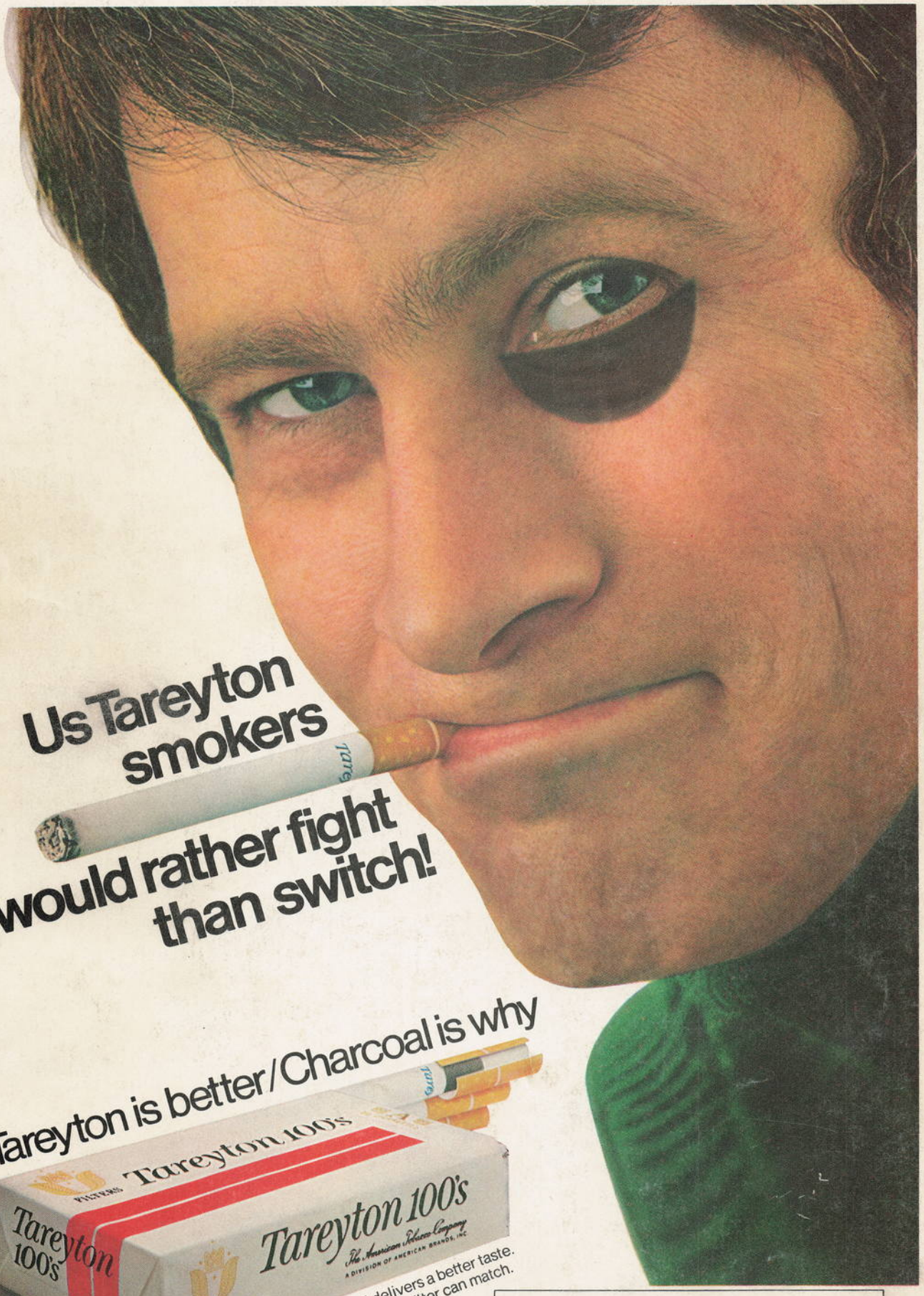
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